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UNIVERSITY HYMNS

WITH TUNES

ARRANGED FOR MEN'S VOICES

BY

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AND

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YALE UNIVERSITY

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Preface

This book has been compiled for use in the public and social worship in Yale University. No other needs have been considered than those of a congregation of young men. So far as the hymns are concerned the original purpose of the compilers was to issue a revised edition of "The College Hymn Book," published twenty-one years ago, and since then in continuous use at Yale. The selection of hymns in that collection was based in turn on "The College Hymnal," which was published for the use of the Yale College congregation when Battell Chapel was completed in 1876. The tunes in "The College Hymn Book" were selected and arranged by Professor Gustave J. Stoeckel, Mus. D., to whose most intelligent and useful services the University was much indebted. The original purpose, however, has been somewhat modified in the process of its execution, in the hope of better providing for present needs. Very many of the hymns in that collection have been eliminated for various reasons, and while many other hymns have been added, the total number has been much reduced.

In the matter of the tunes, the editors have so far departed from "The College Hymn Book" that this work is practically a new one. In estimating its usefulness, they hope that the difficulty of their undertaking may be borne in mind. Naturally most hymn-tunes were composed originally for male and female voices combined—a range of more than three octaves. To compress them into two octaves—the range of the male voices—and yet retain the original harmony, is in many cases impossible, or at best unadvisable. Hence in most of the books of this kind which have been published, the melody has frequently been higher than the ordinary tenor can sing, while the bass part has been too low for ordinary bass voices. The majority of young men have little skill in reading music, nor can they sing high notes, yet they want to sing the tunes. Giving the melody to the second tenor, or the first bass, has been tried, but in practice this arrangement has proved unsatisfactory in a work to be used by college congregations. The editors have tried to solve this problem in the following three ways:

1. Wherever possible, an arrangement has been made for four male voices. No separate accompaniment has been added for tunes in this class. The accompaniments supplied in the second class furnish models to which such arrangements may conform.

2. In some tunes the successive phrases have been arranged in unison, in two, three, or four parts—whichever may be most effective. In this case a full accompaniment for the organ, written below the vocal score, supplies harmony.

3. When neither of the above arrangements is satisfactory, the tune is designated "To be sung in unison."

In no case does the melody rise above one-line F, rarely above E. The second bass is rarely written below F in the great octave. The melody in tunes to be sung in unison, usually remains within the compass of one octave, and is never high.

The compilers have not consciously violated any rights in their use of hymns or tunes, and to such authors or composers as have granted, or allowed the purchase of their copyright, in the furtherance of this work, the thanks of the University are most heartily tendered.

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Abide with me, fast falls the even..	23	H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk
According to Thy gracious word...	296	James Montgomery	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
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Adeste Fideles, laeti triumphantes..	94	Latin Hymn	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
A glory gilds the sacred page.....	84	William Cowper	Winchester Old	Christopher Tye
Alas, what hourly dangers rise.....	227	Anne Steele	Manoah St. Bernard	Rossini J. Richardson
Alleluia, dulce carmen.....	124	Latin Hymn	Dulce Carmen	S. Webbe
Alleluia, song of gladness.....	125	Tr. J. M. Neale	Dulce Carmen	S. Webbe
All glory, laud, and honor.....	138	Tr. J. M. Neale	St. Theodulph	M. Teschner
All hail the power of Jesus' name	129	E. Perronet	Coronation Miles Lane	O. Holden W. Schrubsole
All praise to Thee, my God, this.....	18	Thomas Ken	Tallis' Canon	T. Tallis
Am I a soldier of the cross?.....	281	Isaac Watts	Arlington	T. A. Arne
A mighty fortress is our God.....	46	Martin Luther	Ein' Feste Burg	Arr. J. S. Bach
Angels from the realms of glory...	97	James Montgomery	Regent Square	H. Smart
Another six days' work is done.....	27	Joseph Stennett	Rivaulx	J. B. Dykes
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	189	John Newton	Spohr	L. Spohr
Art thou weary, art thou languid?	107	Tr. J. R. Neale	Stephanos	H. N. Baker
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	319	Margaret Mackay	Rest	W. B. Bradbury
As pants the hart for cooling.....	203	Tate and Brady	Spohr	L. Spohr
As the sun doth daily rise.....	4	Lord Nelson	Innocents	Anonymous
As with gladness men of old.....	102	William C. Dix	Dix	C. Kocher
Awake, and sing the song.....	135	William Hammond	Swabia	Johann Crüger
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	6	Thomas Ken	Morning Hymn Wimborne	Bartholemen J. Whittaker
Awake, my soul, stretch every.....	264	Philip Doddridge	Christmas	G. F. Händel
Awake, our souls, away our fears..	263	Isaac Watts	Ware All Saints	G. Kingsley W. Knapp
Away from earth my spirit turns...	292	Ray Palmer	Grace Church	I. J. Pleyel
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	44	Isaac Watts	Winchester New	Hamburger Handbuch
Behold the radiant sun on high.....	8	J. D. Chambers	Tallis' Canon	T. Tallis
Behold, what wondrous grace.....	298	Isaac Watts	Newland	H. J. Gauntlett
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go ...	74	John Cennick	Angelus	Georg Josephi
Blest are the pure in heart.....	197	John Keble	Thacher	G. F. Händel
Blest be the tie that binds.....	295	John Fawcett	Boylston	L. Mason
Blest be Thou, O God of Israel.....	81	Anonymous	Trust	Mendelssohn
Break Thou the bread of life.....	110	M. A. Lathbury	Bread of Life	W. F. Sherwin
Brief life is here our portion.....	338	Tr. J. M. Neale	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett
Brightest and best of the sons of...	96	Reginald Heber	Webbe	S. Webbe
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	208	Reginald Heber	Manoah	Rossini

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	249	James Montgomery	Trust	Mendelssohn
Calm on the listening ear of night	98	E. H. Sears	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes
Children of the heavenly King.....	260	John Cennick	Pleyel's Hymn	I. J. Pleyel
Christ is our Corner-stone.....	341	John Chandler	Auburndale	Horatio Parker
Christ of all my hopes the ground..	133	Ralph Wardlaw	Hendon	C. Malan.
Christ the Lord is risen again.....	121	C. Winkworth	Wurtemburg	From the German
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....	123	Charles Wesley	Worgan	Lyra Davidica
Christ, whose glory fills the skies...	7	Charles Wesley	Rosefield	H. A. C. Malan
Christian, dost thou see them ?.....	277	Tr. J. M. Neale	St. Andrew of Crete	J. B. Dykes
City of God, how broad and fair....	290	Samuel Johnson	St. Flavian	John Day's Psalter
Come, blessed Spirit, source of light	159	Benjamin Beddome	Mendon	From the German
Come, kingdom of our God.....	286	Henry D. Johns	St. Thomas Haydn	A. Williams M. Haydn
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	139	Isaac Watts	Bristol Cambridge	E. Hodges J. Randall
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....	106	Anna L. Barbauld	Holley	G. Hews
Come, sound His praise abroad.....	41	Isaac Watts	Silver Street	I. Smith
Come, Thou almighty King.....	53	Charles Wesley	Italian Hymn	F. Giardini
Come, Thou desire of all Thy.....	230	Anne Steele	Windsor	G. Kirbye
Come, Thou fount of every blessing	172	Robert Robinson	Stuttgart	New Gotha Cantional
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus...	93	Charles Wesley	Stuttgart	New Gotha Cantional
Come unto Me, ye weary.....	104	William C. Dix	Come unto Me	J. B. Dykes
Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye..	233	Thomas Moore	Consolator	S. Webbe
Commit thou all thy griefs.....	250	Paul Gerhardt	Olmutz	L. Mason
Crown Him with many crowns.....	130	M. Bridges	Diademata	G. J. Elvey
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	219	J. G. Whittier	Elton	F. C. Maker
Earth has a joy unknown in.....	171	A. L. Hillhouse	Grace Church	I. J. Pleyel
Eternal Father, strong to save.....	64	W. Whiting	Melita	J. B Dykes
Eternal source of every joy.....	49	Philip Doddridge	Creation	J. Haydn
Eternal sun of righteousness.....	56	Charles Wesley	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
Every morning mercies new.....	3	Horatius Bonar	Praise	E. J. Hopkins
Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all.....	147	R. S. Willis	Crusader's Hymn	R. S. Willis
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	68	William Cowper	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
Father, I know that all my life.....	242	Anna L. Waring	St. Bede	J. B. Dykes
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss...	244	Alt. Anne Steele	Naomi	J. G. Nägeli
Fight the good fight with all thy...	269	J. S. B. Monsell	Courage	Horatio Parker
Fling out the banner, let it float.....	309	George W. Doane	Waltham	J. B. Calkin
For all Thy saints, O Lord.....	318	Richard Mant	Potsdam	J. S. Bach
For all the saints who from their..	315	William W. How	Sarum	J. Barnby
Forever with the Lord.....	327	James Montgomery	Schumann	R. Schumann
For thee, O dear, dear country.....	321	Alt. Bernard of Cluny	The Homeland	A. Sullivan
For Thy mercy and Thy grace.....	342	Henry Downton	Gibbons	O. Gibbons
From all that dwell below the skies	79	Isaac Watts	Old Hundredth	Guillaume Franc
From every stormy wind that blows	199	Hugh Stowell	Retreat	T. Hastings
From Greenland's icy mountains...	308	Reginald Heber	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
Give me the wings of faith to rise..	330	Isaac Watts	Christmas	G. F. Händel
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	289	J. Newton	Austria	J. Haydn
God bless our native land.....	346	John S. Dwight	America	Adapted by H. Carey
God is love; His mercy brightens..	60	John Bowring	Trust	Mendelssohn
God is the refuge of His saints.....	85	Isaac Watts	Ward	Scotch Melody
God moves in a mysterious way....	243	William Cowper	London New	Scotch Psalter
God of all grace we come to Thee	223	James Montgomery	Hermann	N. Hermann
God of mercy, God of grace.....	63	Henry F. Lyte	Lux Prima	C. F. Gounod
God of our fathers, whose almighty	343	D. C. Roberts	Pro Patria	Horatio Parker
God of the morning at whose.....	10	Isaac Watts	Park Street	F. M. A. Venua

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
God's glory is a wondrous thing...	270	F. W. Faber	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
Go, labor on, spend and be spent...	283	Horatius Bonar	Maryton	H. P. Smith
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	151	Philip Doddridge	Silver Street	I. Smith
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine.....	158	John Stocker	Nuremburg	J. R. Ahle
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....	161	Chris. Wordsworth	Charity	J. Stainer
Great God, we sing that mighty.....	348	Philip Doddridge	Intercession	Ancient Melody
Great God, what do I see and hear?	337	William B. Collyer	Luther's Hymn	D. Klug's Gesangbuch
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah...	69	William Williams	Regent Square	H. Smart
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.....	128	John Bakewell	Supplication	W. H. Monk
Hail to the brightness of Zion's.....	311	Thomas Hastings	Webbe	S. Webbe
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....	307	James Montgomery	Webb	G. J. Webb
Hail tranquil hour of closing day..	25	Leonard Bacon	St. Leonard	H. Hiles
Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs	325	F. W. Faber	Pilgrims Vox Angelica	H. Smart J. B. Dykes
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour..	103	Philip Doddridge	Bristol	E. Hodges
Hark, the herald angels sing.....	99	Charles Wesley	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn
Hark, what mean those holy voices	89	John Cawood	Oswald	J. B. Dykes
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....	313	Harriet Auber	Hendon	C. Malan
He that goeth forth with weeping..	268	Thomas Hastings	Merton	W. H. Monk
High in the heavens, eternal God...	47	Isaac Watts	Wareham	W. Knapp
Holy Ghost, the Infinite.....	160	George Rawson	Capetown	F. Filitz
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	153	Andrew Reed	Seymour	C. M. F. E. Von Weber
Holy, holy, holy Lord.....	55	Chris. Wordsworth	St. Athanasius	E. J. Hopkins
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God.....	1	Reginald Heber	Nicaea	J. B. Dykes
Holy Spirit, Lord of light.....	163	Robert II of France	Light	Arthur Sullivan
How beauteous were the marks.....	105	Arthur C. Coxe	Canonbury	R. Schumann
How blest the righteous when he...	314	Anna L. Barbauld	Zephyr	W. B. Bradbury
How charming is the place.....	31	Samuel Stennett	St. Thomas	A Williams
How firm a foundation, ye saints of	235	George Keith	Adeste Fideles	J Reading
How gentle God's commands.....	257	Philip Doddridge	Dennis	J G. Nägeli
How sweet the name of Jesus.....	174	John Newton	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
How vain is all beneath the skies..	317	Anonymous	Ely	T. Turton
If human kindness meets return...	297	G. T. Noel	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
If through unruffled seas.....	258	A. M. Toplady	Dennis	J. G. Nägeli
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	108	Horatius Bonar	Vox Dilecti	J. B. Dykes
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	285	T. Dwight	St. Thomas Haydn	A. Williams M. Haydn
Immortal love, forever full.....	251	J. G. Whittier	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..	181	Isaac Watts	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes
In all my vast concerns with Thee	73	Isaac Watts	Horsley	W. Horsley
In heavenly love abiding.....	240	Anna L. Waring	Stirling	J. Barnby
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	140	John Bowring	Rathbun	I. Conkey
In the hour of trial.....	211	James Montgomery	Penitence	S. Lane
In true and patient hope.....	252	Charles Wesley	Potsdam	J. S. Bach
I need Thee every hour.....	210	Mrs. A. S. Hawks	Need	R. Lowry
It came upon the midnight clear...	100	E. H. Sears	St. Ursula	F. Westlake
It is not death to die.....	336	Caesar Malan	Dennis	J. G. Nägeli
I worship Thee, sweet will of God	245	F. W. Faber	Naomi	J. G. Nägeli
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	333	Anonymous	Southwell	H. S. Irons
Jerusalem the golden.....	322	Alt. Bernard of Cluny	Ewing	Alexander Ewing
Jesus, and shall it ever be?.....	112	Joseph Grigg	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	213	Cecil F. Alexander	Dorrnance Stuttgart	I. B. Woodbury New Gotha Cantional
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	183	Henry F. Lyte	St. Polycarp	J. Barnby
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	178	Charles Wesley	Hollingside Martyn	J. B. Dykes S. B. Marsh
Jesus, meek and gentle.....	193	George R. Prynne	Emmelar	J. Barnby
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	207	Charles Wesley	Diademata	G. J. Elvey

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Jesus, our best beloved friend.....	225	James Montgomery	Ernan	L. Mason
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..	304	Isaac Watts	Duke Street Missionary Chant	J. Hatton H. C. Zeuner
Jesus, still lead on.....	267	J. Borthwick	St. Hubert	W. H. Hall
Jesus, these eyes have never seen..	180	Ray Palmer	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts...	293	Tr. Ray Palmer	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet...	200	William Cowper	Retreat	T. Hastings
Just as I am, without one plea.....	168	Charlotte Elliot	Woodworth	W. B. Bradbury
Keep silence, all created things.....	38	Isaac Watts	St. Ann's	W. Croft
Lead, kindly light, amid the.....	231	J. H. Newman	Lux Benigna	J. B. Dykes
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of..	212	W. H. Burleigh	Penitentia	E. Dearle
Let saints below in concert sing.....	294	Charles Wesley	All Saints	H. S. Cutler
Lift up to God the voice of praise..	196	Ralph Wardlaw	Southwell	H. S. Irons
Lift up your heads, ye mighty.....	127	George Weissel	Truro	C. Burney
Light of those whose dreary.....	143	Charles Wesley	Sardis	Beethoven
Lo, He comes, with clouds.....	335	Charles Wesley	St. Thomas	S. Webbe
Lo, what a glorious sight appears..	340	Isaac Watts	Nativity	H. Lahre
Look from Thy sphere of endless...	301	W. C. Bryant	Hursley	P. Ritter
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee..	226	John H. Gurney	Manoah St. Bernard	Rossini J. Richardson
Lord, as we Thy name address.....	150	E. P. Parker	St. Bees	J. B. Dykes
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	34	Walter Shirley	Sicilian Mariners	Italian Melody
Lord, forever at Thy side.....	17	James Montgomery	Seymour	Von Weber
Lord God, by whom all change is ..	54	T. H. Gill	Innsbruck	Heinrich Isaac
Lord God of hosts, by all adored...	86	Anonymous	Ward	Scotch Melody
Lord God of morning and of night	12	F. T. Palgrave	Eisenach	J. H. Schein
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt...	2	Isaac Watts	Warwick	S. Stanley
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	247	Richard Baxter	St. Bernard	J. Richardson
Lord, my weak thought in vain.....	241	Ray Palmer	Germany	Beethoven
Lord of all being, throned afar.....	40	O. W. Holmes	Hesperus	H. Baker
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's	42	James Montgomery	Attolle Paulum	Mendelssohn
Lord, when we bend before Thy....	169	J. D. Carlyle	Windsor	G. Kirbye
Love Divine, all love excelling.....	179	Charles Wesley	St. Joseph Autumn	E. J. Hopkins Spanish Melody
Master, no offering.....	137	E. P. Parker	Love's Offering	E. P. Parker
More love to Thee, O Christ, more	209	Elizabeth P. Prentiss	More Love	T. E. Perkins
My country, 'tis of Thee.....	345	Samuel F. Smith	America	Adapted by H. Carey
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord...	111	Isaac Watts	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
My faith looks up to Thee.....	173	Ray Palmer	Olivet	L. Mason
My God, my Father, while I stray..	238	Charlotte Elliott	Hanford	A. Sullivan
My God, how endless is Thy love...	15	Isaac Watts	Rockingham	E. Miller
My God, how wonderful Thou art..	57	F. W. Faber	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
My God, the spring of all my joys	119	Isaac Watts	Winchester Old	Christopher Tye
My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....	232	Jane Borthwick	Harland	J. Stainer
My Maker and my King.....	72	Anne Steele	St. Thomas	A. Williams
My soul, be on thy guard.....	278	George C. Heath	Schumann	R. Schumann
My soul, repeat His praise.....	75	Isaac Watts	Olmutz	L. Mason
My spirit on thy care.....	248	Henry F. Lyte	State Street St. Bride	J. C. Woodman S. Howard
Nearer, ever nearer.....	192	Godfrey Thring	Emmelar	J. Barnby
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	198	Sarah F. Adams	Bethany	L. Mason
New every morning is the love.....	5	John Keble	Melcombe	S. Webbe
Night's shadows falling, men to.....	22	Arthur T. Russell	Integer Vitae	F. F. Flemming
No more, my God, I boast no more	177	Isaac Watts	Hesperus	H. W. Baker

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Now let our souls on wings sublime	332	Thomas Gibbons	Breslau	From the German
Now may He who from the dead...	36	John Newton	Pleyel's Hymn	I. J. Pleyel
Now thank we all our God.....	43	Martin Rinkart	Nun Danket	J. Crüger
O Bread to pilgrims given.....	291	Tr. Ray Palmer	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
O cease, my wandering soul.....	170	W. A. Muhlenberg	Gorton	Beethoven
O Christ, with each returning morn	9	John Chandler	Abends	H. S. Oakley
O come, all ye faithful.....	95	Tr. Latin Hymn	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
O come, O come, Emmanuel.....	91	Tr. J. M. Neale	Veni Emmanuel	French Missal
O could I find, from day to day.....	205	B. Cleveland	Mear	A. Williams
O could I speak the matchless.....	132	Samuel Medley	Ariel	L. Mason
O could our thoughts and wishes...	329	Anne Steele	Chestnut Ridge	W. H. Walter
O day of rest and gladness.....	30	Chris. Wordsworth	Hodges	J. S. B. Hodges
O deem not they are blest alone.....	256	W. C. Bryant	All Saints	W. Knapp
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O for a closer walk with God.....	204	William Cowper	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
O for a heart to praise my God.....	206	Charles Wesley	St. Bernard	J. Richardson
O for a thousand tongues to sing...	142	Charles Wesley	York Tune	Scotch Psalter
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand..	349	Leonard Bacon	Duke Street	J. Hatton
O God of truth, whose living word	83	Thomas Hughes	Vulpius	Melchior Vulpius
O God our help in ages past.....	37	Isaac Watts	St. Ann's	W. Croft
O God, the Rock of Ages.....	39	E. H. Bickersteth	St. Anselm	J. Barnby
O God, we praise Thee and confess	50	Nahum Tate	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
O holy Saviour, friend unseen.....	253	Charlotte Elliot	Integer Vitae	F. F. Flemming
O Jesus, I have promised.....	218	J. E. Bode	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	165	William W. How	St. Hilda	J. H. Knecht E. Husband
O Lamb of God, still keep me.....	300	James G. Deck	Jesu, Magister Bone	J. B. Dykes
O little town of Bethlehem.....	92	Phillips Brooks	Bethlehem	J. Barnby
O Lord and Master of us all.....	228	J. G. Whittier	Hermann	N. Hermann
O Lord, how full of sweet content..	184	Madame Guyon	Gloucester	S. S. Wesley
O Lord, I would delight in Thee....	146	John Ryland	Belmont	S. Webbe
O Lord our God, arise.....	305	Ralph Wardlaw	Franconia	J. G. Eberling
O Love divine, that stooped to.....	255	O. W. Holmes	Dwight	Bellini
O Master, let me walk with Thee...	217	W. Gladden	Maryton	H. P. Smith
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	331	D. Dickson	Materna	S. A. Ward
O paradise, O paradise.....	334	F. W. Faber	Paradise	J. Barnby
O sacred Head now wounded.....	115	Paul Gerhardt	Passion Chorale	H. L. Hassler
O spirit of the living God.....	303	James Montgomery	Melcombe	S. Webbe
O that the Lord would guide my....	88	Isaac Watts	York Tune	Scotch Psalter
O Thou to whom, in ancient time..	59	John Pierpont	Litlington Tower	J. Barnby
O Thou to whose all-searching.....	220	Gerhard Tersteegen	Hamburg	L. Mason
O Thou whose power o'er moving..	67	Dr. Samuel Johnson	Benediction Caracorda	E. J. Hopkins S. D. Bingham, Jr.
O where are kings and empires.....	288	Arthur C. Coxe	St. Ann's	W. Croft
O Word of God incarnate.....	287	William W. How	Munich	From the German
O worship the King, all-glorious...	70	Sir Robert Grant	Hanover	W. Croft
Oft in danger, oft in woe.....	274	Henry Kirke White	University College	H. J. Gauntlett
One sweetly solemn thought.....	237	Phoebe Cary	Ambrose	R. S. Ambrose
One there is above all others.....	136	John Newton	Austria	J. Haydn
Onward, christian soldiers.....	279	S. Baring-Gould	St. Gertrude	A. Sullivan
Our blest Redeemer, ere He.....	154	H. Aube	St. Cuthbert	J. B. Dykes
Our heavenly Father calls.....	299	Philip Doddridge	Newland	H. J. Gauntlett
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark...	195	E. H. Bickersteth	Pax Tecum	G. T. Caldbeck
Praise God from whom all	78	Thomas Ken	Old Hundredth	Guillaume Franc
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore..	82	Foundling Chapel Coll.	St. Oswald	J. B. Dykes
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1 11, 12, 12, 10. **NICAEA** J. B. Dykes

To be sung in unison.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity Amen.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

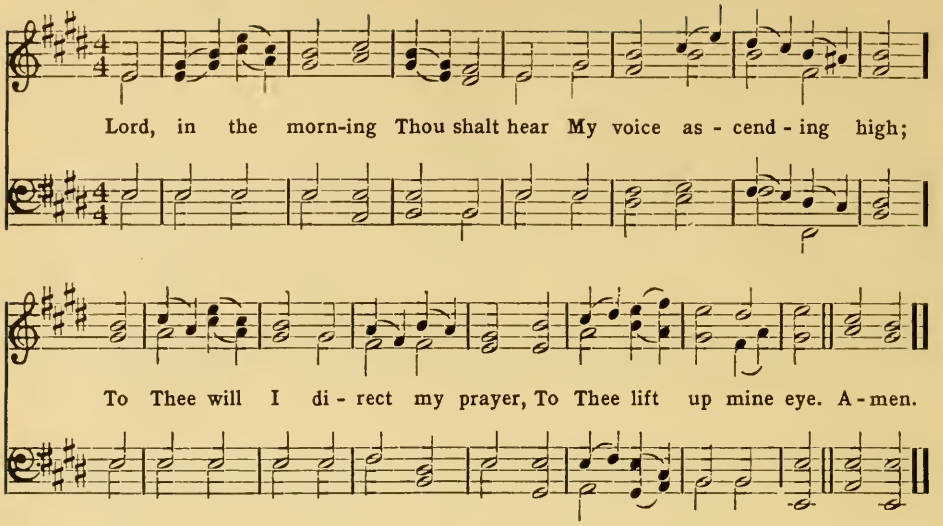
4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity!

Reginald Heber

2 C. M.

WARWICK

S. Stanley



2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

3 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

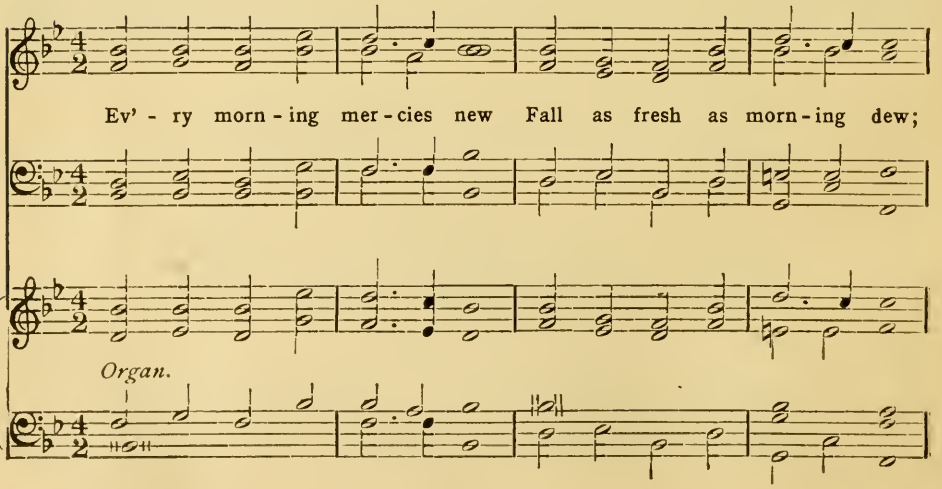
4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

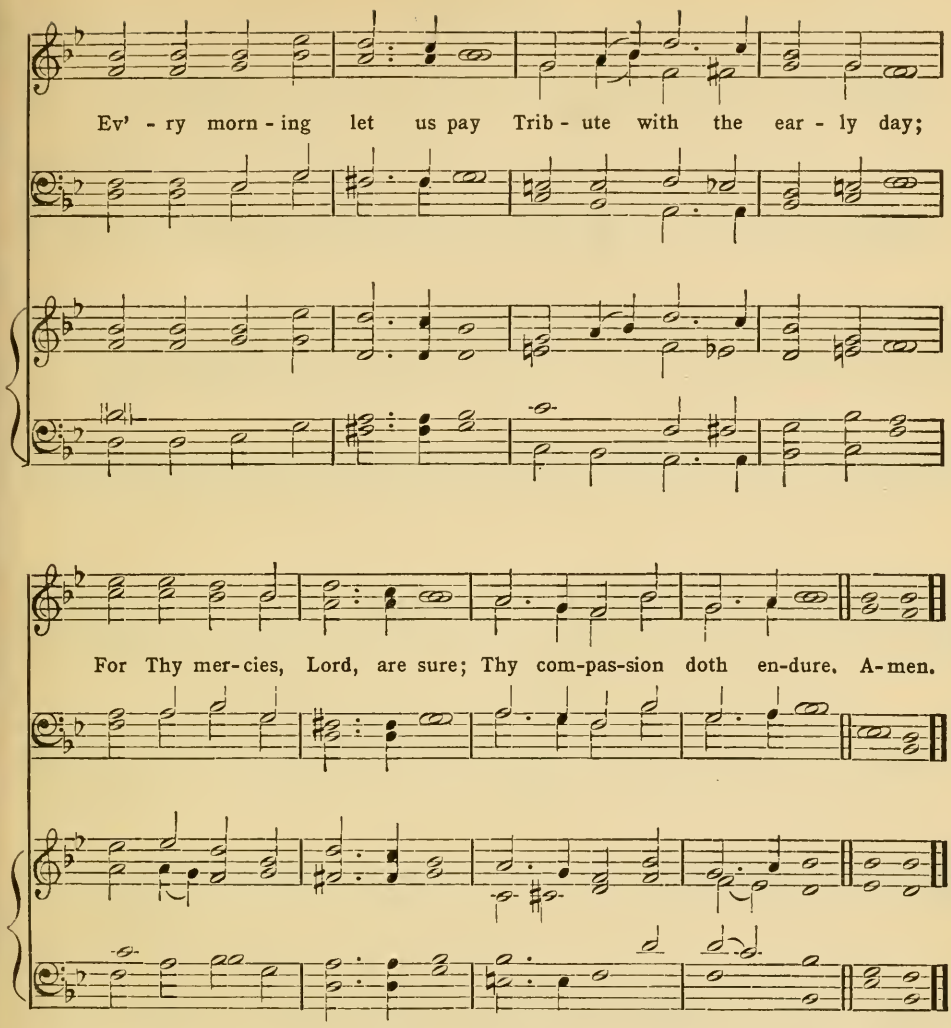
Isaac Watts

3 Six 7s.

PRAISE

E. J. Hopkins





2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity;
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

HORATIUS BONAR

4 Four 7s.

INNOCENTS

Anonymous

As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,

Organ.

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A - men.

2 Thou by whom all things are fed,
Give us for the day our bread;
Strength unto our souls afford
From the Bread of Heaven, O Lord

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

4 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured
Save the tempted ones, O Lord!

5 Praise we with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

HORATIO, EARL NELSON

MELCOMBE

5 L. M. S. WEBBE

New ev' - ry morning is the love Our waking and up - rising prove, Thro'

Organ.

sleep and dark-ness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and power, and thought. A-men.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

JOHN KEBLE

MORNING HYMN

6 L. M. *(First Tune)* F. H. Barthélémon

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Organ.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken

WIMBORNE

6 L. M. *(Second Tune)* J. WHITTAKER

A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice. A-men.

ROSEFIELD

7 Six 7s. H. A. C. MALAN

To be sung in unison.

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of Right-eous- ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear. A-men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY

8 L. M. TALLIS' CANON

T. Tallis

Be - hold the ra - diant sun on high With noon-tide splen-dor decks the sky;

Organ.

Ex-pands his gold-en bow and flings Bright shafts o'er all cre - a - ted things. A - men.

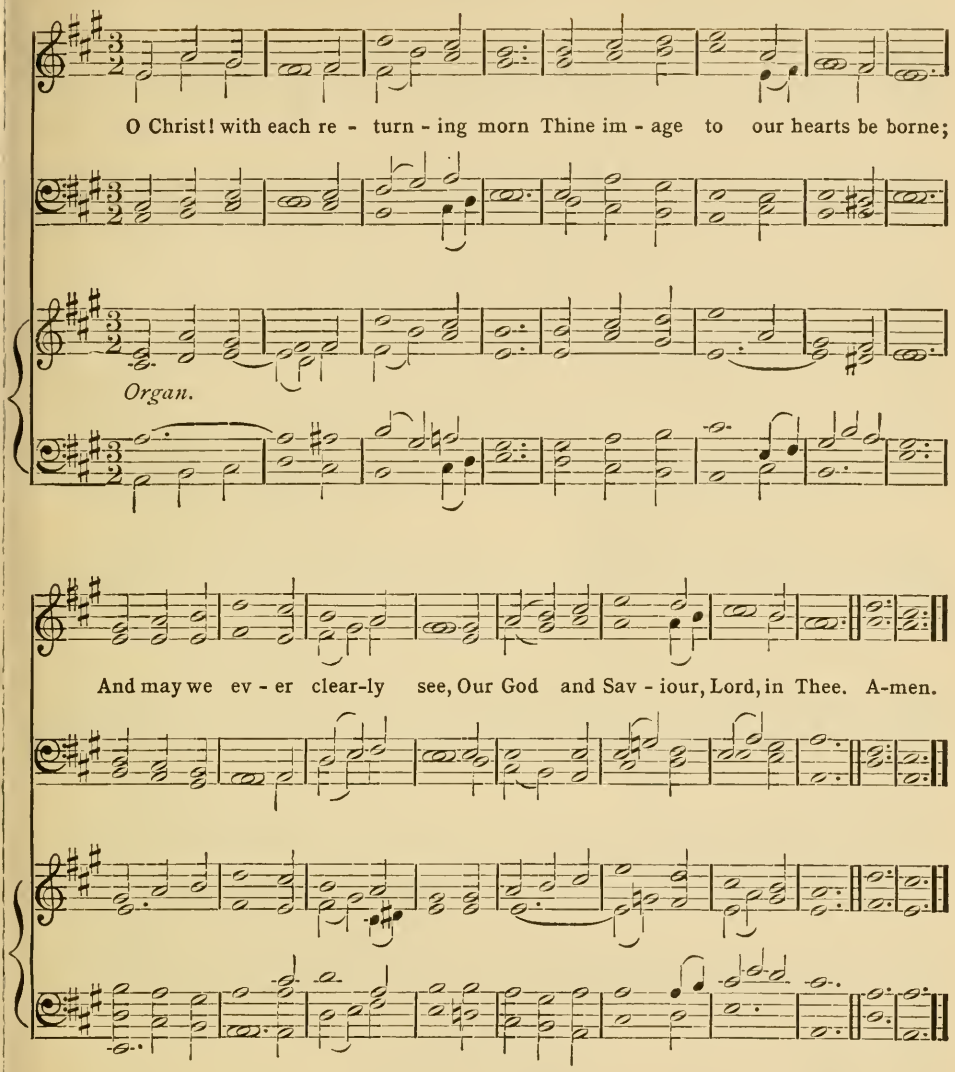
2 O Jesus Christ, true Sun, illume
With healing rays our earthly gloom;
And cause our charity to grow
Till it like perfect day shall glow.

3 To God the Father, glory be,
Like glory—only Son—to Thee,
And like to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
From men and from the angel host.

J. D. Chambers, Tr.

ABENDS

9 L. M. H. S. OAKELEY



2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

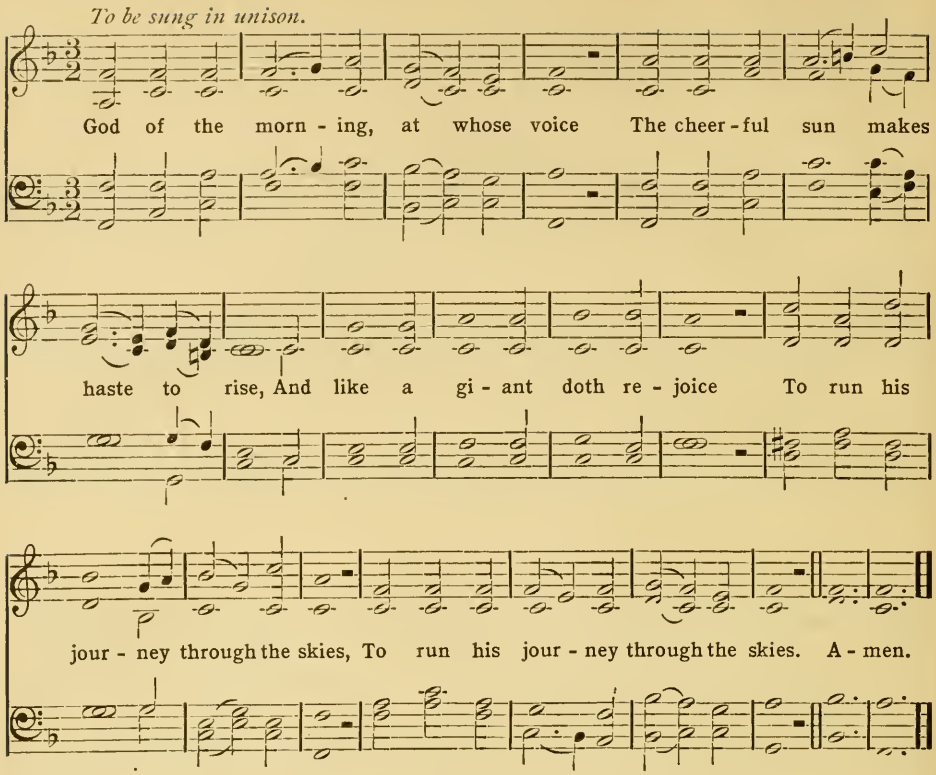
3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

JOHN CHANDLER

10 L. M. PARK STREET F. M. A. VENUA

To be sung in unison.



2 O like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

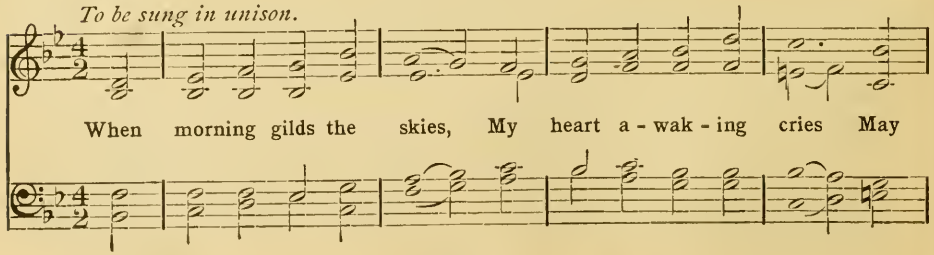
3 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

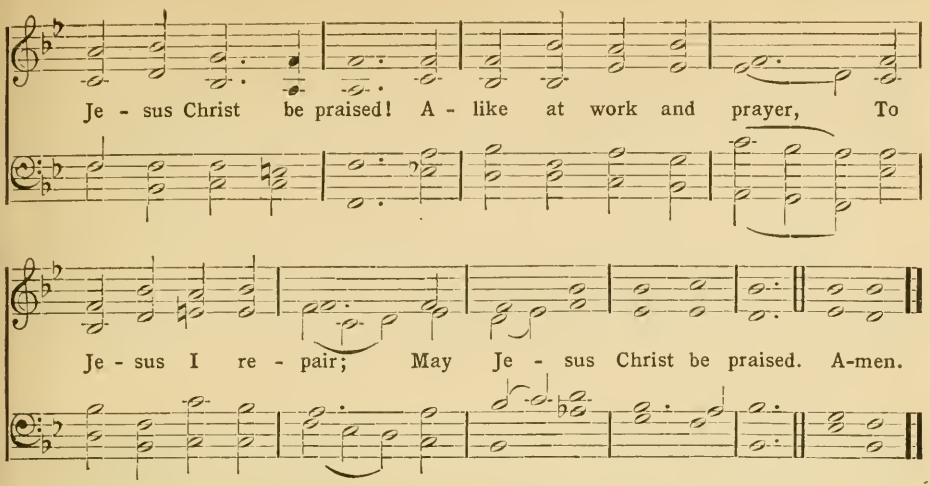
4 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS

11 Six 6s. LAUDES DOMINI J. BARNBY

To be sung in unison.





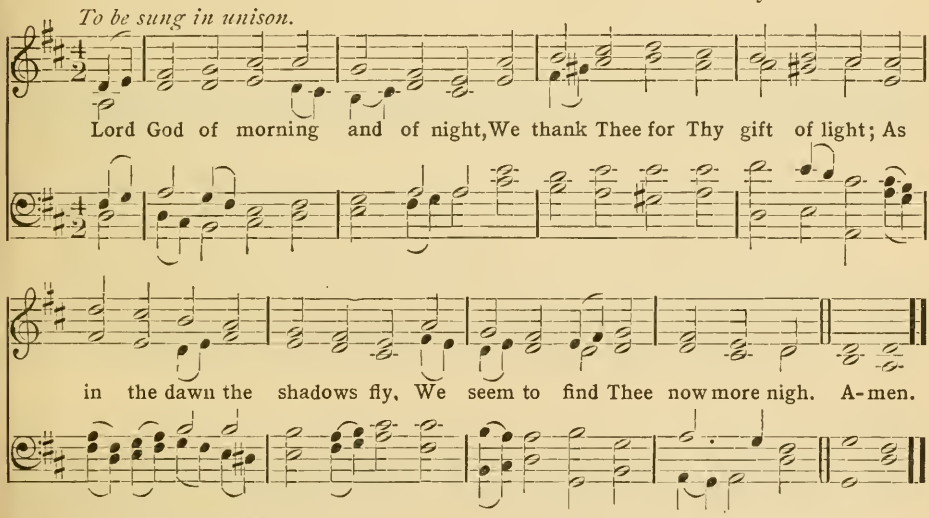
2 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

From the German. E. CASWALL, Tr.

12 L. M. EISENACH J. H. SCHEIN

To be sung in unison.



2 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

3 O Lord of lights! 'Tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God! we cry for Thee!

4 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend!
Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end!
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Thro' heaven's great day of Evermore!

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

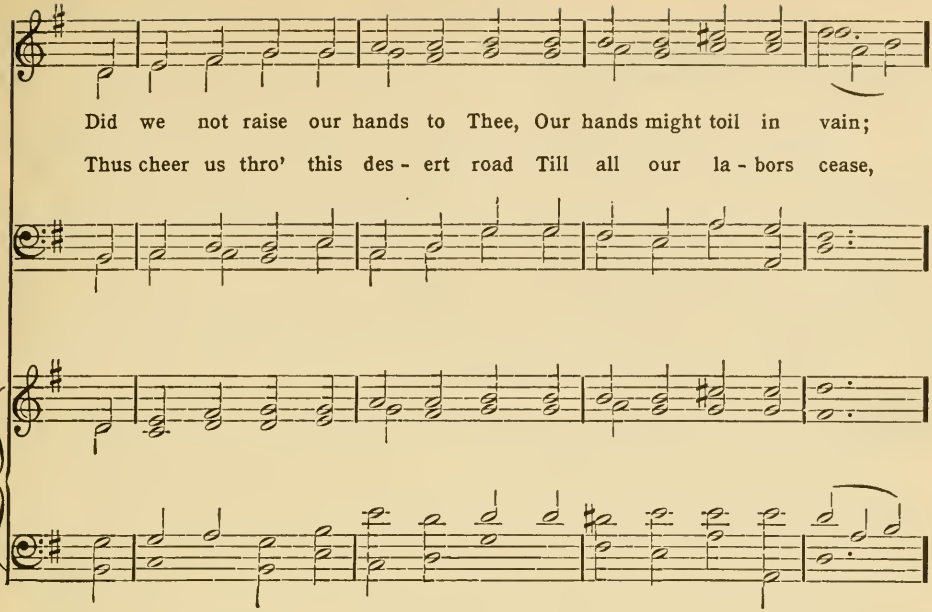
13 C. M. D. ST. LEONARD

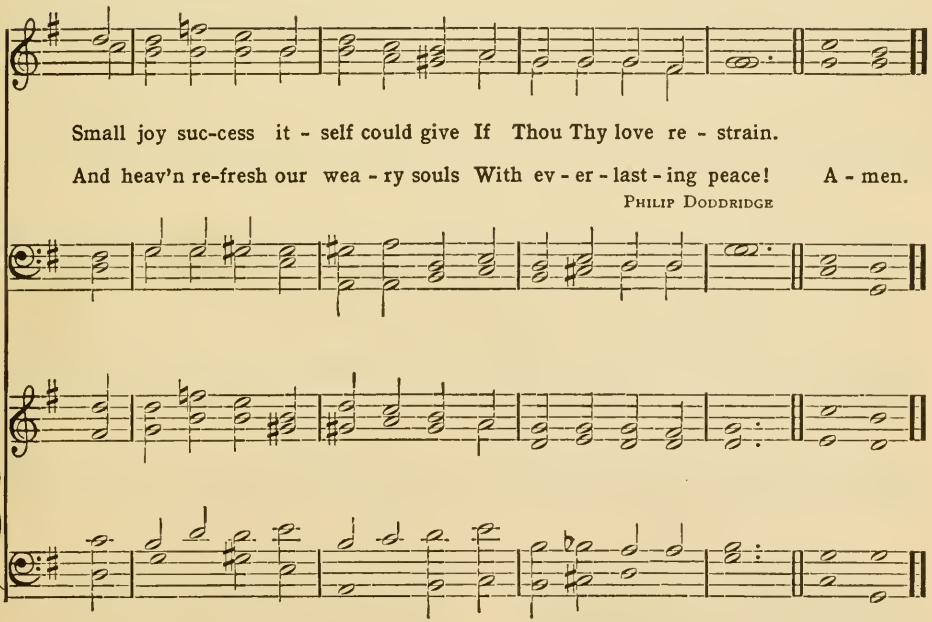
H. Hiles

1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine!
2. With Thee let ev' - ry week be - gin, With Thee each day be spent;

Organ.

O let Thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be Thine!
For Thee each fleet - ing hour improved, Since each by Thee is lent.





PHILIP DODDRIDGE

14 VESPER HYMN

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

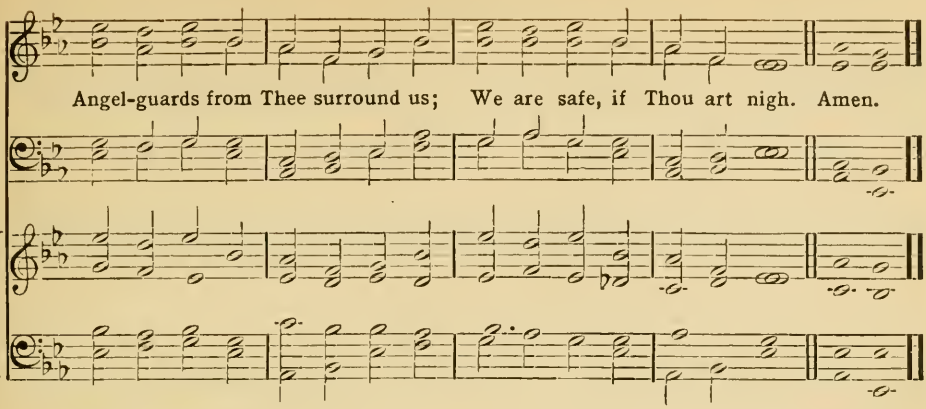
D. Bortniansky

Saviour, breathe an evening bless-ing Ere re-pose our eye-lids seal:

Organ.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal;

Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,



2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

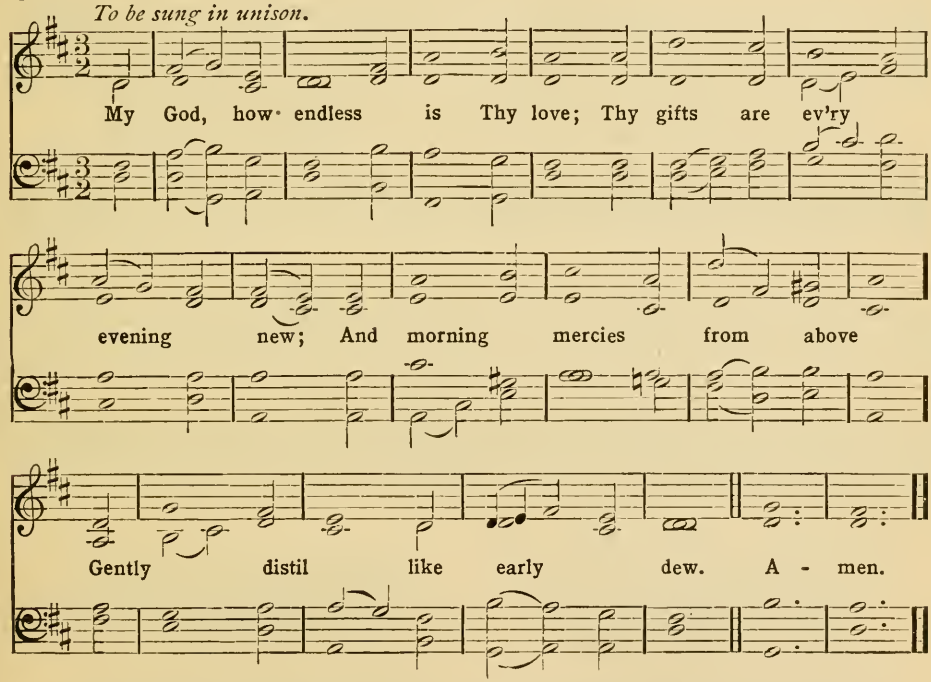
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON

ROCKINGHAM

15 L. M. E. MILLER

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS

SEYMOUR

16 Four 7s. C. M. F. E. von Weber

1. Softly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Organ.

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would commune with Thee.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee. Amen.

George Washington Doane

17 Four 7s. *(Tune, Seymour)*

1 Lord, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of my robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracles be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child
Weanéd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise and wonderful and just.

James Montgomery

18 L. M. TALLIS' CANON

T. Tallis

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;

Organ.

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own al - mighty wings! Amen.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I ere I sleep at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken

19 C. M. D.

ST. LEONARD

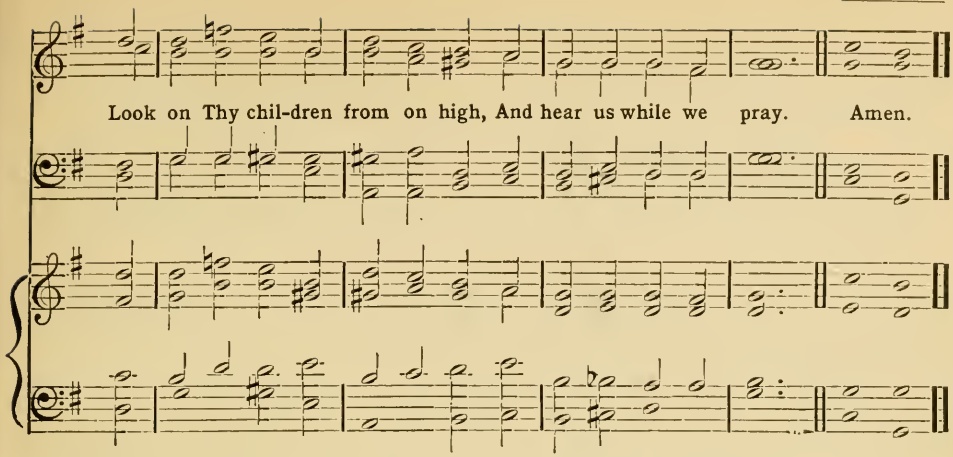
H. Hiles

The shad - ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky,

Organ.

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;



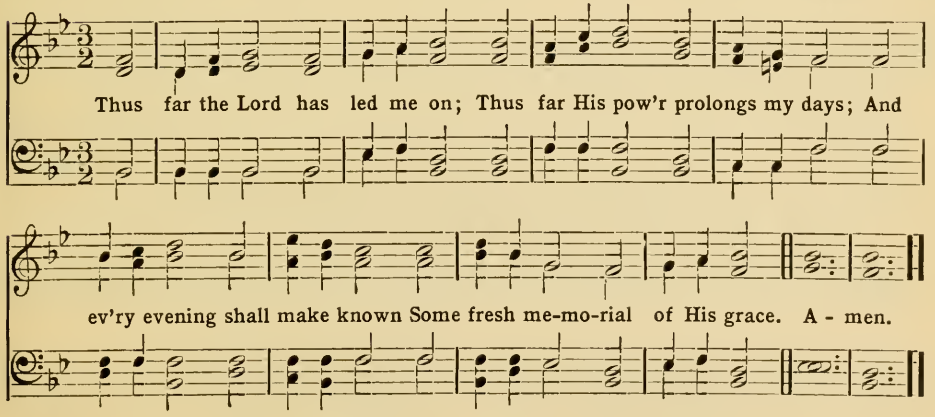
2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

A. A. Procter

20 L. M. HEBRON L. Mason



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 Faith in His name forbids my fear:
O may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

Isaac Watts

21 Six 8s. ST. MATTHIAS

W. H. Monk

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

Organ.

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer- vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

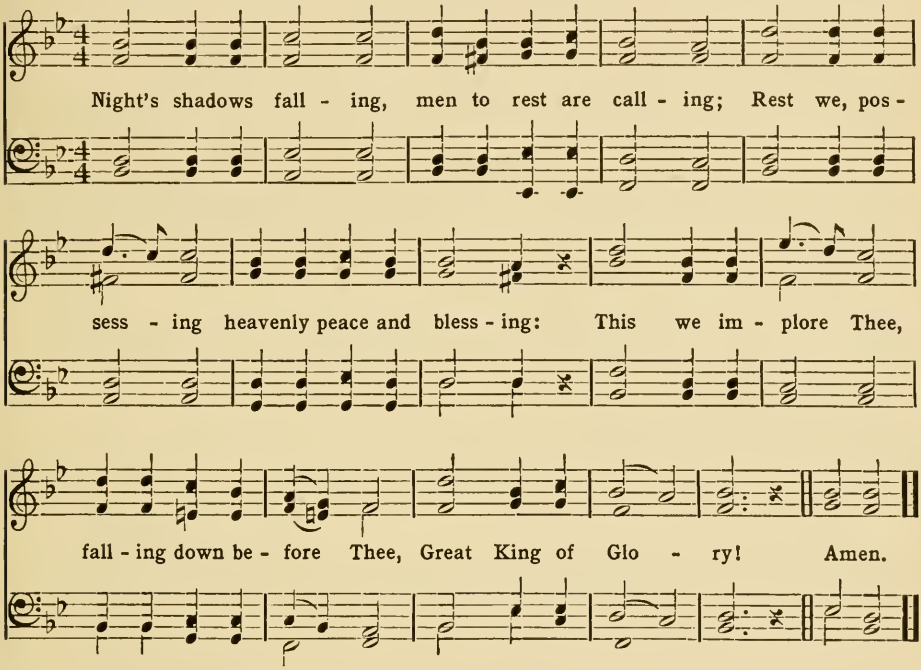
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

F. W. Faber

INTEGER VITÆ

22 11, 11, 11, 5. F. F. Flemming



2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let Thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth, whom Thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
Oh, hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

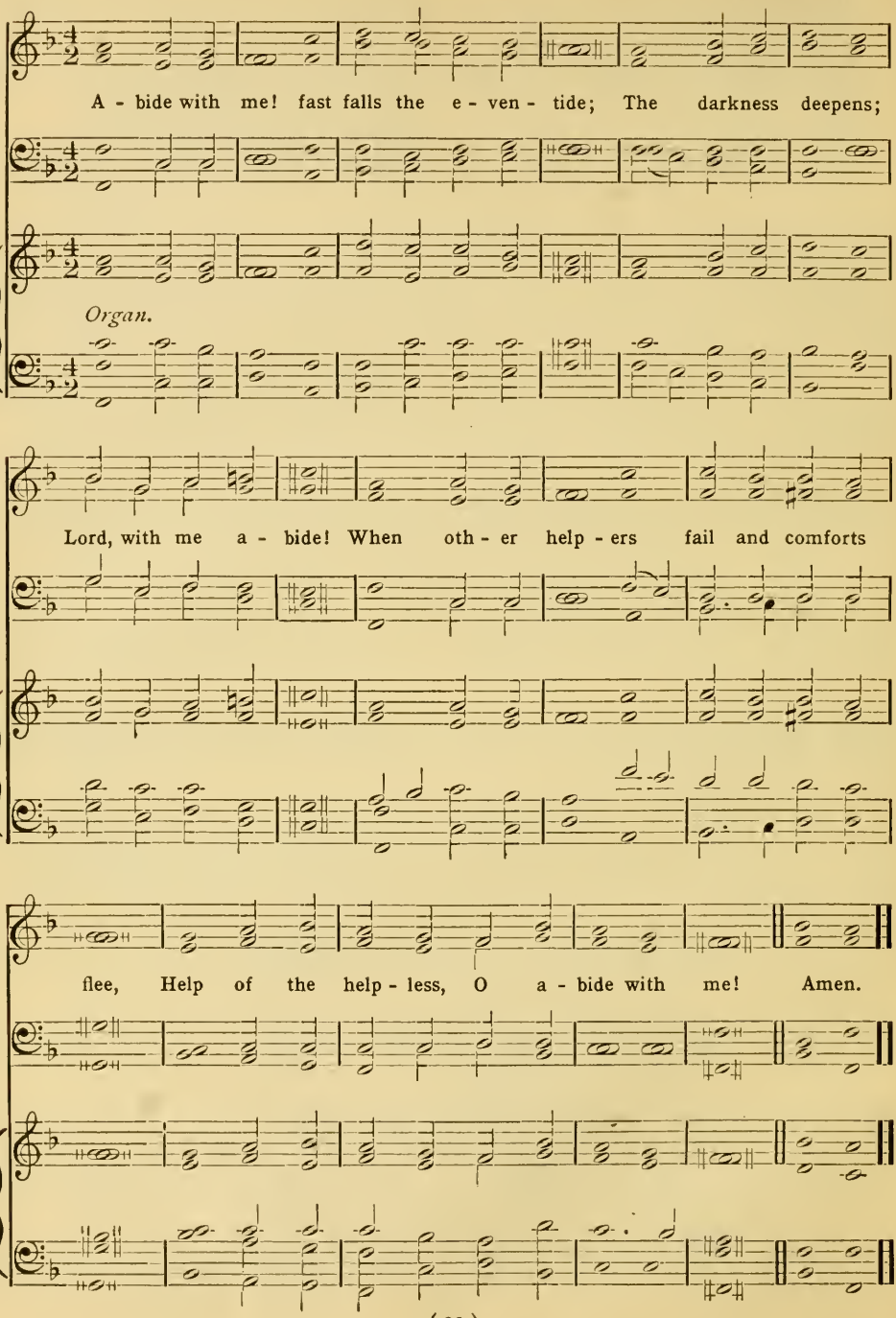
4 Thou ever livest; endless life Thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er Thy faithful sleeping;
In Thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore Thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Arthur T. Russell

EVENTIDE

23 Four 10s. W. H. Monk



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

BENEDICTION

24 Four 10s. E. J. HOPKINS

To be sung in unison.

Sav - iour a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace. Amen.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

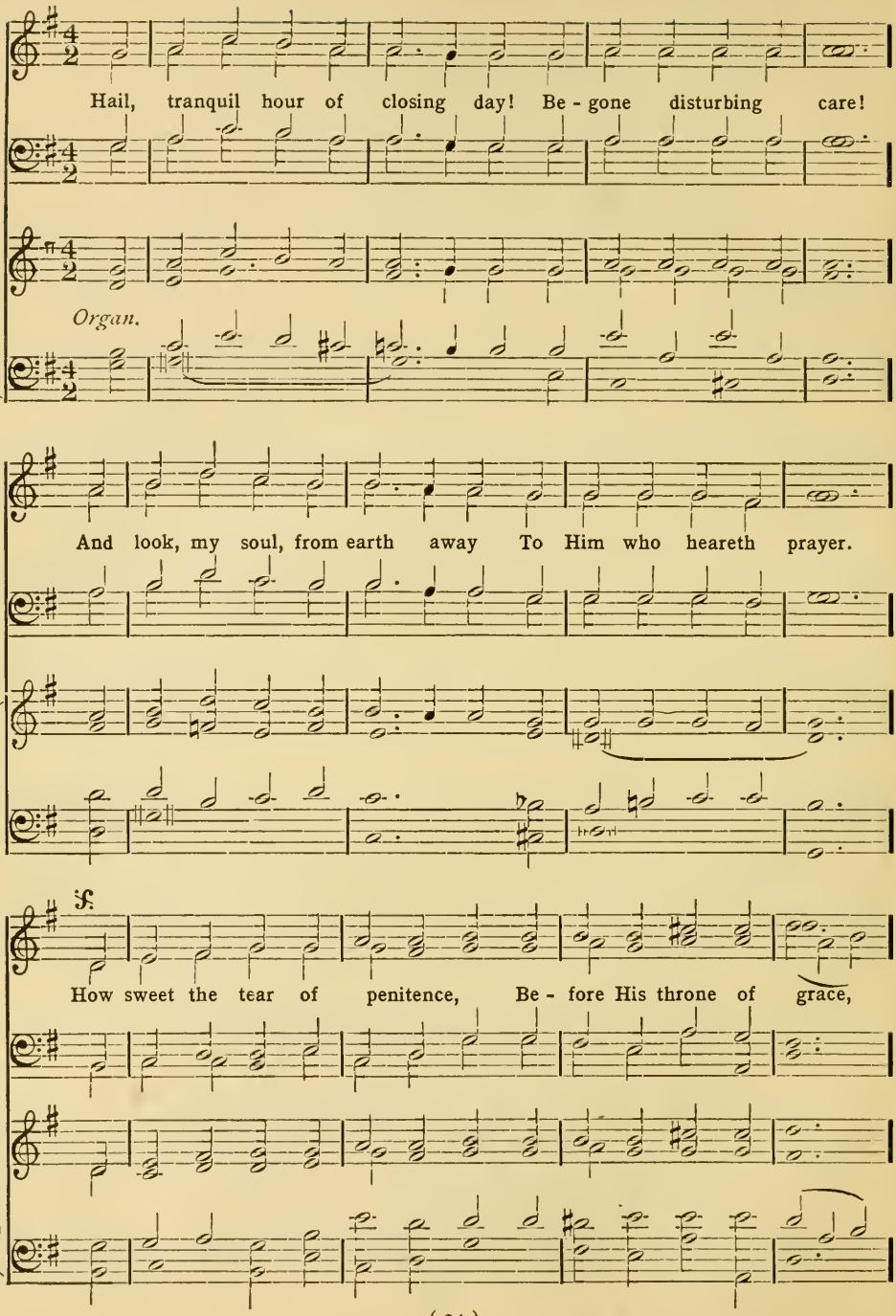
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON

25 C. M. D.

ST. LEONARD

H. Hiles



D. S. Last stanza only.

While, to the contrite spirit's sense, He shows His smiling face. Amen.

2 How sweet through long-remembered years
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and griefs and fears,
To trust His love for all.

How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children up
To His fair home on high.

(D.S.—:S:)

3 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

LEONARD BACON

HESPERUS

26 L. M.

H. BAKER

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;

Thence all her help my soul de - rives, There my Almighty refuge lies. Amen.

2 He lives, the Everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

ISAAC WATTS

27 L. M. RIVAULX

J. B. DYKES

Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun;

Organ.

Return, my soul! en- joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest. Amen.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

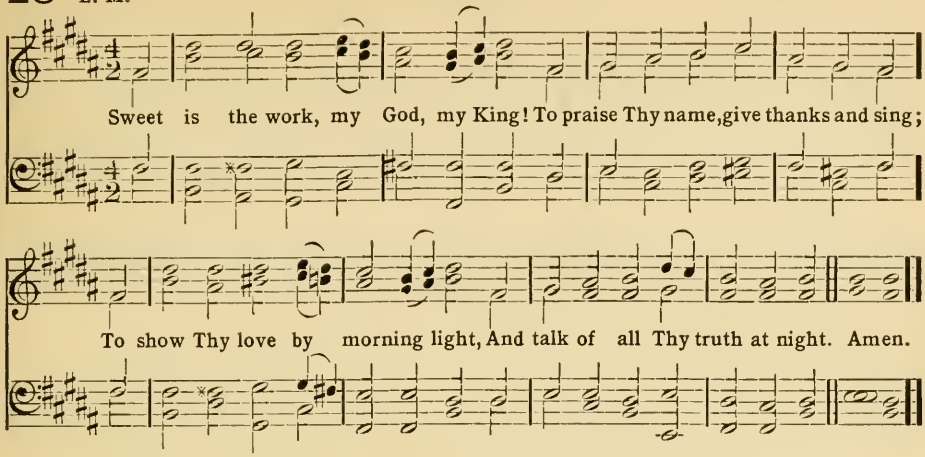
3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

JOSEPH STENNETT

CANONBURY

28 L. M. R. SCHUMANN



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in time be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

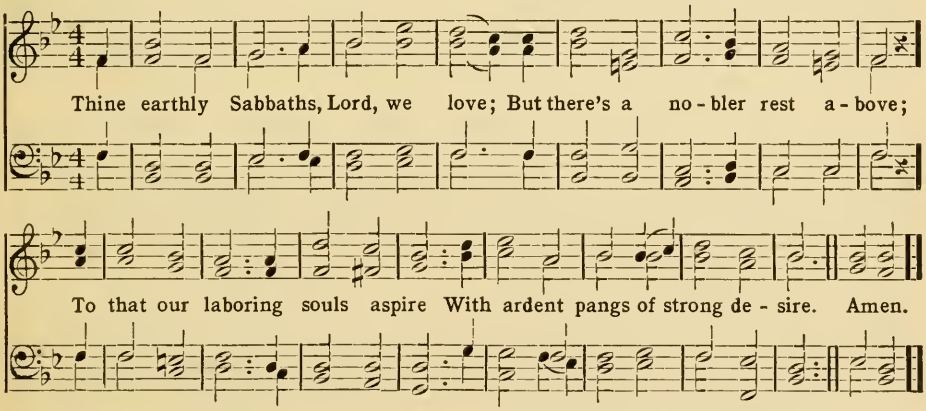
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS

HOCHGESANG

29 L. M. German



2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

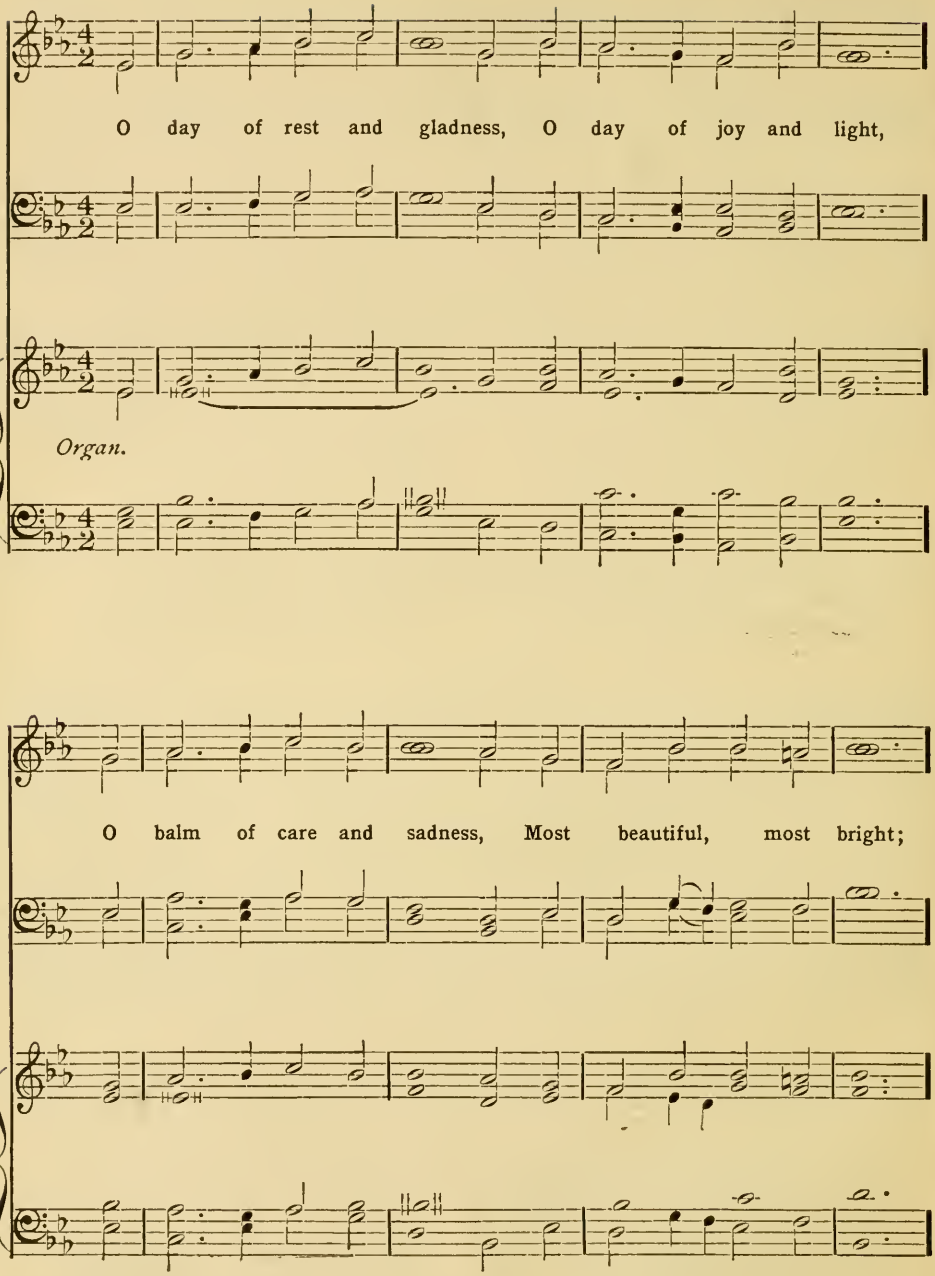
3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

HODGES

30 7, 6, 7, 6, D. J. S B. Hodges



On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy, To the great God Tri - une. Amen.

2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls.
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

31 S. M. ST. THOMAS

A. WILLIAMS

To be sung in unison.

How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God, Un - veils the beauty of His face, And sheds His love a - broad! Amen.

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

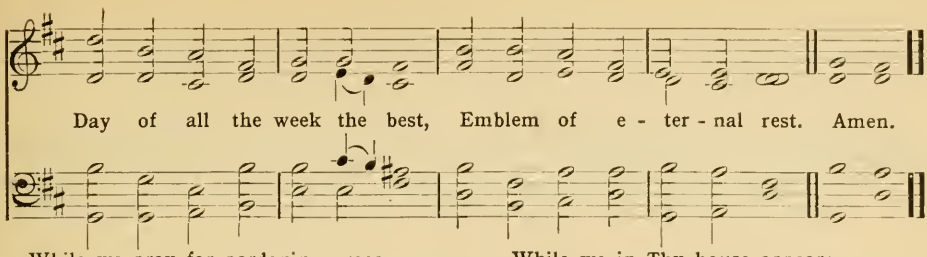
32 Six 7s. RATISBON

JOHANN GOTTLOB WERNER'S Choralbuch

To be sung in unison.

Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day:



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciléd face—
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

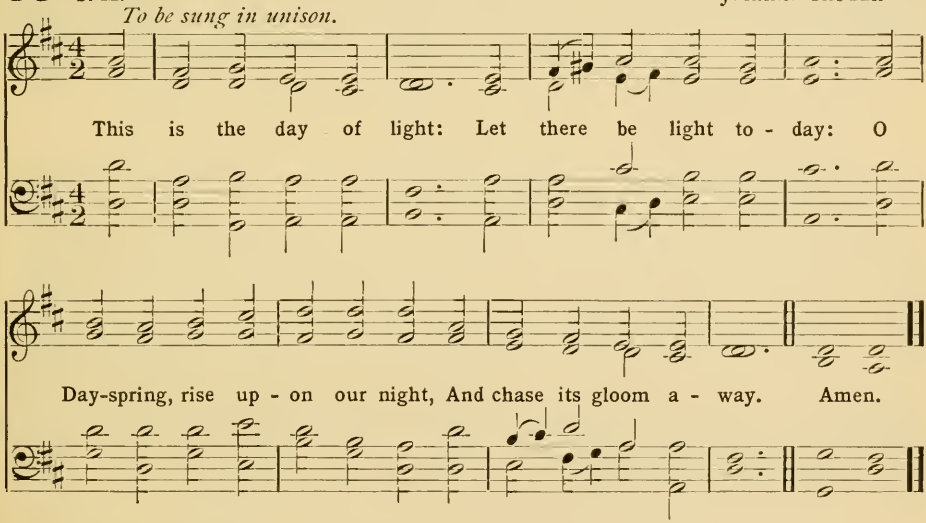
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

JOHN NEWTON

SWABIA

33 S. M. JOHANN CRÜGER

To be sung in unison.



2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.

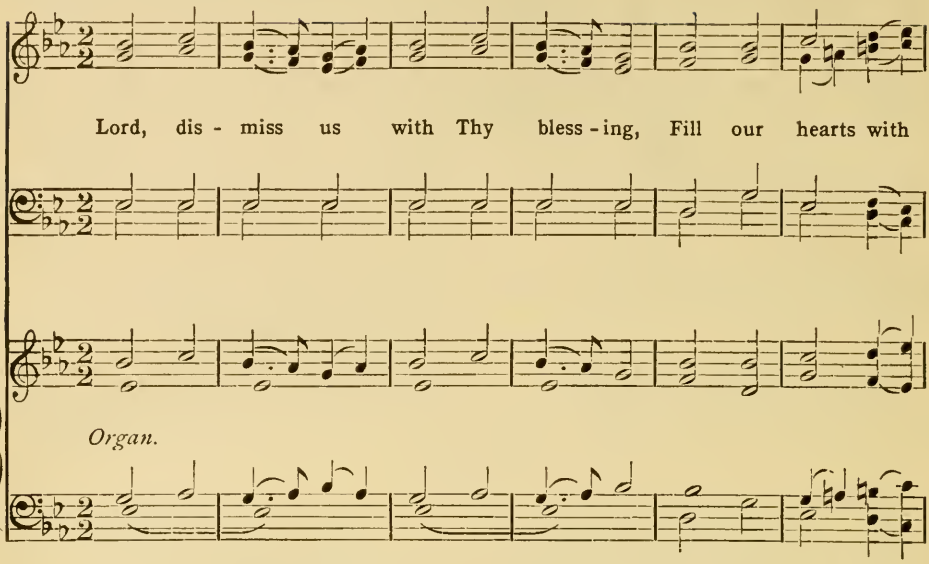
5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

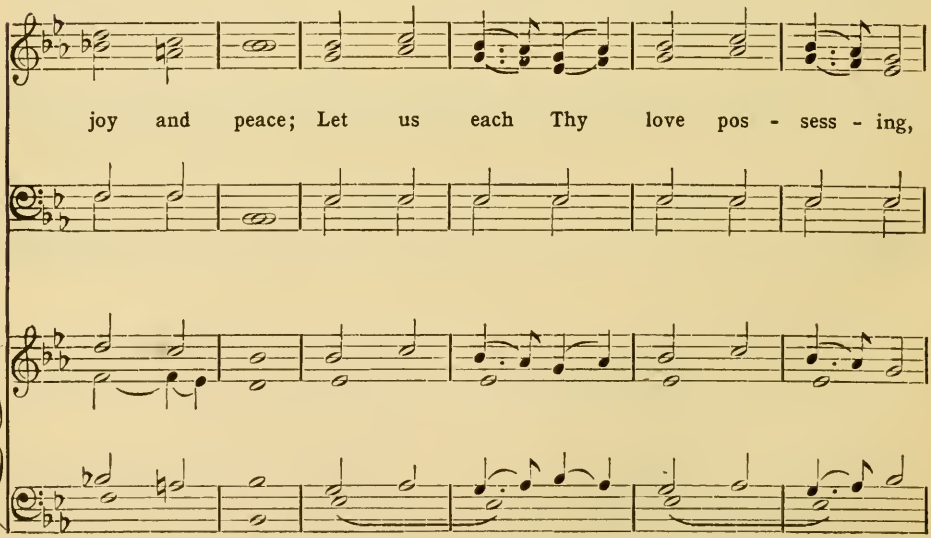
JOHN ELLERTON

34 SICILIAN MARINERS

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Old Italian Melody





Triumph in re - deem - ing grace; O re - fresh us,

O re - fresh us, Trav' - ling thro' this wil - der- - ness. Amen.

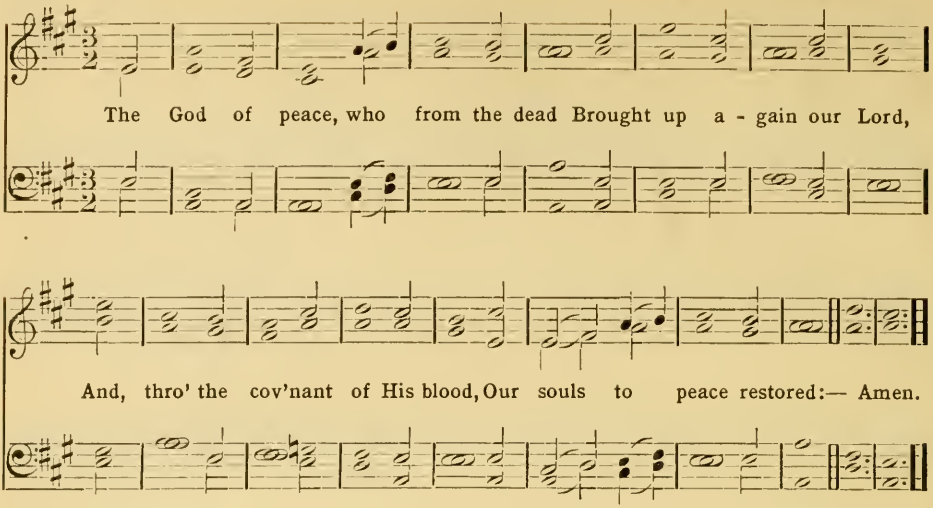
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

WALTER SHIRLEY

AVON

35 C. M. HUGH WILSON



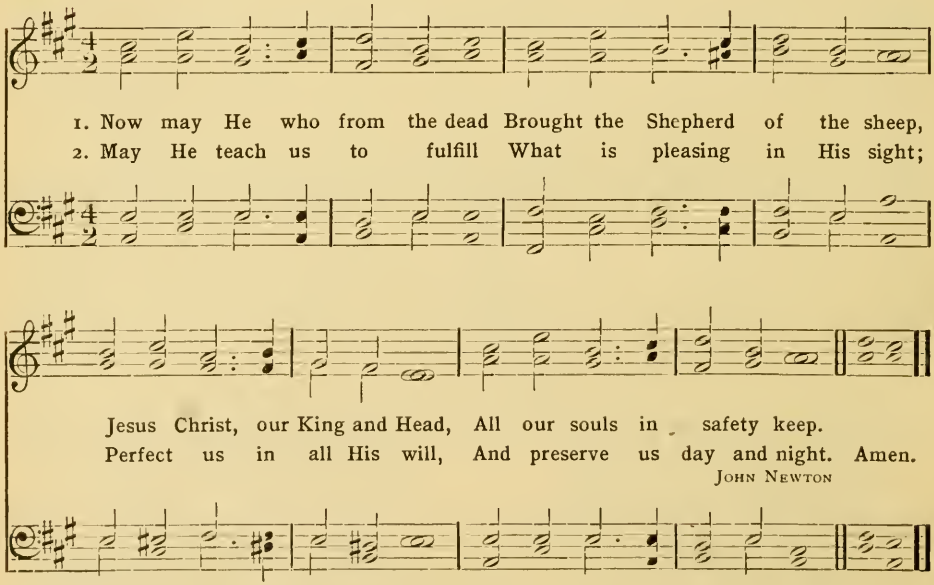
2 Confirm our hearts in each good work,
To do His perfect will;
That, made well pleasing in His sight,
Our course with joy we fill.

3 So shall we in His heavenly courts,
Hereafter ever live;
And to His name, through Jesus Christ,
Eternal glory give.

ELEAZAR THOMPSON FITCH

PLEYEL'S HYMN

36 Four 7s. I. J. PLEYEL



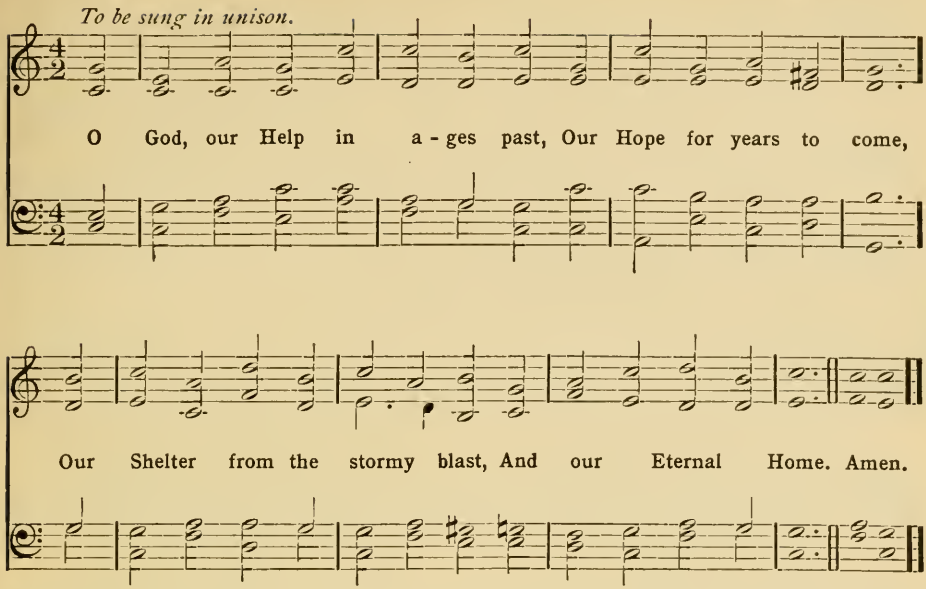
JOHN NEWTON

37 C. M.

ST. ANN'S

W. CROFT

To be sung in unison.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our Eternal Home!

ISAAC WATTS

38 C. M. *(Tune, St. Ann's)*

1 Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS

39 ST. ANSELM

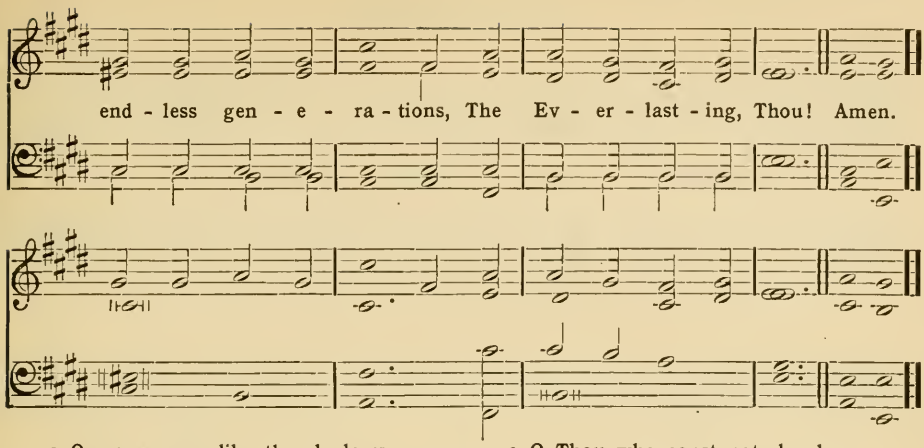
7, 6, 7, 6, D. J. Barnby

O God, the Rock of Ages, Who ev - er - more hast been, What

Organ.

time the tempest rages, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene; Be -

fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now, To



2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

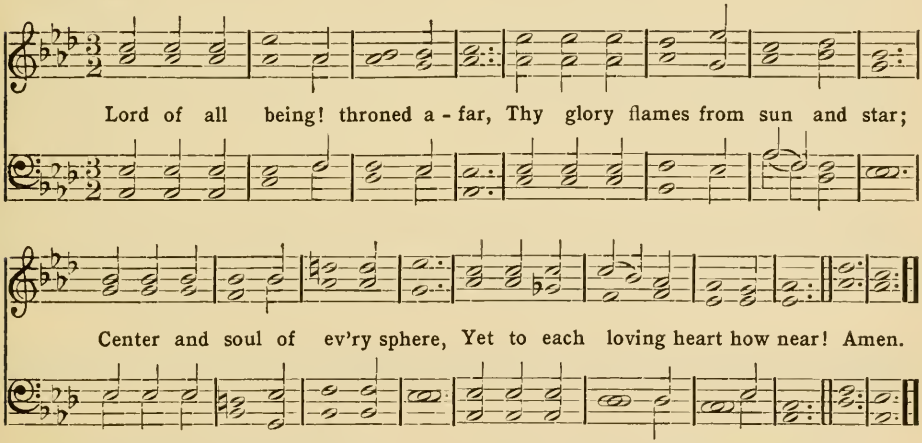
3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest!

E. H. Bickersteth

HESPERUS

40 L. M.

H. Baker



2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth, to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

41 S. M. SILVER STREET

I. Smith

Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je -

Organ.

hovah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - vers - al King. Amen.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice
And own your gracious God.

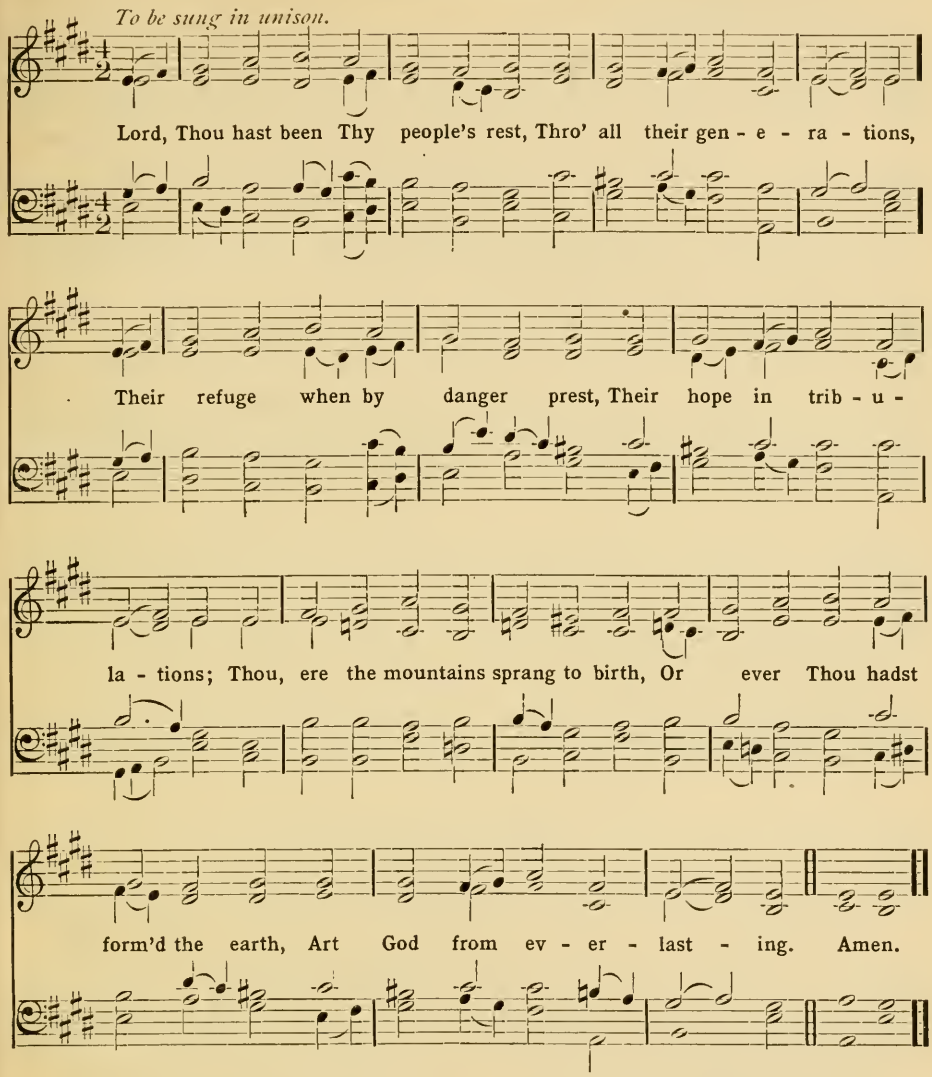
Isaac Watts

42 ATTOLLE PAULUM

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

German
Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN

To be sung in unison.



2 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At Thine awakening terrors;
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
We flee unto Thy mercy.

3 Lord, teach us so to mark our days
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly.
Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

NUN DANKET

43 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6. J. Crüger

To be sung in unison.

Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voices,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;

Who from our mother's arms Hath blest us on our way With

countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. Amen.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

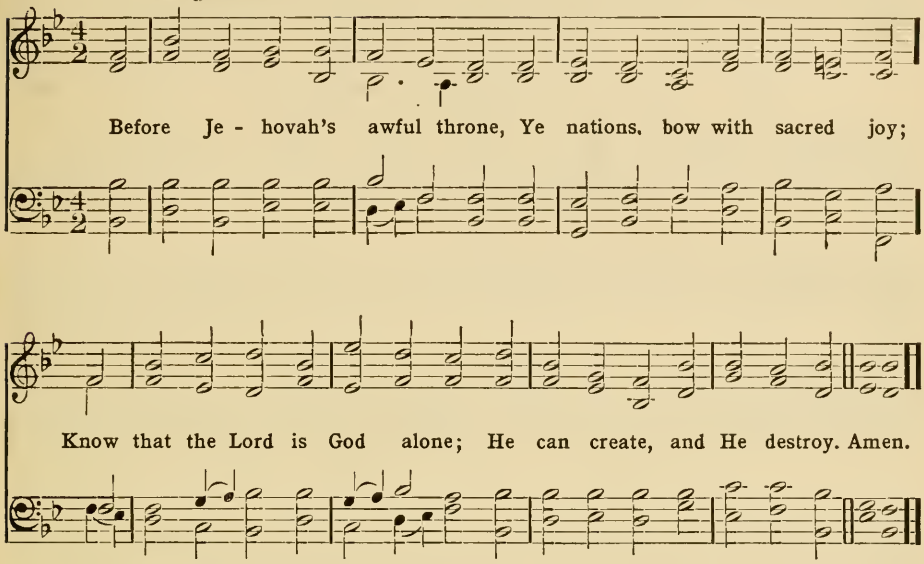
3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God
Whom heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Martin Rinkart
Tr. Catherine Winkworth

WINCHESTER NEW

44 L. M. Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch

To be sung in unison,



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS

45 L. M. *(Tune, Winchester New)*

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care;
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,—
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER

46 P. M. EIN' FESTE BURG

Harmonized by J. S. BACH

To be sung in unison,

A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing:
Our Helper He a - mid the flood Of mortal ills pre - vail - ing.
For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work our woe; His craft and pow'r are
great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual. Amen.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,—
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He,
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure.
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth,
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him that with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. F. H. HEDGE

47 L. M. WAREHAM W. KNAPP

To be sung in unison,

High in the heavens, E - ter - nal God, Thy good - ness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through ev' - ry cloud That veils and darkens Thy designs. A - men.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

4 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS

CREATION

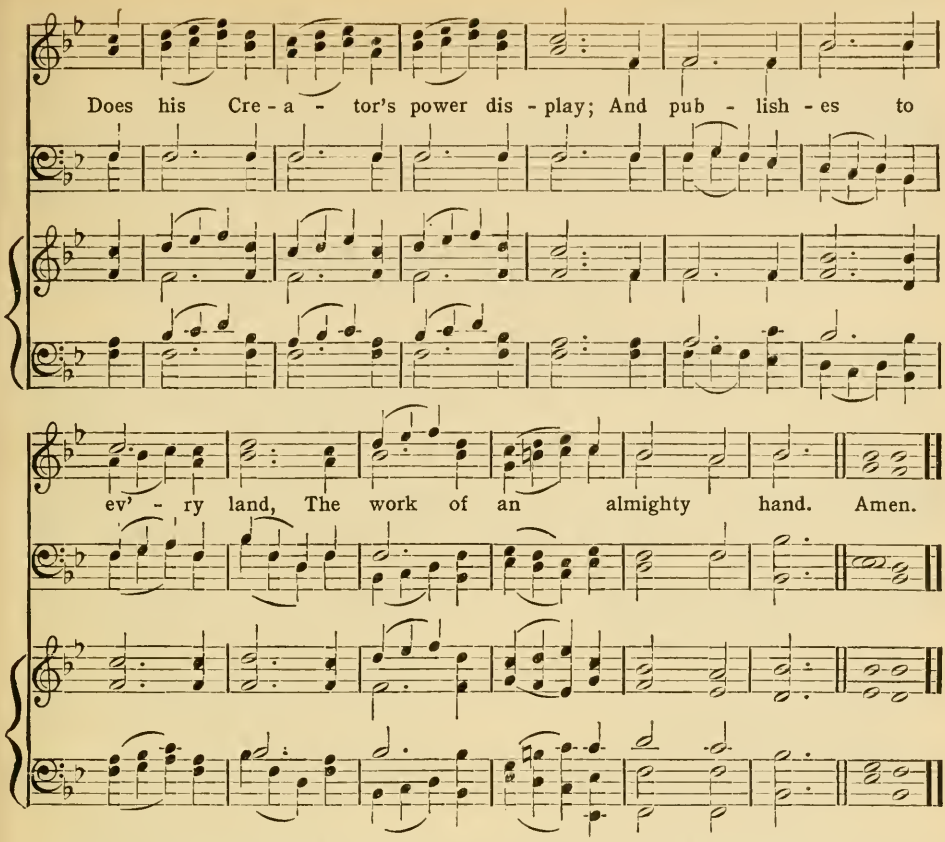
48 L. M. D. J. HAYDN

The spacious fir - ma - ment on high With all the blue e -

Organ.

the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their

great O - ri - gi - nal proclaim: Th' unwearied sun from day to day,



2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON

49 L. M. D. *(Tune, Creation)*

1 Eternal source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

50 DUNDEE

C. M. Scotch Psalter

To be sung in unison.

O God, we praise Thee, and confess That Thou the only Lord

And ev - er - last- ing Father art, By all the earth a - dored. Amen.

2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

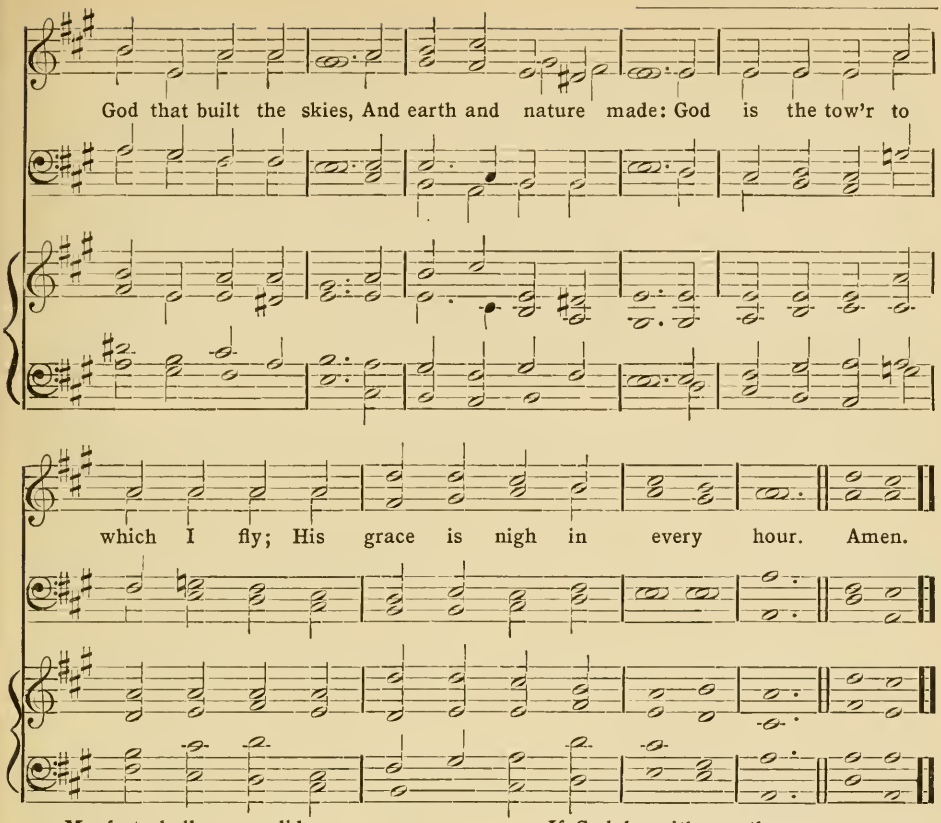
NAHUM TATE

51 ST. GODRIC

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. J. B. DYKES

Upward I lift mine eyes; From God is all my aid; The

Organ.



2 My feet shall never slide
Nor fall in fatal snares
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there;
Thou art my Sun, and Thou my Shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

ISAAC WATTS

52 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. *(Tune, St. Godric)*

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curst designs;
Strong is the arm—and shall fulfill
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord!

ISAAC WATTS

53 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. **ITALIAN HYMN** F. GIARDINI

Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,

Organ.

Help us to praise: Father all glorious, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

Come and reign over us, Ancient of days. Amen.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

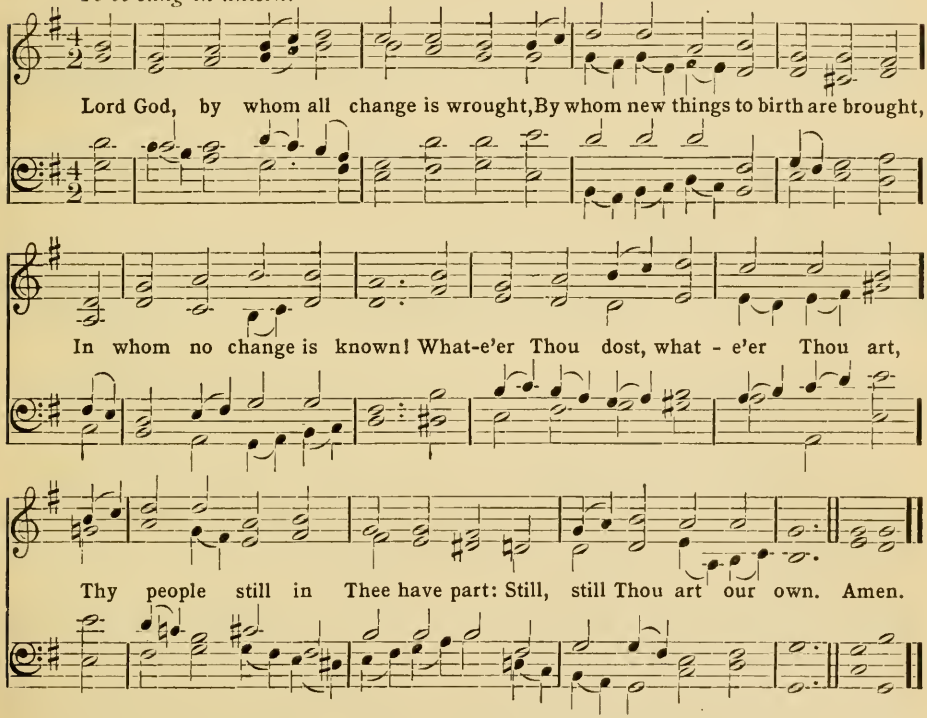
CHARLES WESLEY

54 INNSBRUCK

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

HEINRICH ISAAC
Harmonized by J. S. BACH

To be sung in unison.



2 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime;
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

3 Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess,
New births of grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL

ST. ATHANASIUS

55 Six 7s. E. J. Hopkins

Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts, eternal King,

Organ.

By the heav'ns and earth ador'd; Angels and arch - angels sing,

Chanting ev - er - last- ing - ly To the blessed Tri - ni - ty. Amen.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command,
And, when Thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blesséd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blesséd Trinity.

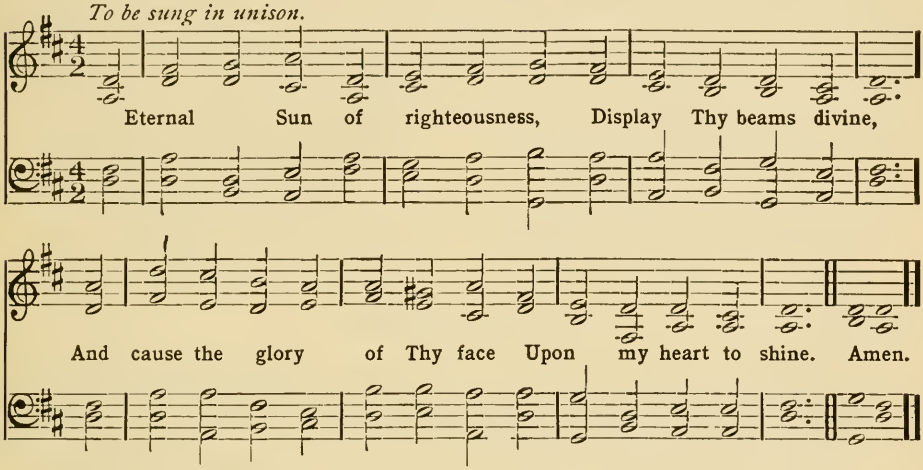
4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blesséd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead one, and Persons three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blesséd Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

56 C. M. DUNDEE Scotch Psalter

To be sung in unison.



2 Light in Thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived and cheered and blest by Thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me Thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

57 C. M. *(Tune, Dundee)*

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

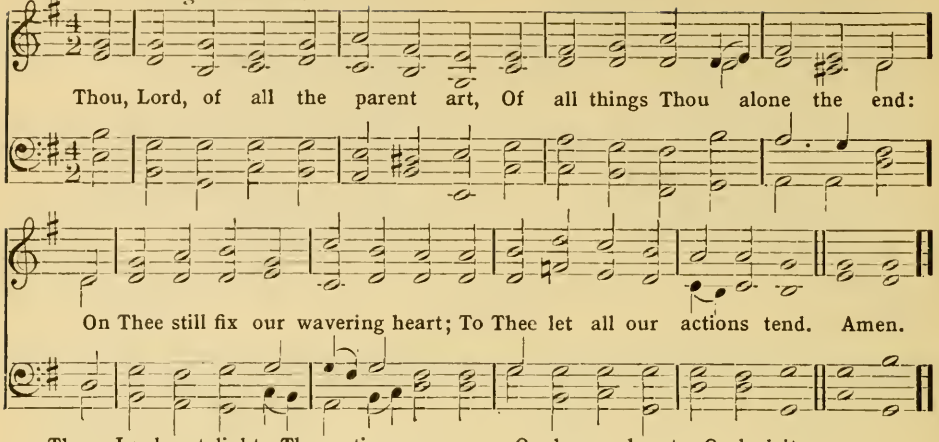
6 O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

58 L. M. BRESLAU

German

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou, Lord, art light; Thy native ray
No change nor shadow ever knows;
To our dark souls Thy light display,
The glory of Thy face disclose.

3 Thou. Lord, art love; the fountain Thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose.

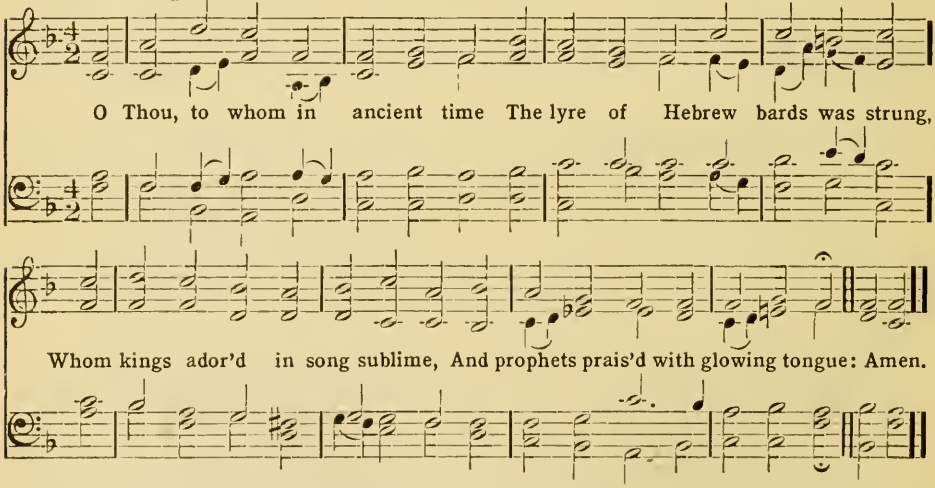
4 So shall our every power to Thee
In love and holy service rise;
And body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

59 L. M. LITLINGTON TOWER

J. BARNBY

To be sung in unison.



2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

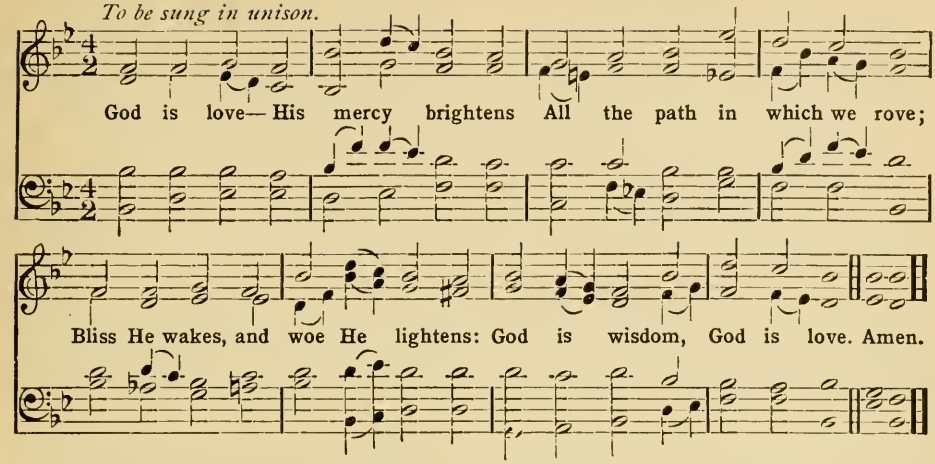
4 O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT

60 TRUST

8, 7, 8, 7. MENDELSSOHN

To be sung in unison.



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move,
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

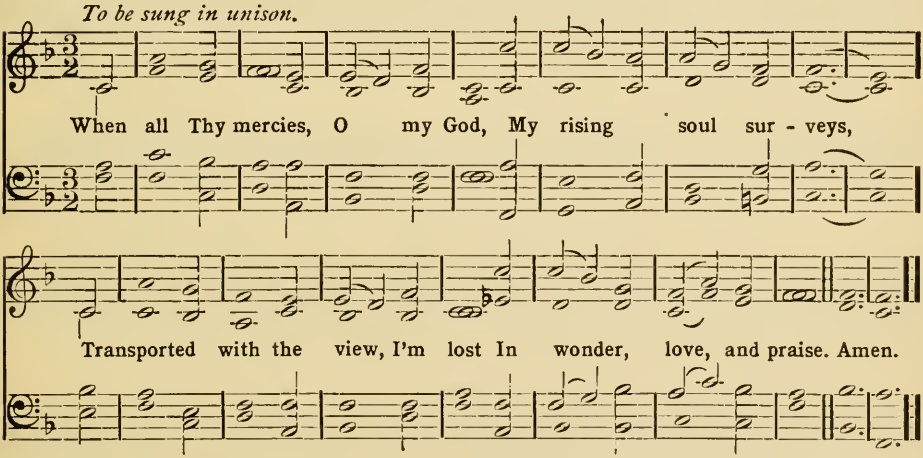
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING

61 BELMONT

C. M. S. WEBBE

To be sung in unison.



2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

ISAAC WATTS

62 CROSS OF JESUS

8, 7, 8, 7. *(First Tune)* J. STAINER

There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:

Organ.

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty. Amen.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

WELLESLEY

62 8, 7, 8, 7. *(Second Tune)* L. S. TOURJEE

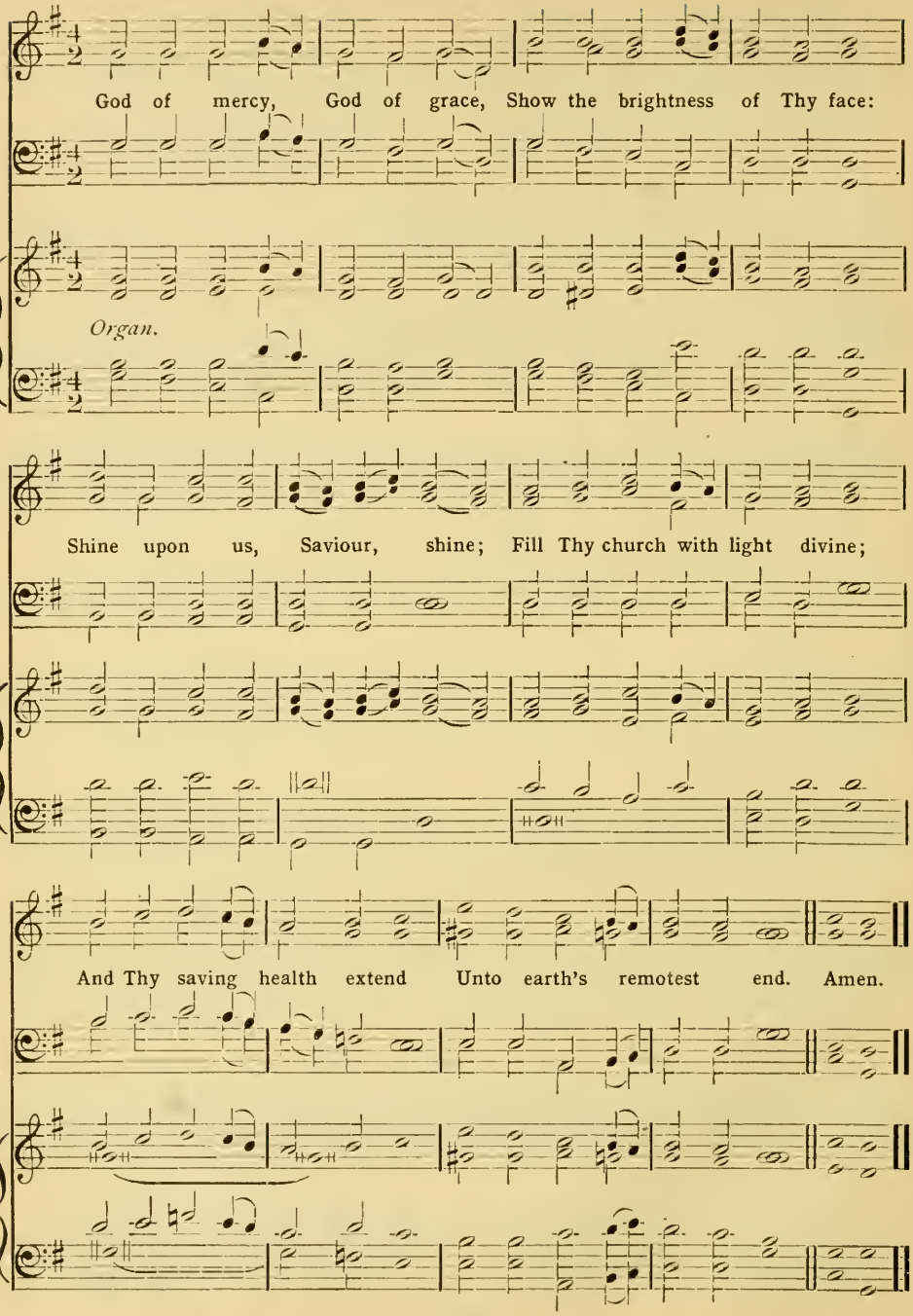
There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:

Organ.

There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than liberty. Amen.

LUX PRIMA

63 Six 7s. C. F. Gounod



2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord.
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above
One in joy and light and love.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

MELITA

64 Six 8s. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.

E - ter - nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep Its own appointed limits keep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea! Amen.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING

JUDEA

65 Four 11s. J. B. Dykes

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green

Organ.

pastures, safe folded I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters

flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress't. Amen.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

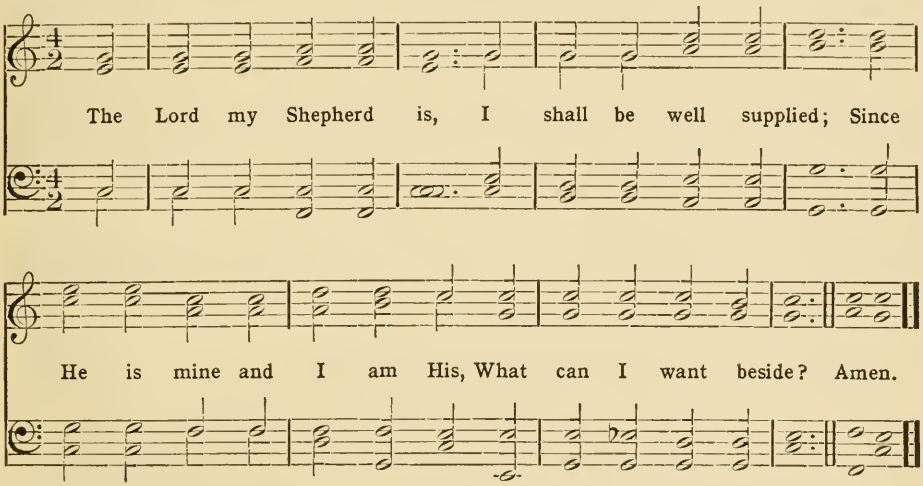
4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek—by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

GORTON

66 S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS

BENEDICTION

67 Four 10s. *(First Tune)* E. J. Hopkins

To be sung in unison.

O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides, Whose voice cre - a - ted and whose wisdom guides, On darkling man in full ef - fulgence shine And cheer the clouded mind with light divine. Amen.

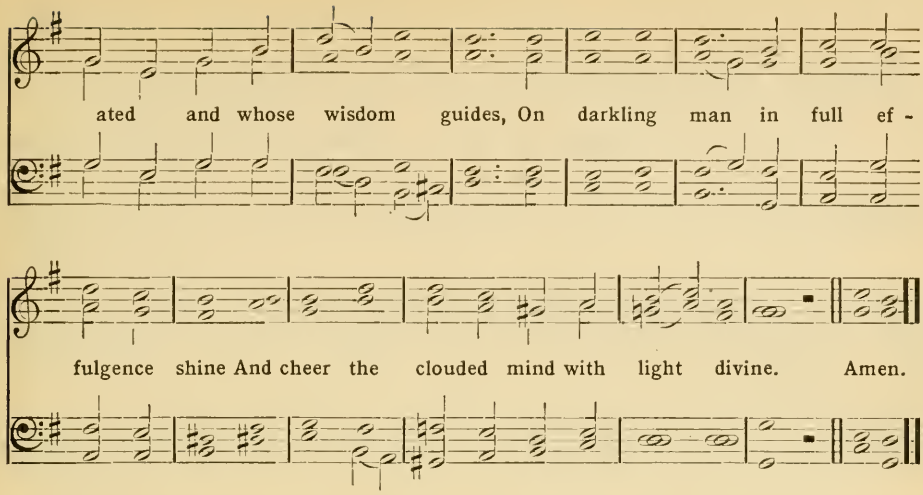
2 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

Dr. Samuel Johnson

CARACORDA

67 Four 10s. *(Second Tune)* S. D. Bingham, Jr.

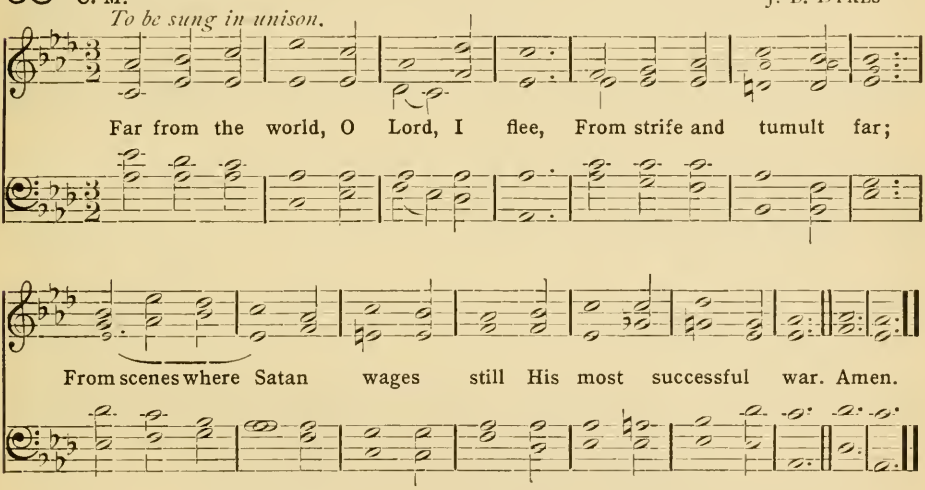
O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides, Whose voice cre -



BEATITUDO

68 C. M. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.



2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace and joy and love
Does she commune with God.

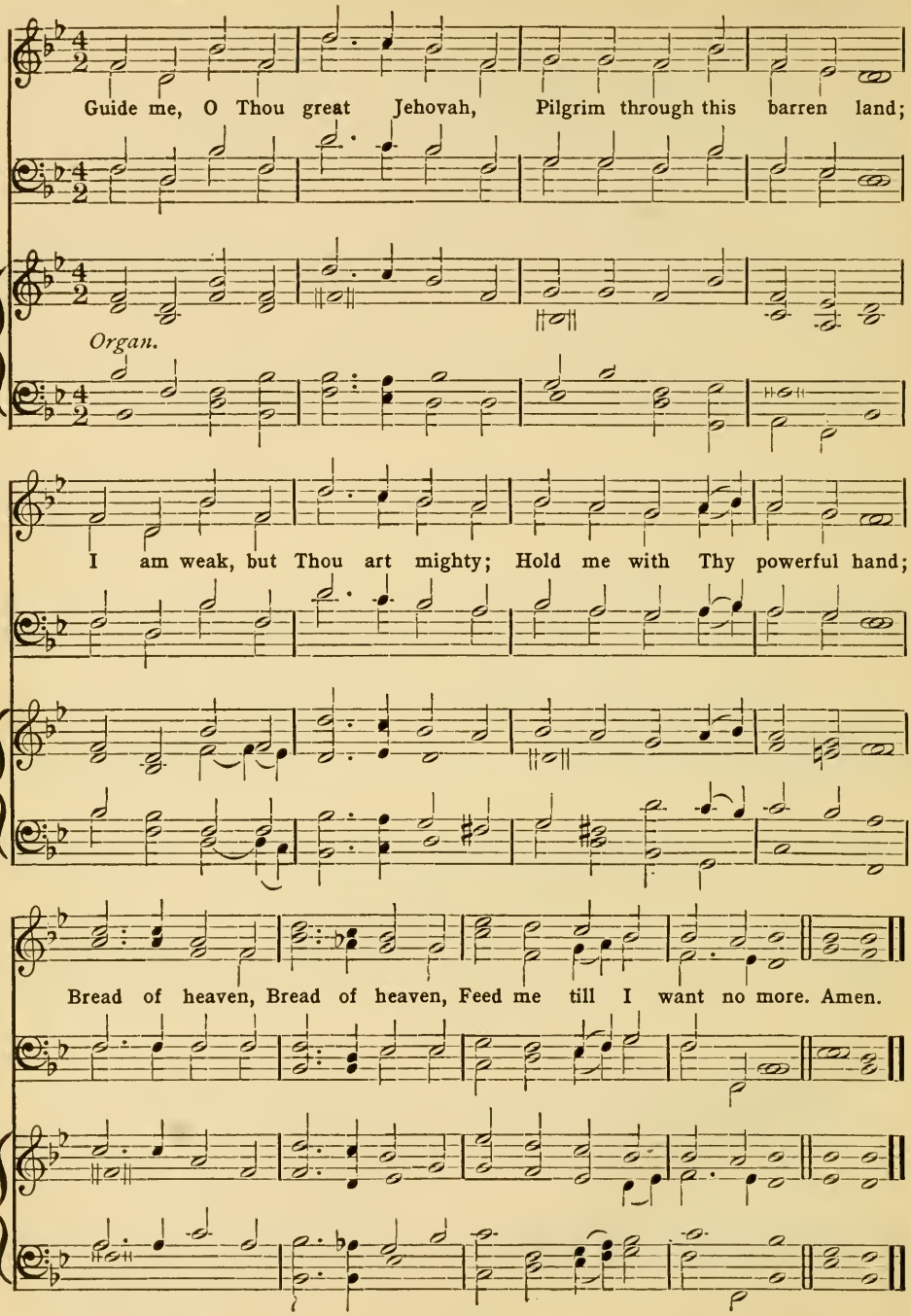
4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,—
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

WILLIAM COWPER

REGENT SQUARE

69 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. H. SMART



2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

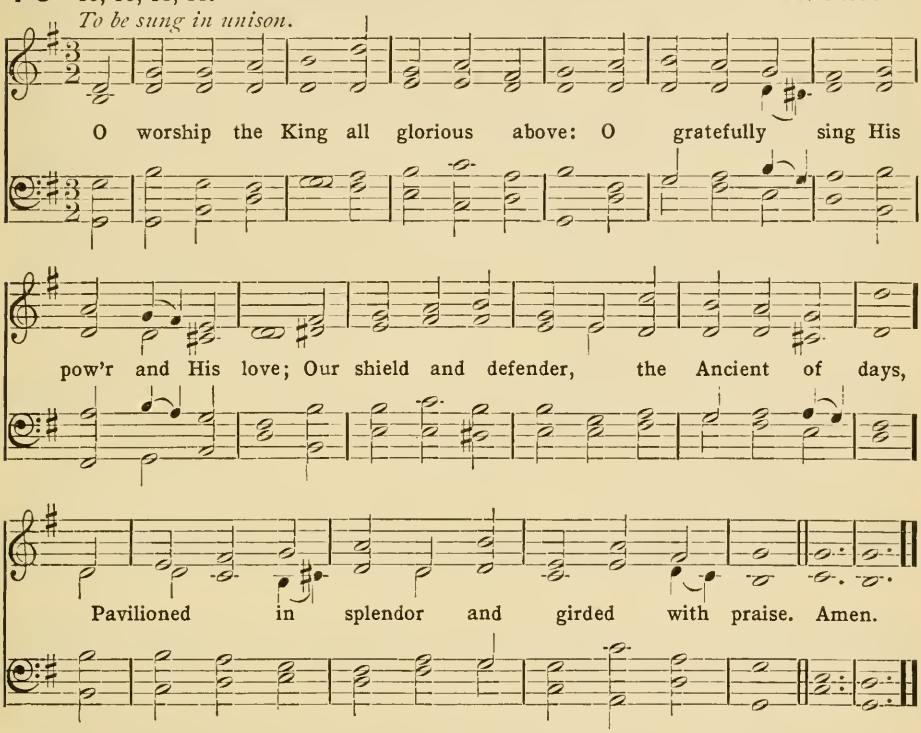
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

70 HANOVER

10, 10, 11, 11. W. CROFT

To be sung in unison.



2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend.

4 O measureless might, ineffable love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT

71 C. M. HOLY TRINITY

J. BARNBY

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,

Organ.

The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. Amen.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

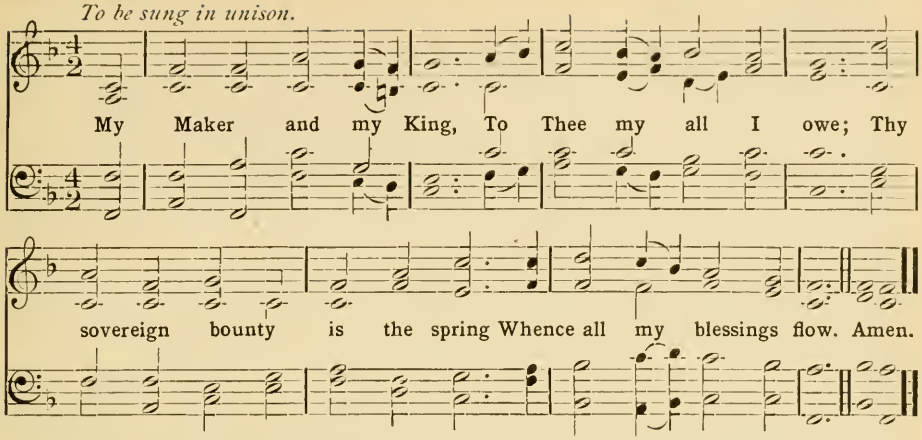
4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

TATE AND BRADY

72 S. M. ST. THOMAS A. Williams

To be sung in unison.



2 The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live;
My God, Thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

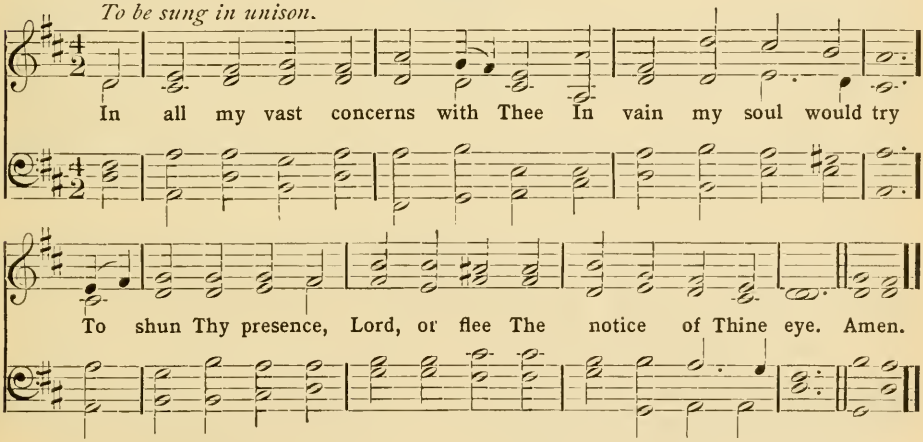
3 Lord, what can I impart
When all is Thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor.

4 Shall I withhold Thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew
And fill it with Thy love.

Anne Steele

73 C. M. HORSLEY W. Horsley

To be sung in unison.



2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,—
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

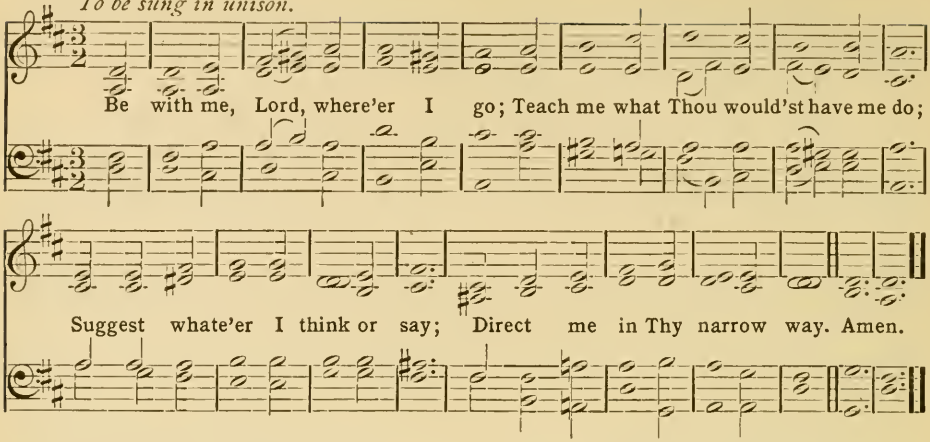
5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts

74 L. M. ANGELUS

GEORG JOSEPHI

To be sung in unison.



2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from Thee.

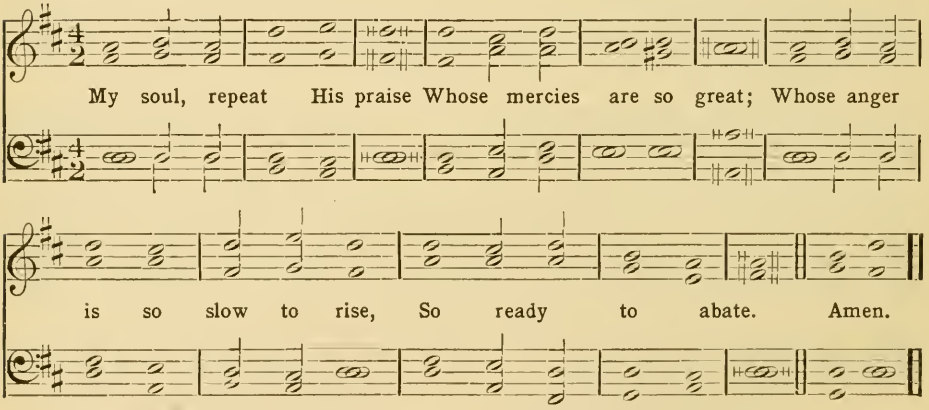
3 Enrich me always with Thy love;
My kind protection ever prove:
Thy signet put upon my breast
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

4 O may I never do my will,
But Thine and only Thine fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to Thy praise.

JOHN CENNICK

75 S. M. OLMUTZ

Gregorian
Harmonized by L. MASON



2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS

76 INNOCENTS

Four 7s. Anonymous

Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,

Organ.

When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake and it was done. Amen.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

77 LYONS

10, 10, 11, 11. J. HAYDN

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His

Organ.

wonderful name; The name all - victorious of Jesus extol;

His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all. Amen.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY

OLD HUNDREDTH

78 L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC

To be sung in unison.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

THOMAS KEN.

79 L. M. *(Tune, Old Hundredth)*

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more

ISAAC WATTS

80 ST. STEPHEN

C. M. W. JONES

To be sung in unison.

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite, In silence soft and sweet;

And thou, my soul, sit gently down At Thy great Sov'reign's feet. Amen.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the Everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at His word subsides
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more;
But charmed with melody divine
To give its follies o'er.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

81 TRUST

8, 7, 8, 7. MENDELSSOHN

To be sung in unison.

Blest be Thou, O God of Israel, Thou our Father and our Lord;

Blest Thy majesty forever, Ever be Thy name adored. Amen.

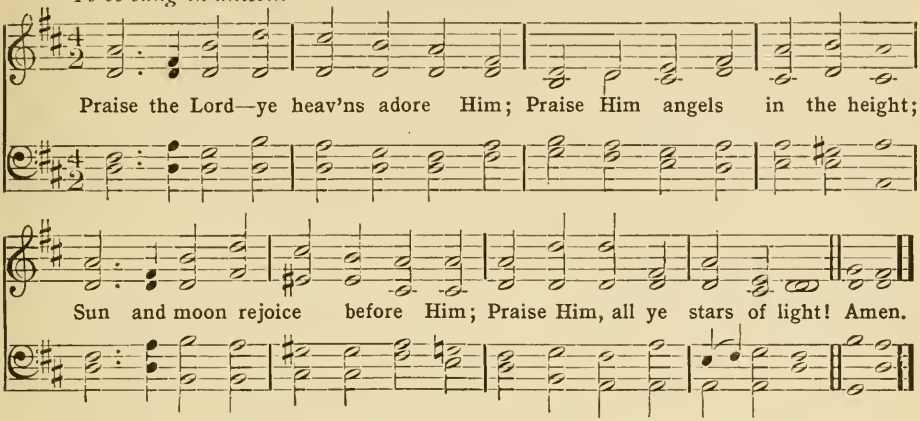
2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are Thine own;
All is Thine in earth and heaven,
Over all, Thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of Thee, and honor,
Power and might to Thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only Thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these Thy bounties
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To Thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

82 8, 7, 8, 7. ST. OSWALD J. B. Dykes

To be sung in unison.



2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken.
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

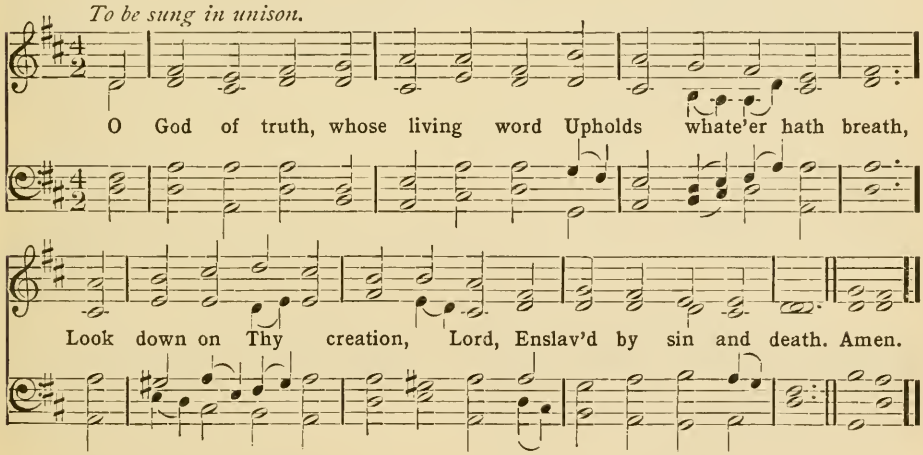
3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious.
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Foundling Chapel Collection

83 C. M. VULPIUS Melchior Vulpius

To be sung in unison.



2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin;
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

4 Thou God of truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer;
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

5 Yea, come! then tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free;
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes

84 C. M. WINCHESTER OLD

CHRISTOPHER TYE
Este's Psalter

To be sung in unison.

A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun;

It gives a light to ev'ry age,— It gives, but borrows none. Amen.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

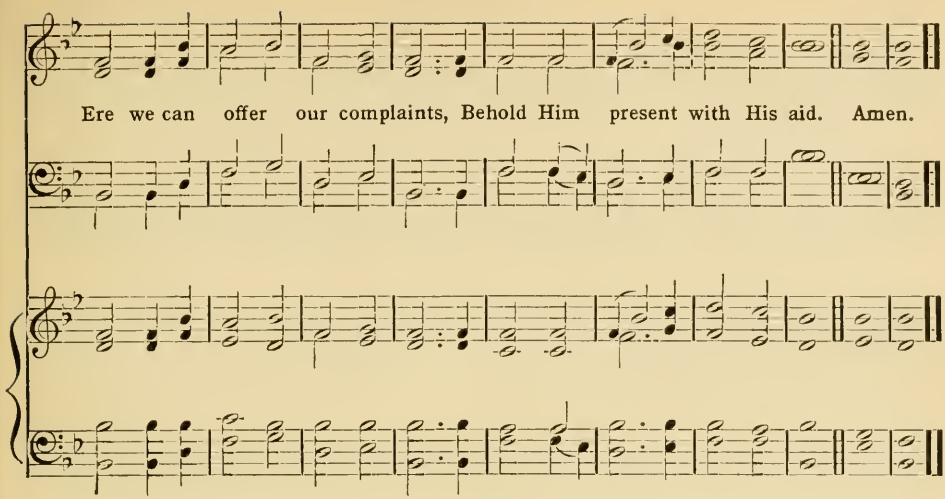
WILLIAM COWPER

85 L. M. WARD

Scotch Melody

God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress invade:

Organ.



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with pow'r.

ISAAC WATTS

86 L. M. *(Tune, Ward)*

1 Lord God of Hosts, by all adored,
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heaven are full of Thee
Thy light, Thy love, Thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets aid to swell the song;
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

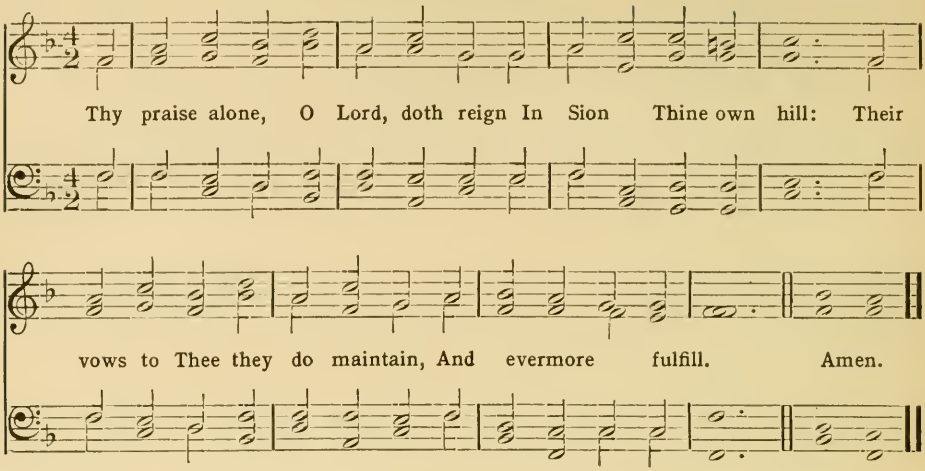
4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity.

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

87 C. M.

YORK TUNE

Scotch Psalter



2 For that Thou dost their prayers still hear
And dost thereto agree;
Thy people all both far and near
With trust shall come to Thee.

3 Our wicked life so far exceeds,
That we should fall therein;
But, Lord, forgive our great misdeeds,
And purge us from our sin.

4 The man is blest whom Thou dost choose
Within Thy courts to dwell;
Thy house and temple He shall use,
With pleasures that excel.

5 Of Thy great justice hear, O God.
Our health of Thee doth rise;
The hope of all the earth abroad,
And the sea-coasts likewise.

6 With strength Thou art beset about,
And compast with Thy power:
Thou mak'st the mountains strong and stout,
To stand in every shower.

7 The swelling seas Thou dost assuage,
And make their streams full still;
Thou dost restrain the people's rage,
And rule them at Thy will.

8 The folk that dwell throughout the earth,
Shall dread Thy signs to see;
Which morn and evening with great mirth
Send praises up to Thee.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS

88 C. M. *(York Tune)*

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

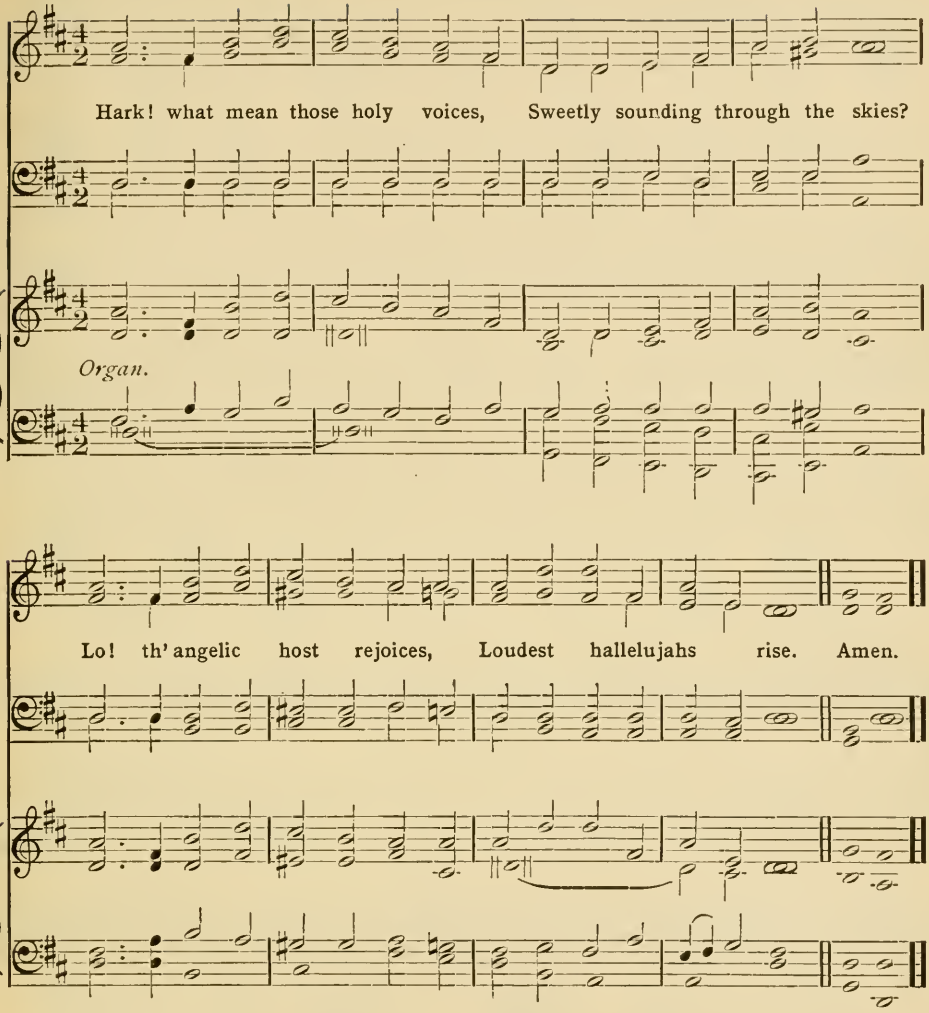
4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

ISAAC WATTS

OSWALD

89 8, 7, 8, 7. J. B. Dykes



2 Listen to the wondrous story.
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high;

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, priest, and king.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!

John Cawood

90 VENI EMMANUEL

Six 8s.

French Missal
Melody of XIIIth Century

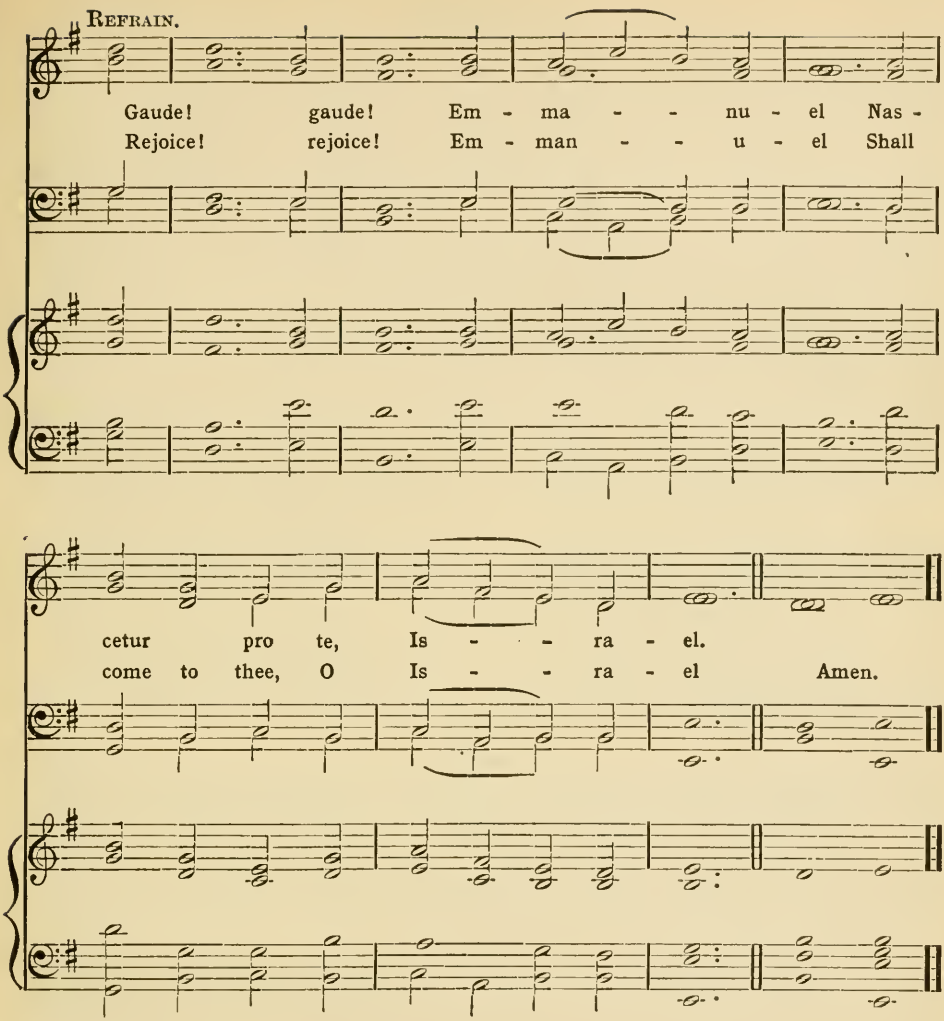
Voices in unison to the Refrain.

1. Ve - ni, veni, Em - ma - nu - el! Cap -
2. Ve - ni, O Jesse vir - gu - la! Ex
3. Ve - ni, veni, O O - ri - ens Sal -
4. Ve - ni, clavis Da - vi - di - ca! Reg -
5. Ve - ni, veni, A - do - na - i! Qui

Organ.

1. tivum solve Is - ra - el, Qui gemit in ex -
2. hostis tuos un - gu - la, De specu tuos
3. vare nos ad - ve - ni - ens; Noc - tis depelle
4. na reclude cae - li - ca, Fac iter tutum
5. populo in Si - na - i Legem dedisti

1. i - li - o, Privatus Dei Fi - li - o:
2. tar - ta - ri Educ, et antro ba - ra - thri;
3. ne - bu - las, Dirasque mortis te - nebras;
4. su - pe - rum Et claude vias in - fe - rum.
5. ver - ti - ce, In majestate glo - ri - ae.



91 Six 8s. *(Tune, Veni Emmanuel)*

1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.—*Refrain.*

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here.
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high
And close the path to misery.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.

J. M. Neale

BETHLEHEM

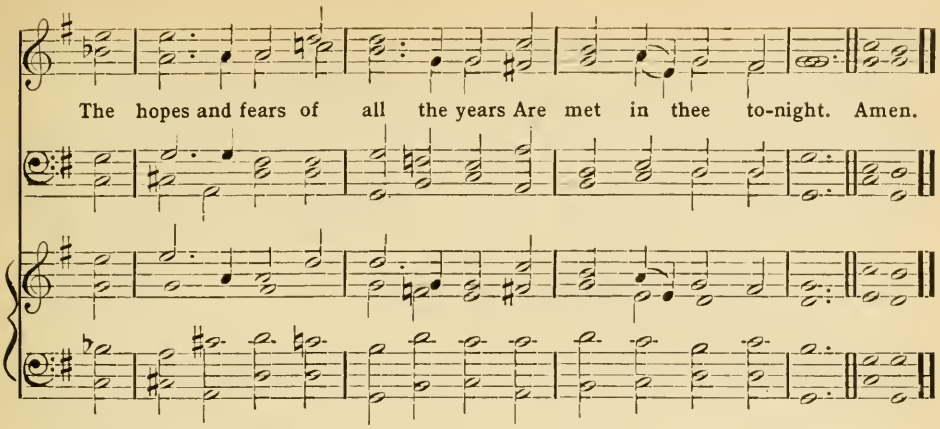
92 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6. J. BARNBY

O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie;

Organ.

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ever - lasting light.



2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

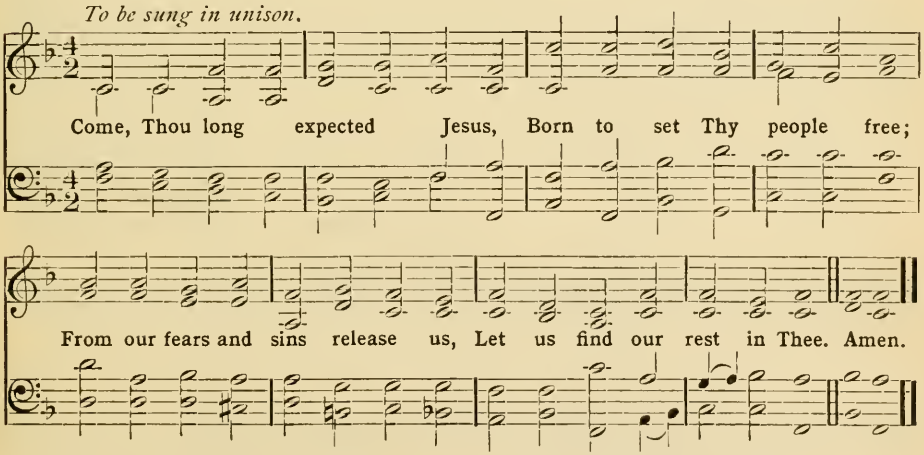
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given.
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

93 8, 7, 8, 7. STUTTGART New Gotha Cantional

To be sung in unison.



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY

94 P. M. ADESTE FIDELES

J. READING

1. Adeste, Fideles, Laeti, triumphantes; Venite, ve -
2. Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine Gestant pu -
3. Cantet nunc Io! Chorus angelorum Cantet nunc
4. Ergo qui natus Die hodierna, Jesu, ti -

1. nite in Bethlehem. Natum videte Regem angelorum;
2. ellae viscera. Deum verum, genitum non factum;
3. aula caelestium Glo - ri - a in excelsis Deo;
4. bi sit gloria,— Patris aeterni Verbum caro factum;

After each verse.

Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus,
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,

No Ped.

Venite adoremus Dominum. Amen.
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Ped.

95 P. M. *(Tune, Adeste Fideles)*

1 O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye to Bethlehem with one glad accord.
Lo! in a manger lies the king of angels;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 O sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye that hear in heav'n God's holy word,
Give to our Father glory in the highest;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 O hail! Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesus, for evermore be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him,—Christ the Lord.

96 WEBBE

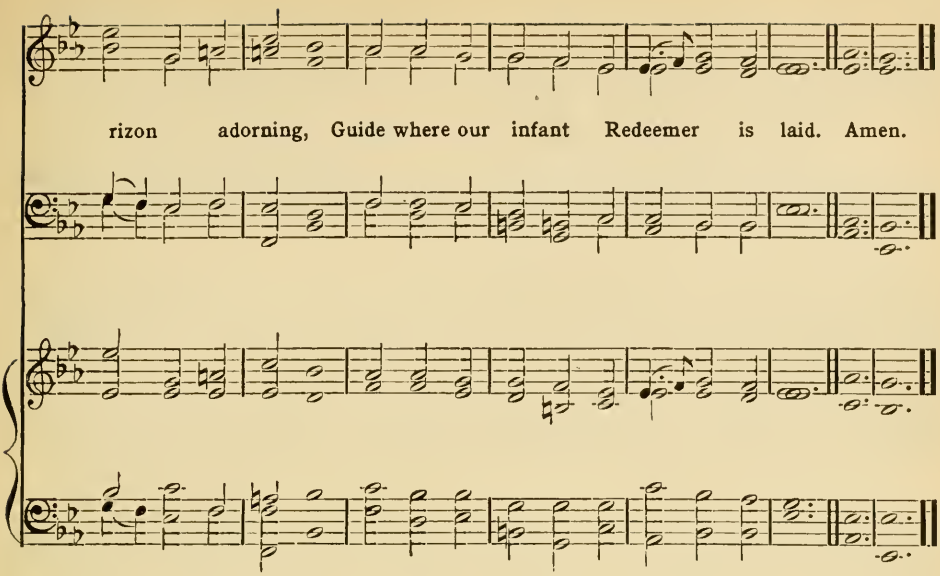
11, 10, 11, 10.

S. Webbe. Adapted from E. Miller

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our

Organ.

darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho -



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker and monarch and saviour of all.

3 Say shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER

97 REGENT SQUARE

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

H. Smart

Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Organ.

Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ the new-born king. Amen.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

ST. AGNES

98 C. M.

J. B. DYKES

Calm on the list'ning ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains,

Organ.

Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver - mantled plains. Amen.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all the holy heights
The Day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God"—the lofty strain
The realm of æther fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills.

6 "Glory to God"—the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men.
From heaven's eternal king."

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

MENDELSSOHN

99 Eight 7s. With Refrain

MENDELSSOHN

Hark, the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born king;

Organ.

Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;

No Ped.

Universal nature say, Christ the Lord is born to-day.

Ped.

REFRAIN. *After each stanza.*

Hark, the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born king." Amen.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,—
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,—
Jesus our Emmanuel.

3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace!
Hail, the Son of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY

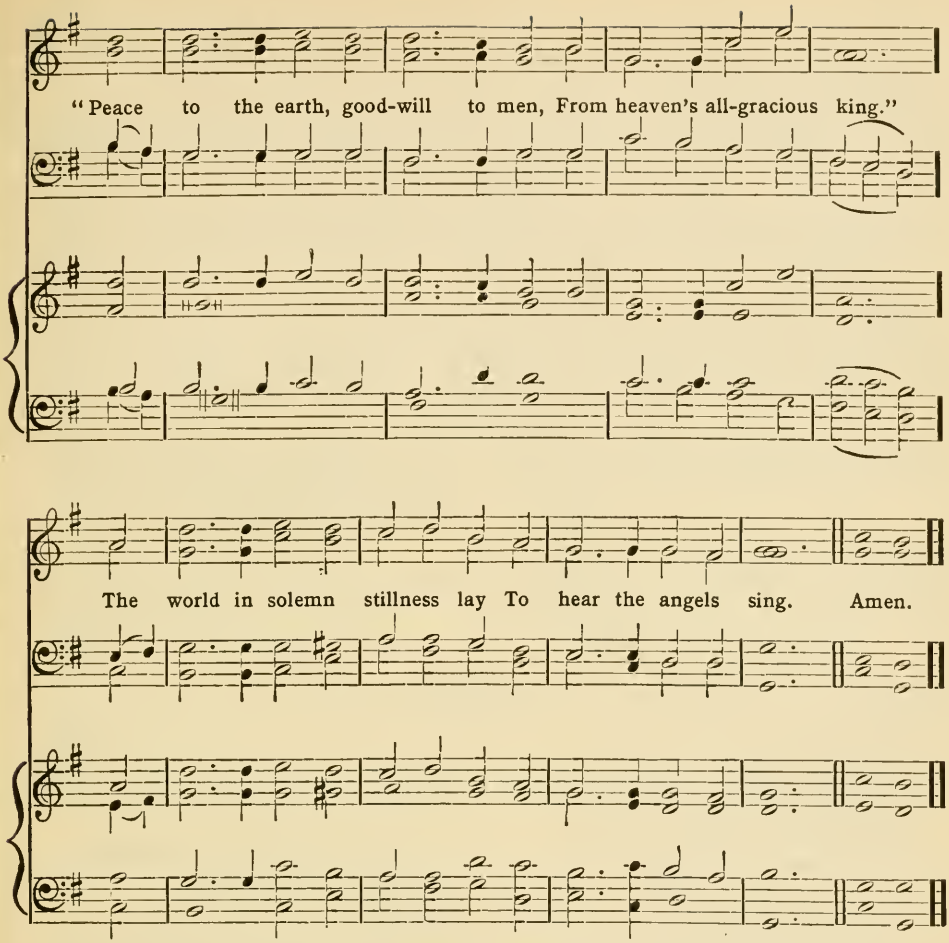
100 C. M. D. ST. URSULA

F. Westlake

It came upon the midnight clear,—That glorious song of old,

Organ.

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:



2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look up, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

CHRISTMAS

101 C. M. G. F. Handel

To be sung in unison.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around. Amen.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

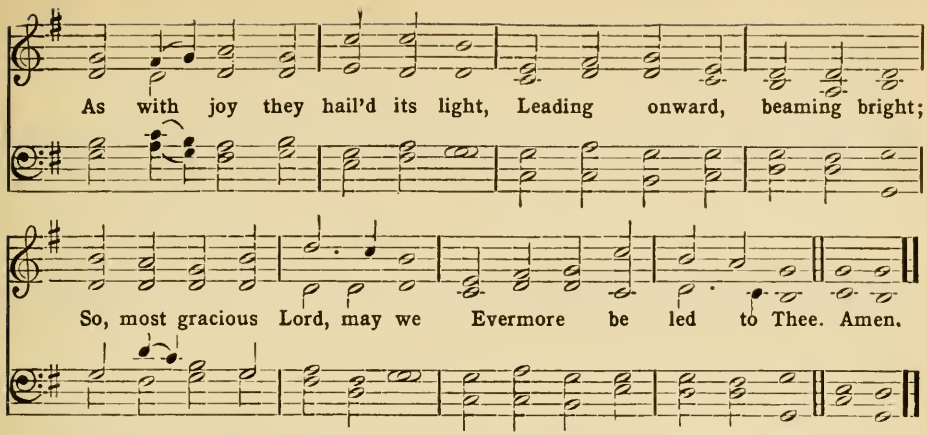
Nahum Tate

DIX

102 Six 7s. C. Kocher

To be sung in unison.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold,



2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

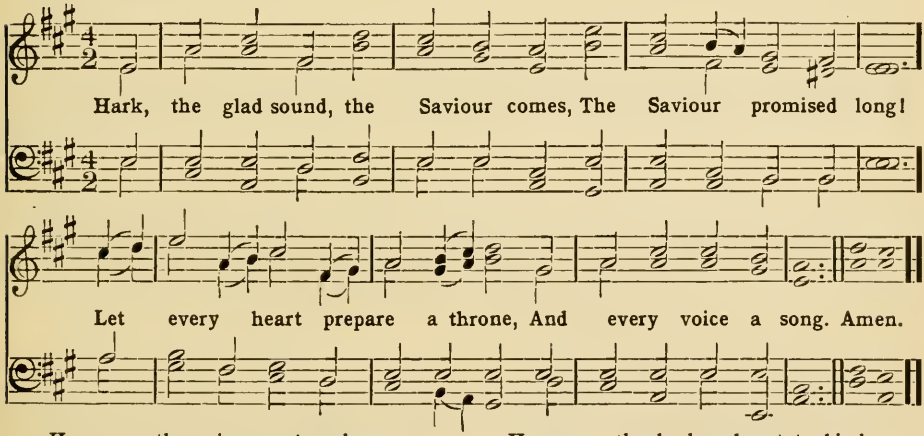
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At the cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX

103 C. M. BRISTOL

E. HODGES



2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovéd name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

104 7, 6, 7, 6, D. COME UNTO ME

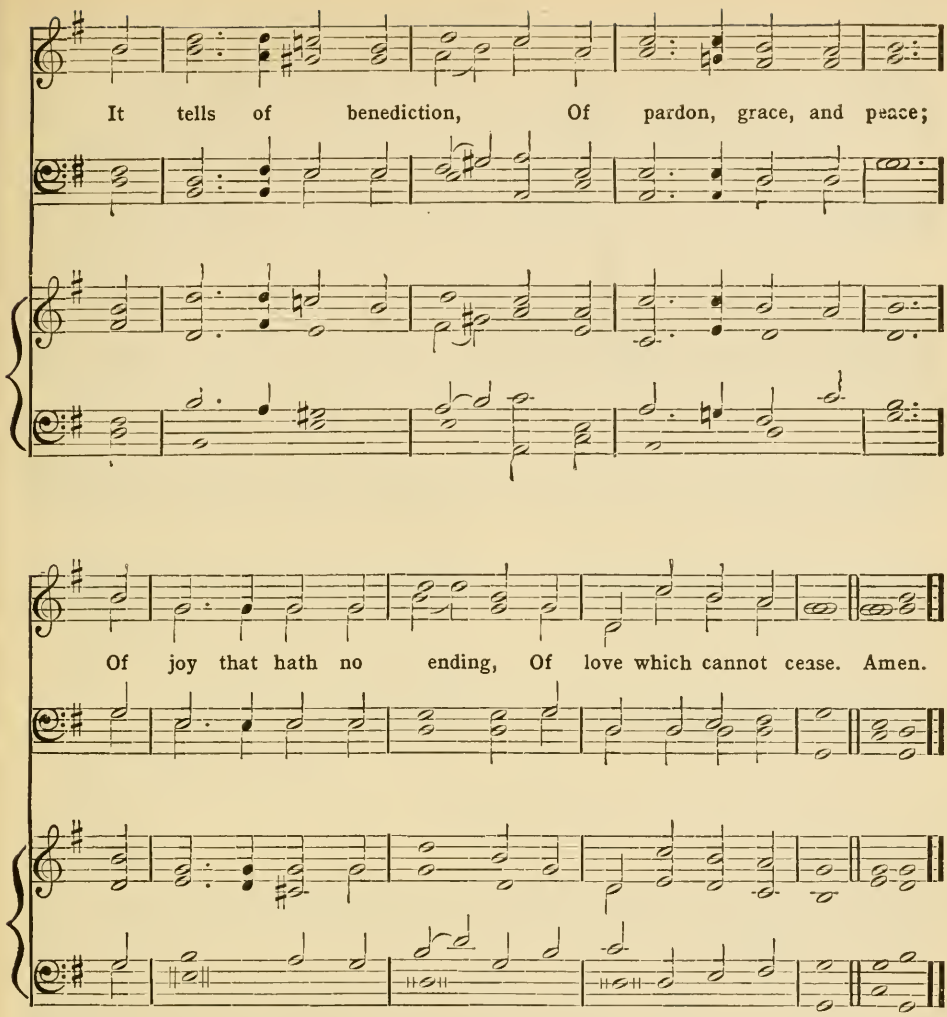
J. B. Dykes

"Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest,"

Organ.

No Ped. *Ped.*

O blessed voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppress.



2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs, the break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt.
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX

105 L. M. CANONBURY

R. SCHUMANN

How beauteous were the marks divine, That in Thy meekness used to shine,

That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God. Amen.

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light,—
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?—
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility.

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

106 Four 7s. HOLLEY

G. HEWS

To be sung in unison.

"Come!" said Jesus' sacred voice, "Come, and make my path your choice;

I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come." Amen.

2 "Thou, who homeless and forlorn
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye, who tost on beds of pain
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

107 STEPHANOS

8, 5, 8, 3. H. W. BAKER

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest?"

Organ.

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest." Amen.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?—
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?—
Yea, a crown in very surety;
But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
Sorrow vanquisht, labor ended,
Jordan past.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?—
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?—
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer "Yes."

Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE

108 C. M. D.

VOX DILECTI

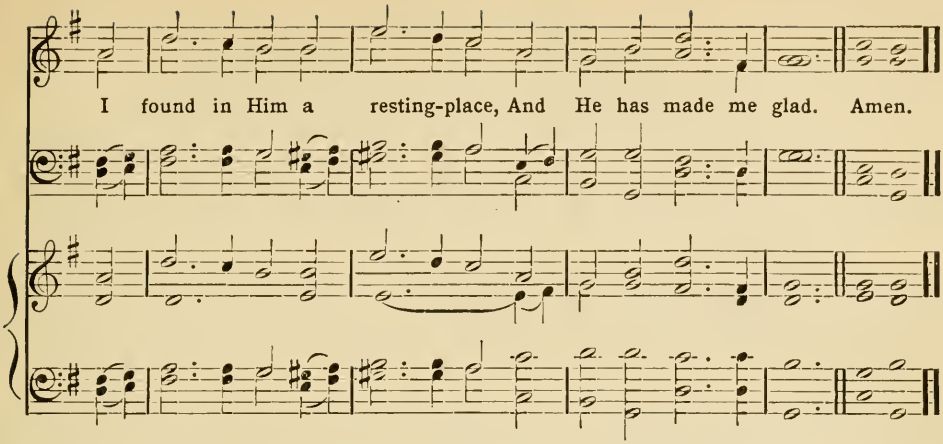
J. B. Dykes

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;

Organ.

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast!"

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;



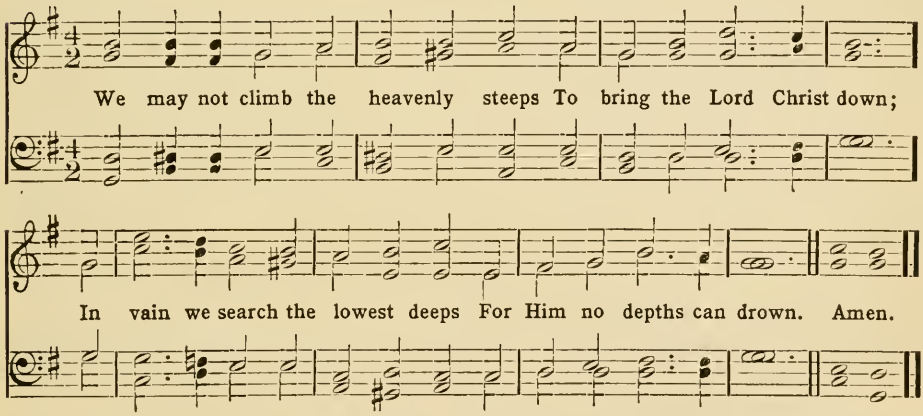
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

HORATIUS BONAR

109 C. M. NOX PRAECESSIT

J. B. CALKIN



2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

110 BREAD OF LIFE

Four 10s. W. F. SHERWIN

Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou dids't

Organ.

break the loaves beside the sea, Beyond the sacred page,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living word. Amen.

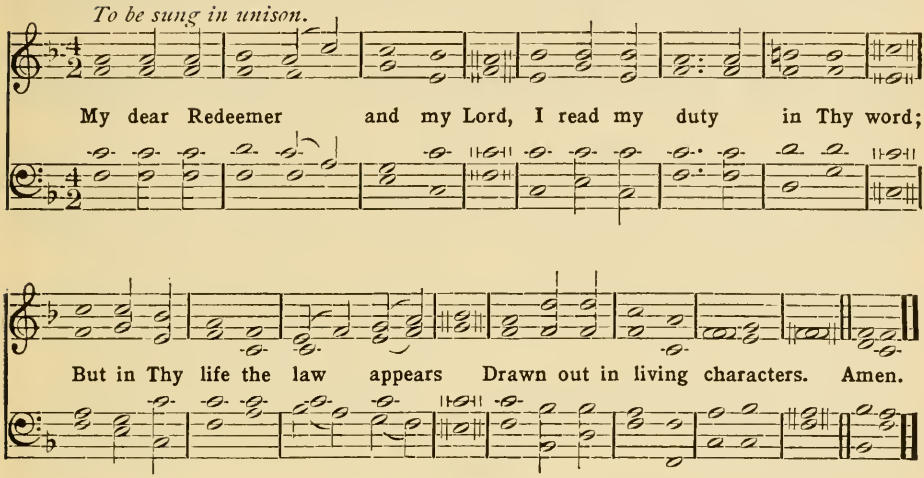
2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. LATHBURY

FEDERAL STREET

111 L. M. H. K. OLIVER

To be sung in unison.



2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS

112 L. M. *(Tune, Federal Street)*

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus? Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus,—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain.
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG

113 L. M. ROCKINGHAM

E. MILLER

To be sung in unison

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. Amen.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS

114 C. M. HORSLEY

W. HORSLEY

To be sung in unison.

There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all. Amen.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

5 For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

PASSION CHORALE

115 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. H. L. Hassler

To be sung in unison.

O Sacred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down,

Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thy only crown;

O Sacred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine;

Yet though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. Amen.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

3 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me,
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
And when my heart must languish,
Amid the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Paul Gerhardt
J. W. Alexander, Tr.

116 8, 8, 8, 4. O FILII ET FILIAE

Ancient Melody

To be sung in unison.

Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!

al - - le - lu - ia! O Fi - li - i et Fi - li - ae,

Rex cae - les - tis Rex glo - ri - ae Morte sur - rex - it

ho - - di - e. Al - - le - lu - - ia! Amen.

2 Et mane prima sabbati,
Ad ostium monumenti,
Accesserunt discipuli.
Alleluia!

3 Discipulis constantibus
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens, pax vobis omnibus.
Alleluia!

4 Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam aeternam habebunt.
Alleluia!

5 Ex quibus nos humillimas,
Devotas atque debitas,
Deo dicamus gratias.
Alleluia!

117 8, 8, 8, 4. *(Tune, O Filii et Filiae)*

1 Ye sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of Glory, King adored,
This day Himself from death restored.
Alleluia!

2 On Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 That night the apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in their midst appear,—
"My peace," He said, "be on all here."
Alleluia!

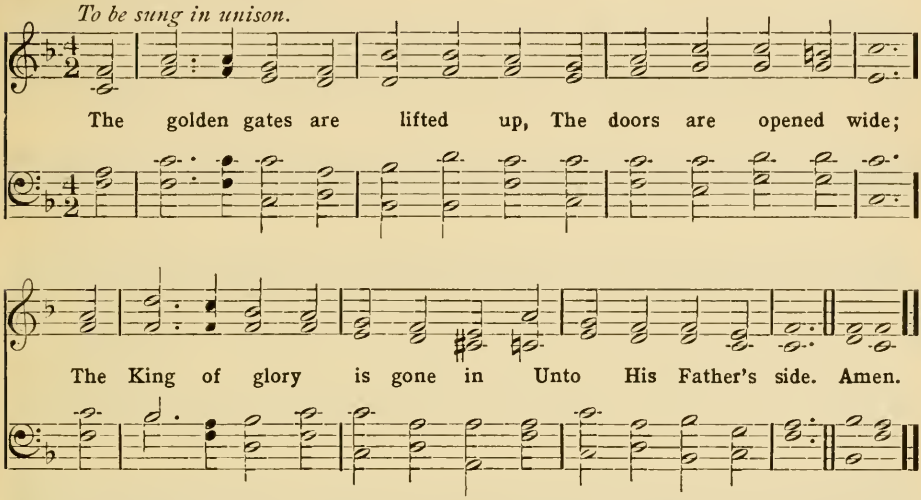
4 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

5 Our grateful thanks to God let's give,
In humble manner while we live,
For all the favors we receive.
Alleluia!

118 C. M. WINCHESTER OLD

CHRISTOPHER TYE

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be.
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

119 C. M. *(Tune, Winchester Old)*

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

ISAAC WATTS

120 P. M.

VICTORY

From PALESTRINA

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Organ.

:S:

The strife is o'er, the battle done, The victory of life is

:S:

won; The song of triumph has begun. Al - le - lu - ia! Amen.

2 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Alleluia!

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

Rev. F. Pott

WURTEMBURG

121 Four 7s. With Alleluia — German

Christ the Lord is risen again, Christ hath broken ev'ry chain: Hark! angelic

Organ.

voices cry, Singing evermore on high. Al - le - lu - ia! Amen.

2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry.
Alleluia!

2 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of Kings.
Alleluia!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

Tr. by Caroline Winkworth

122 GREENLAND

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Lausanne Psalter

The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad,—

Organ.

The passover of gladness, The passover of God.

From death to life eternal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of victory. Amen.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "all hail,"—and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

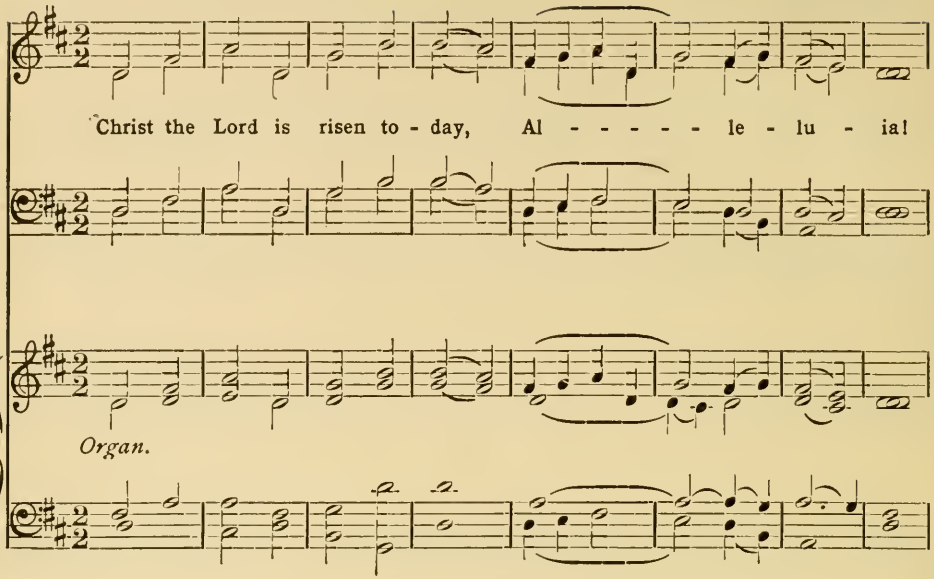
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein.
Invisible and visible,—
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

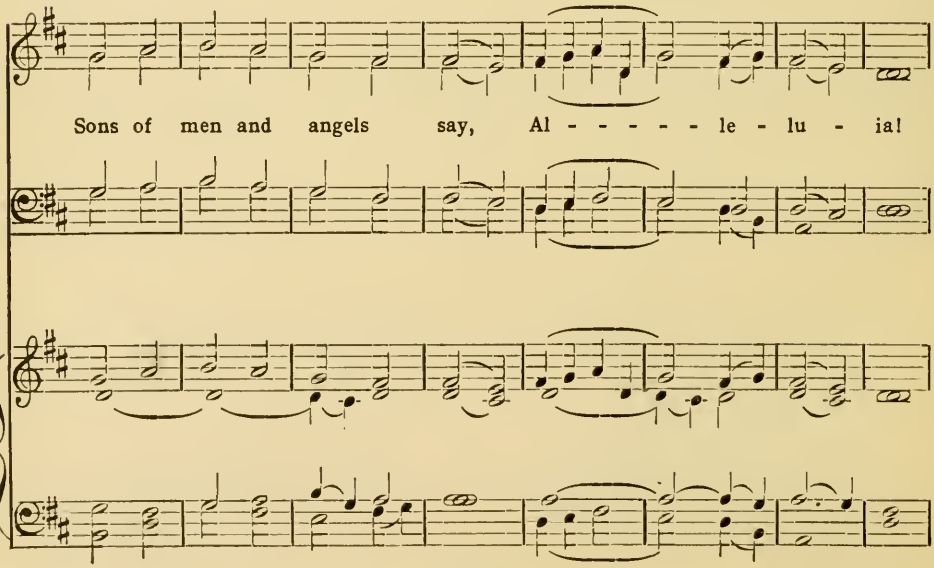
JOHN OF DAMASCUS
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE

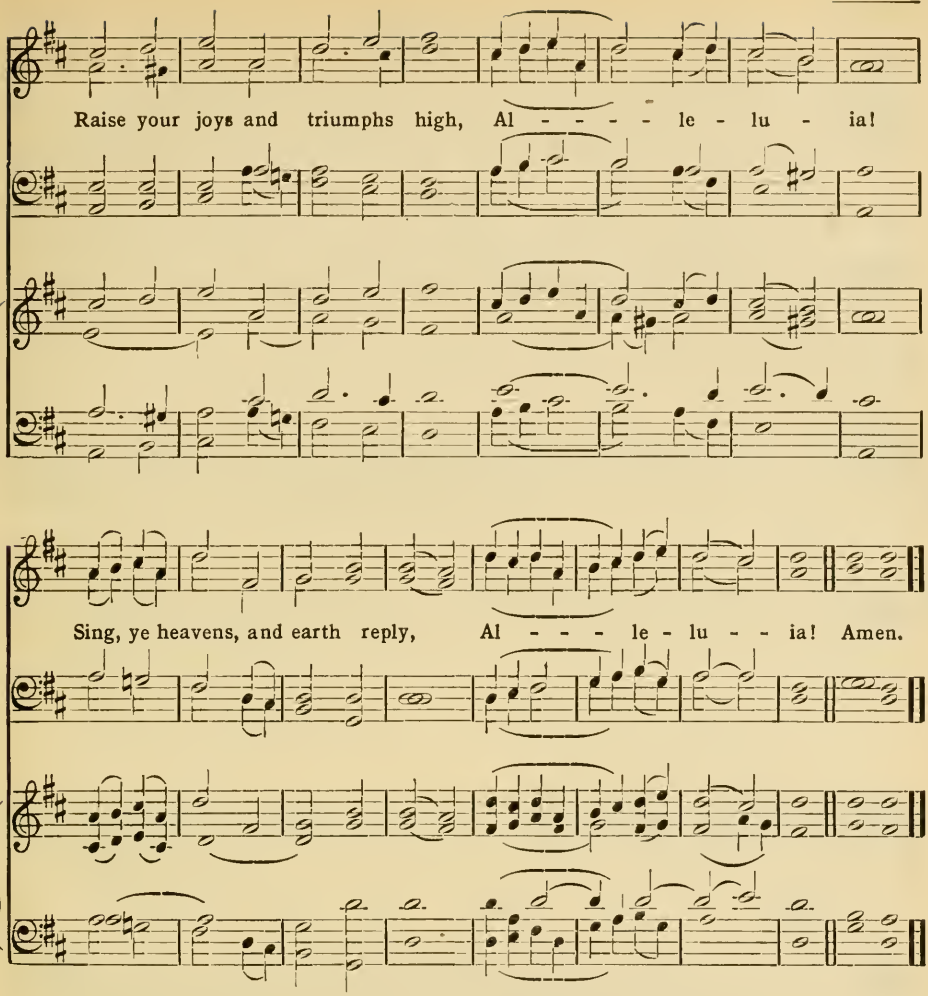
123 Four 7s. With Alleluia

WORGAN

From Lyra Davidica







2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal. Alleluia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell. Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids His rise; Alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise. Alleluia!

3 Lives again our glorious King. Alleluia!
Where O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once He died, our souls to save: Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted head; Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia!

CHARLES WESLEY

124 DULCE CARMEN

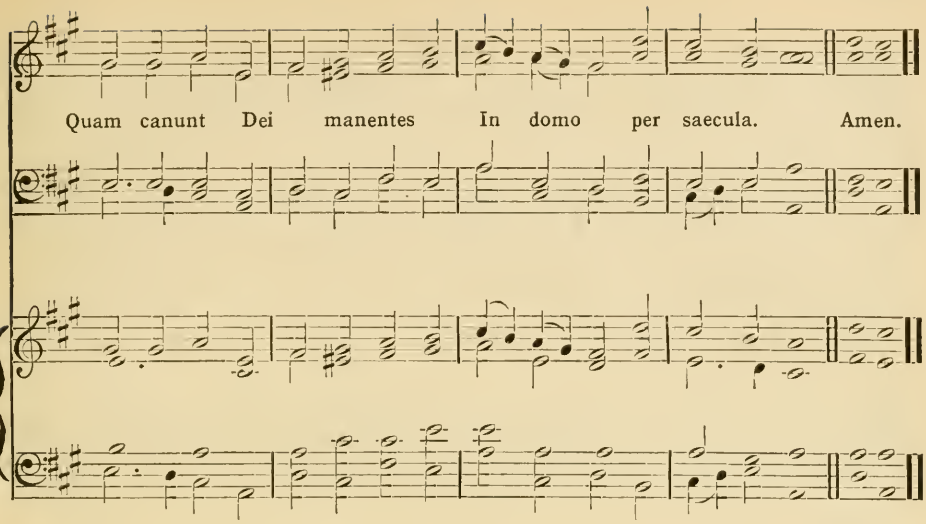
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

S. Webbe

Alleluia,— dulce carmen, Vox perennis gaudii,

Organ.

Alleluia, vox suavis Est choris caelestibus



2 Alleluia, laeta mater,
Concinis Jerusalem;
Alleluia vox tuorum
Civium gaudentium;
Exules nos flere cogunt
Babylonis flumina.

3 Alleluia non meremur
Nunc perenne psallere;
Alleluia nos reatus
Cogit intermittere;
Tempus instat quo peracta
Lugeamus crimina.

4 Unde laudando precamur
Te, beata trinitas,
Ut tuum nobis videre
Pascha des in aethere;
Quo tibi laeti canamus,
Alleluia dulciter.

Hymn of 11th Century

125 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. *(Tunc, Dulce Carmen)*

1 Alleluia,—song of gladness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the home of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

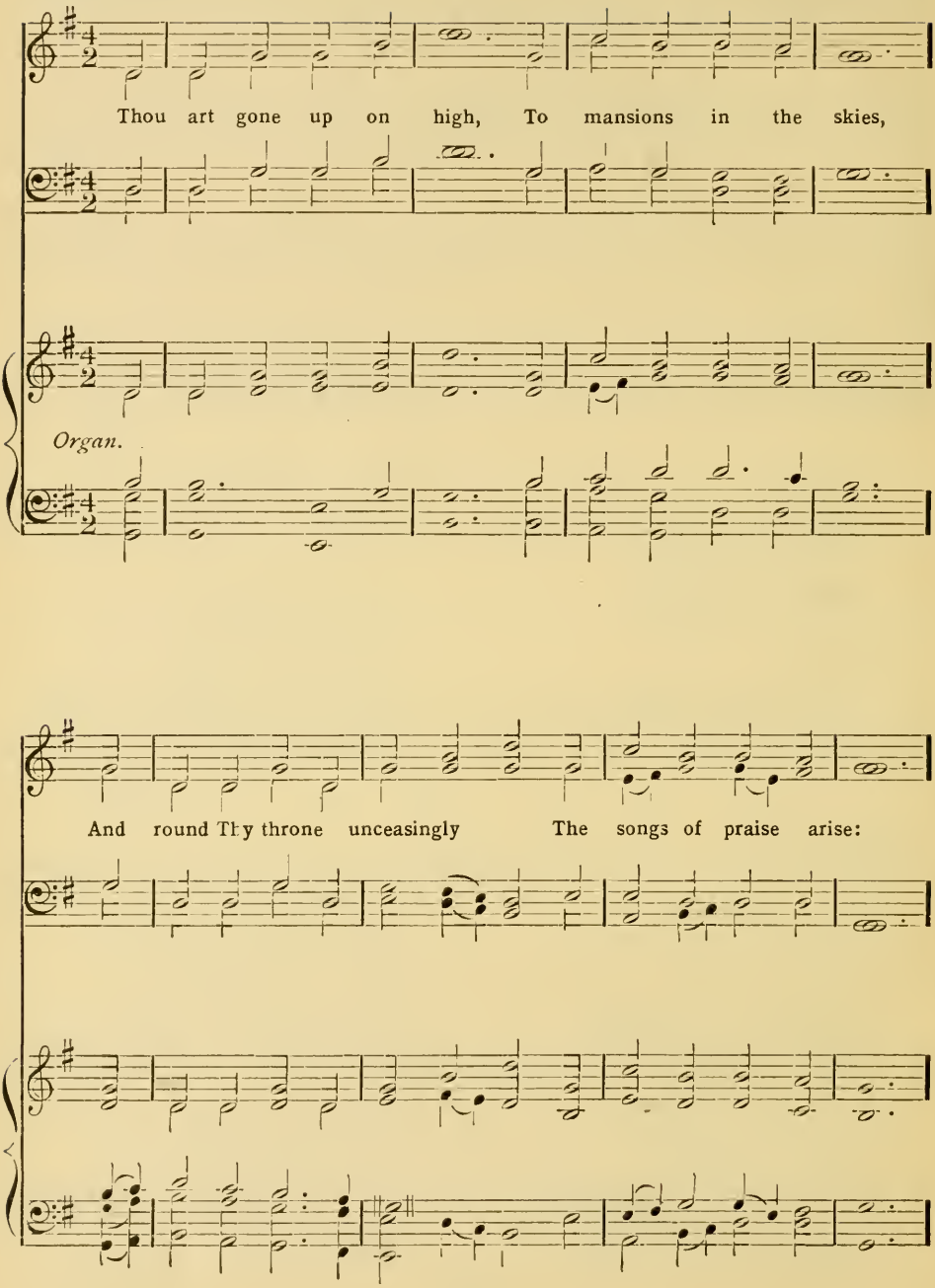
3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego,
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

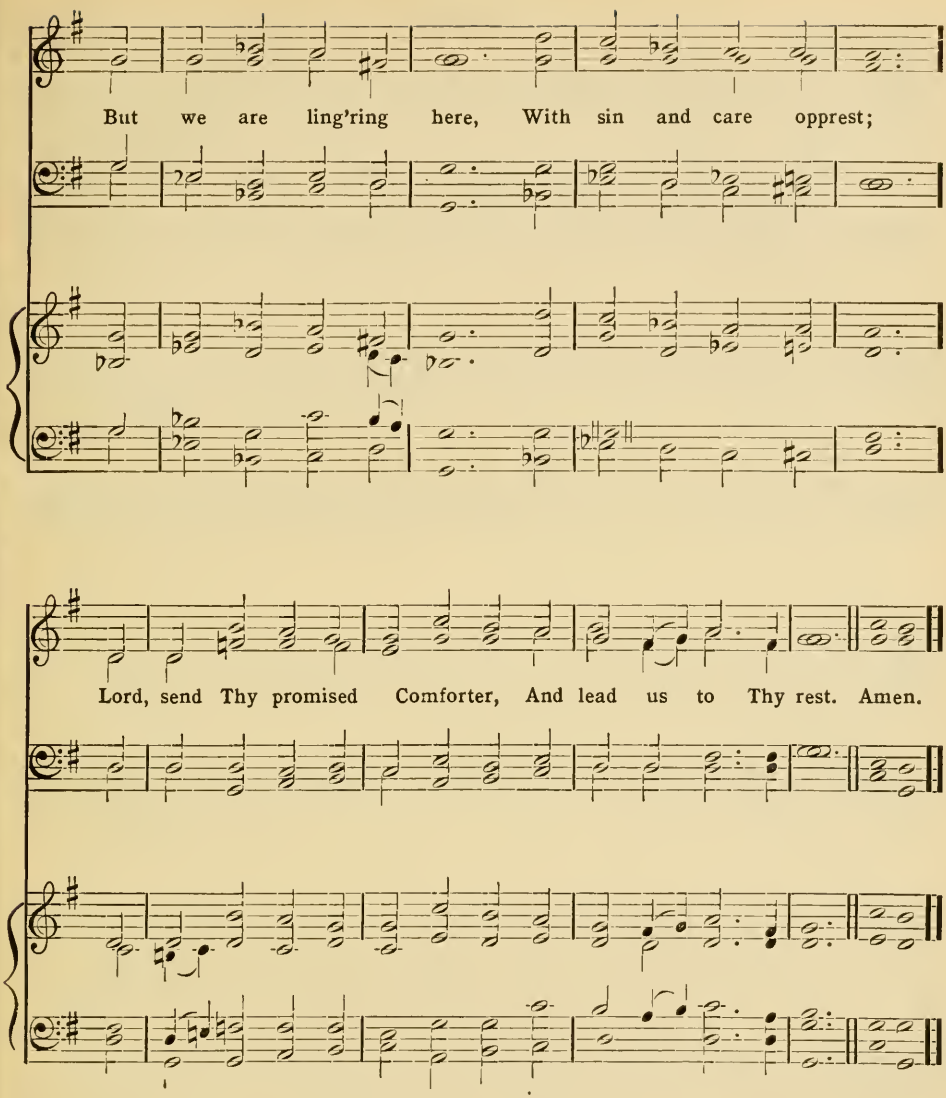
4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blesséd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Tr. J. M. Neale

126 S. M. D. OLIVET

J. B. Dykes





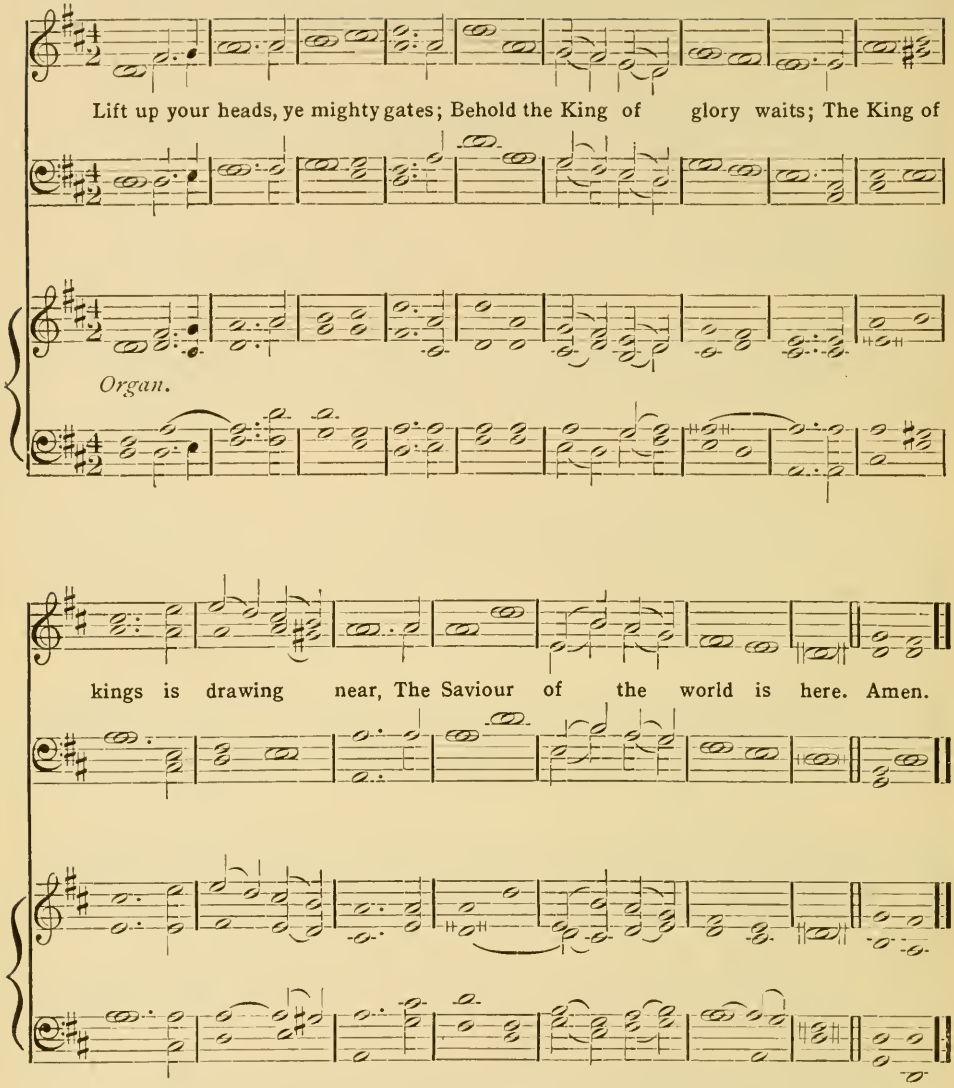
2 Thou art gone up on high,—
But Thou didst first come down
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high,—
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones from the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

EMMA TOKE

127 L. M. TRURO

C. BURNEY



2 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

3 Redeemer, come. I open wide
My heart to Thee; here Lord abide;
Let me Thine inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

4 So come, my Sovereign, enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on
Until the glorious crown is won.

GEORGE WEISSEL

128 SUPPLICATION

8, 7, 8, 7. D. W. H. Monk

To be sung in unison.

Hail, Thou once despiséd Jesus, Hail, Thou Galilean King.

Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free salvation bring:

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame;

By Thy merits we find favor; Life is given through Thy name. Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

John Bakewell

129 C. M. *(First Tune)* CORONATION

O. HOLDEN

All hail the power of Jesus' name; Let angels prostrate fall;

Organ.

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET

129 C. M. *(Second Tune)* MILES LANE

W. SHRUBSOLE

All hail the power of Jesus' name; Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal

Organ.

diadem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

130 S. M. D.

DIADEMATA

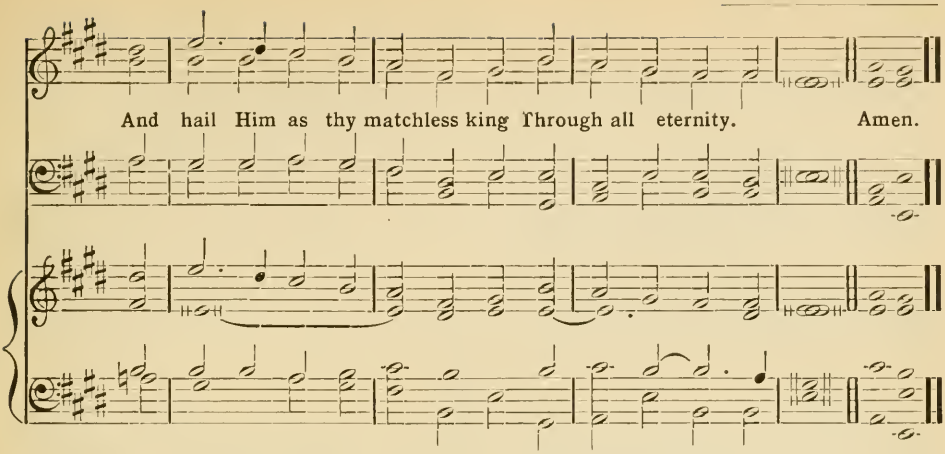
G. J. Elvey

Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne;

Organ.

Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;



2 Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

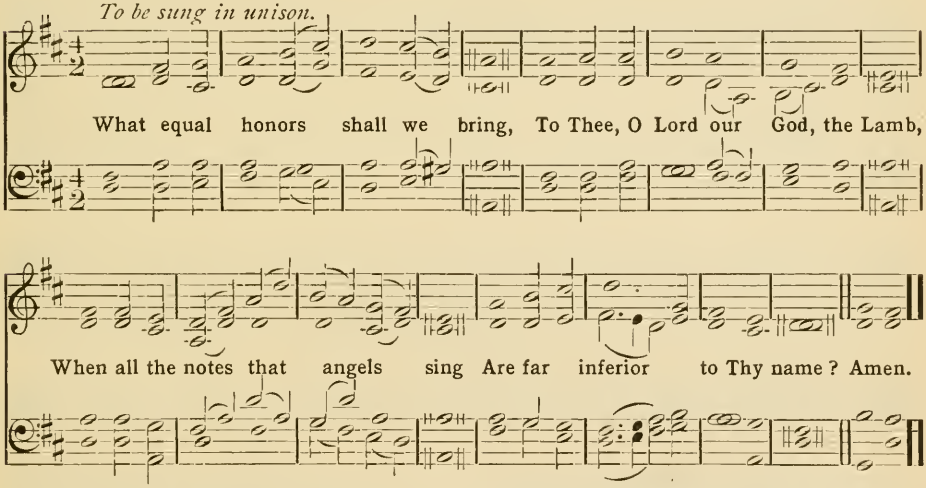
3 Crown him the Lord of heaven:
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

131 L. M. DUKE STREET

J. HATTON

To be sung in unison.



2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

ISAAC WATTS

132 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. ARIEL

LOWELL MASON

O could I speak the matchless worth,—O could I sound the glories forth

Organ.

Which in my Saviour shine; I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel

while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine. Amen.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,—
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

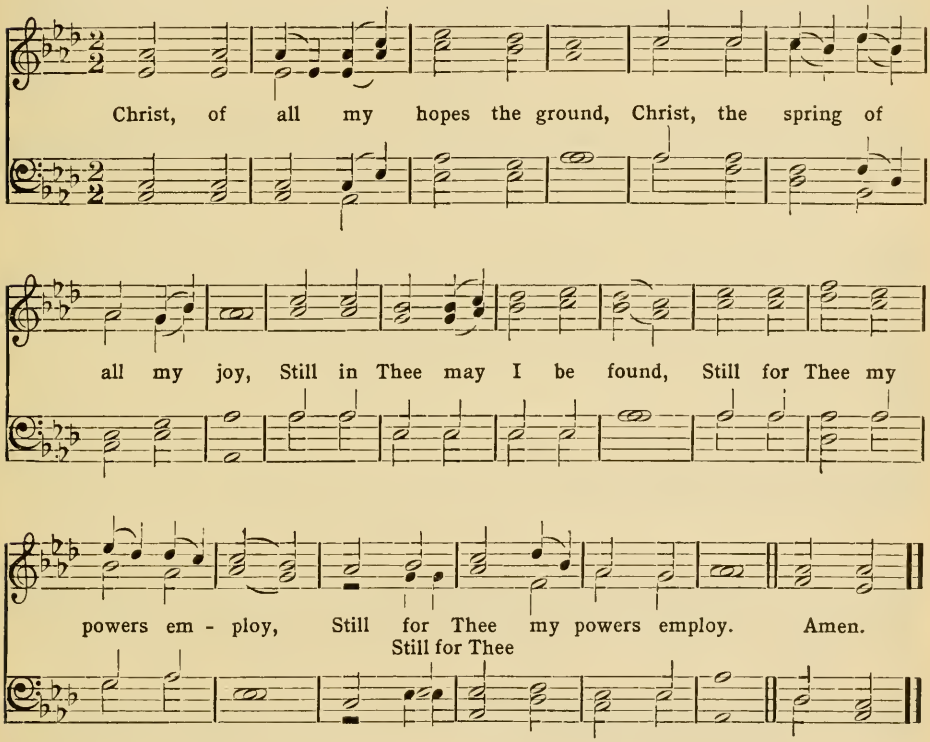
4 Well,—the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY

133 Four 7s.

HENDON

C. MALAN



2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

3 When I touch the blesséd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live."
Let me know it "Gain to die."

RALPH WARDLAW

134 6, 5, 6, 5. D. ST. MARY MAGDALENE

J. B. Dykes

Saviour, blesséd Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising

Organ.

Praises to our King. All we have we offer,— All we hope to be,

Body, soul, and spirit, All we yield to Thee. Amen.

2 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast.
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tell of love unfeignéd,
Love that never dies.

3 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

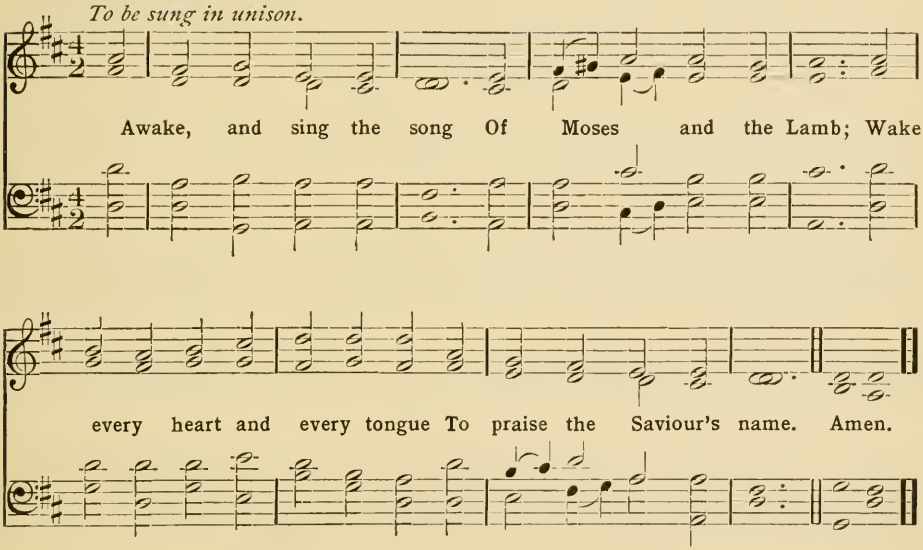
4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

GODFREY THRING

135 S. M. SWABIA

JOHANN CRÜGER

To be sung in unison.



2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away
And take His wanderers home.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

136 AUSTRIA

8, 7, 8, 7. D.

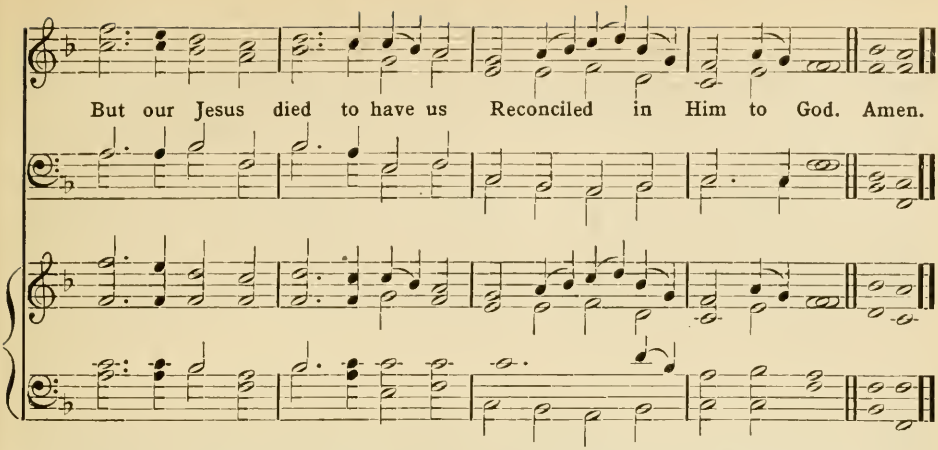
J. Haydn

One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of friend;

Organ.

His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?



2 When He lived on earth abaséd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

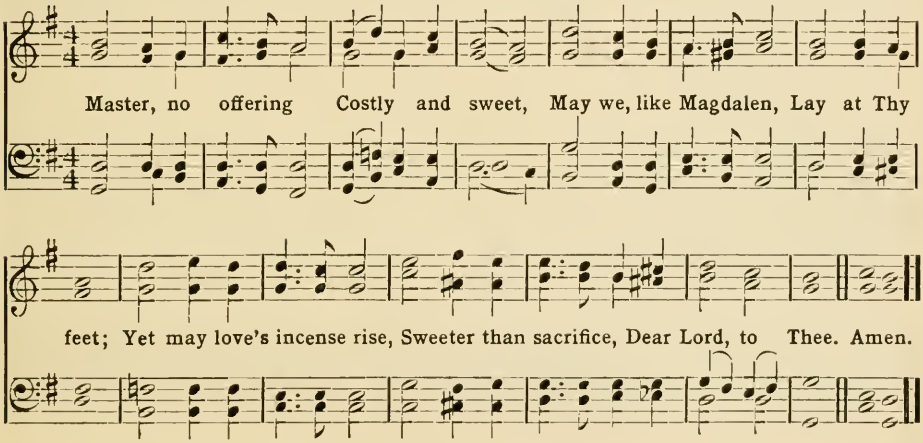
O, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

JOHN NEWTON

137 LOVE'S OFFERING

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

E. P. PARKER



2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace for eyes
Blinded with tears;
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide;
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

E. P. PARKER

138 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

ST. THEODULPH

M. Teschner

All glory laud and honor, To Thee, Redeemer, King;

Organ.

Fine.

To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel; Thou David's royal Son;

D. C.

Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and blessèd One.

D. C.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory laud and honor.

3 To Thee before Thy passion,
They raised their hymns of praise:
To Thee amid Thy glory,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory laud and honor.

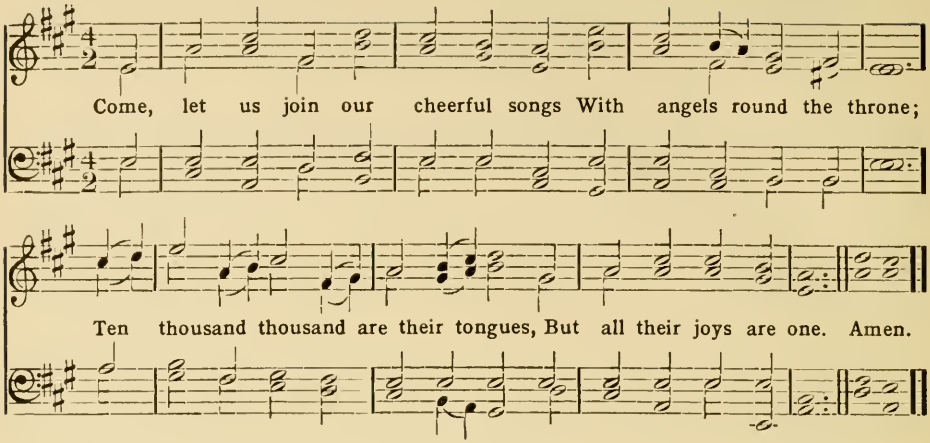
Amen.

Organ.

St. Theodulph. Tr. John Mason Neale

BRISTOL

139 C. M. *(First Tune)* E. HODGES



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

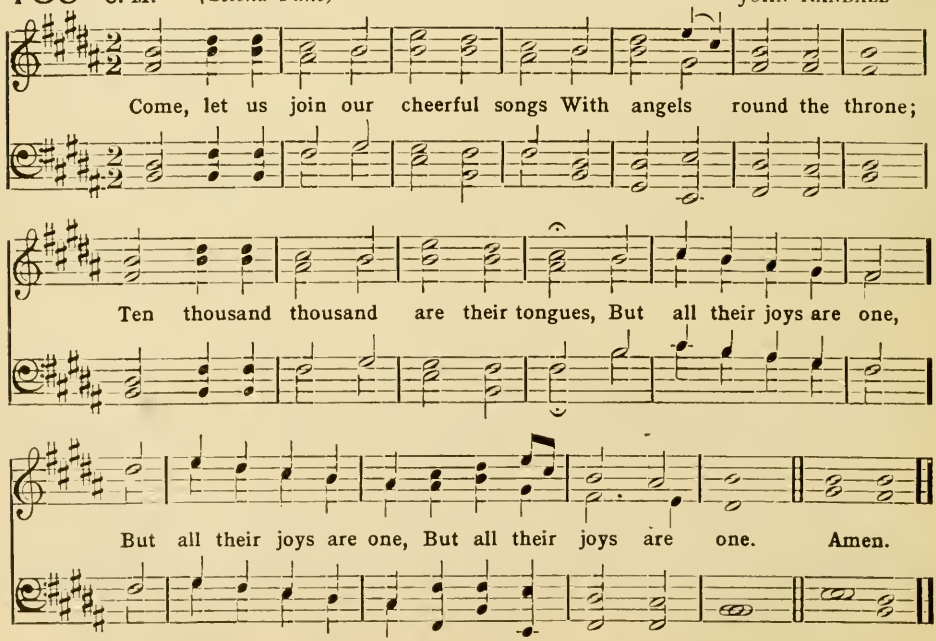
4 Let all that dwell above the sky
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS

CAMBRIDGE

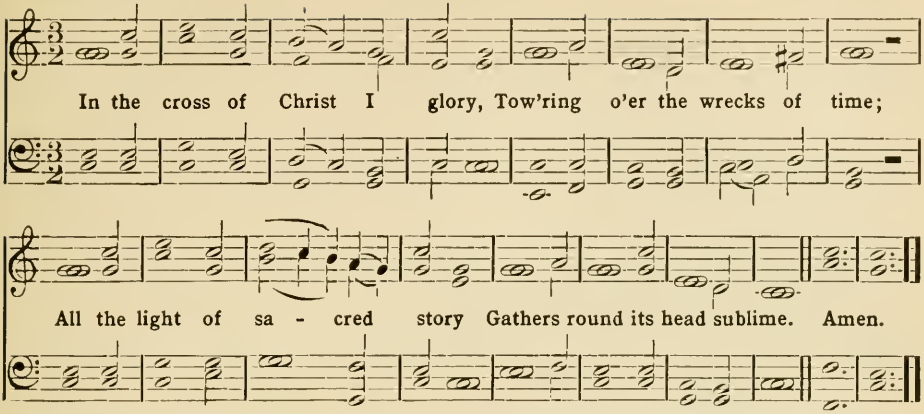
139 C. M. *(Second Tune)* JOHN RANDALL



140 RATHBUN

8, 7, 8, 7.

I. CONKEY



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified,
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

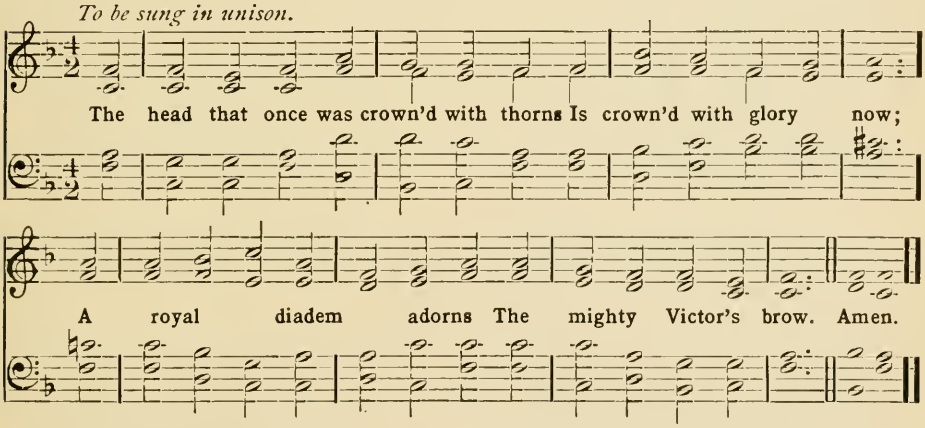
JOHN BOWRING

141 ST. FLAVIAN

C. M.

John Day's Psalter

To be sung in unison.



2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

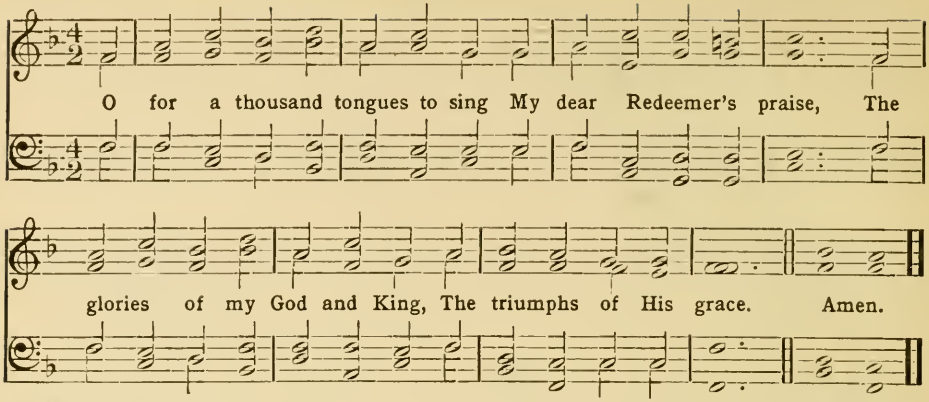
5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY

142 C. M.

YORK TUNE

Scotch Psalter



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus,—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

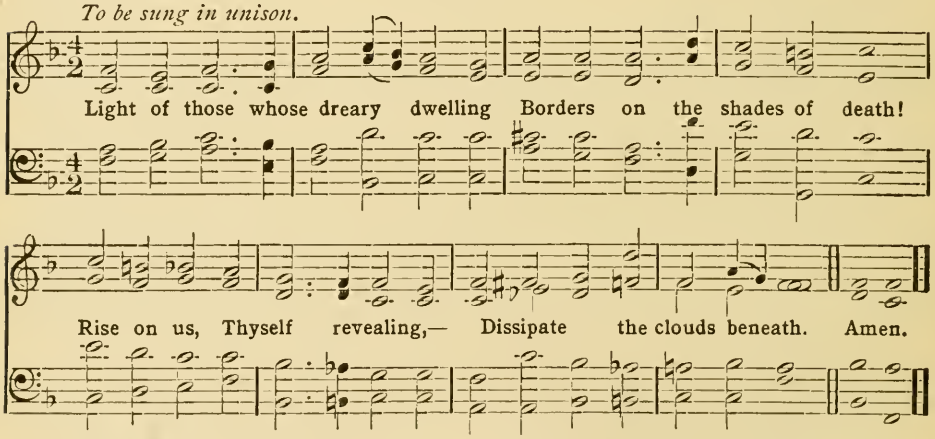
CHARLES WESLEY

143 8, 7, 8, 7.

SARDIS

From BEETHOVEN

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou of heaven and earth creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

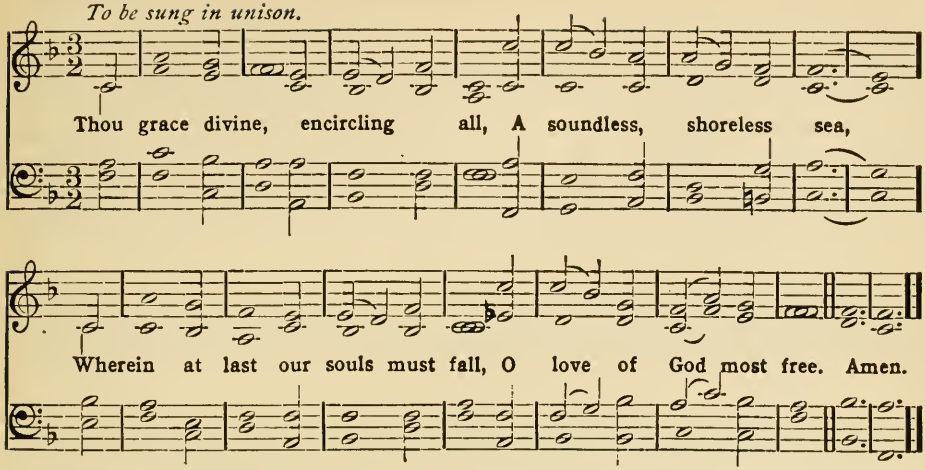
5 By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY

144 C. M. BELMONT

S. Webbe

To be sung in unison.



2 When over dizzy heights we go,
A soft hand blinds our eyes,
And we are guided safe and slow;
O love of God most wise.

3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace;
O love of God most strong.

4 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within.

5 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to Thee.

Eliza Scudder

145 C. M. *(Tune, Belmont)*

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts

146 C. M. *(Tune, Belmont)*

1 O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend,—
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

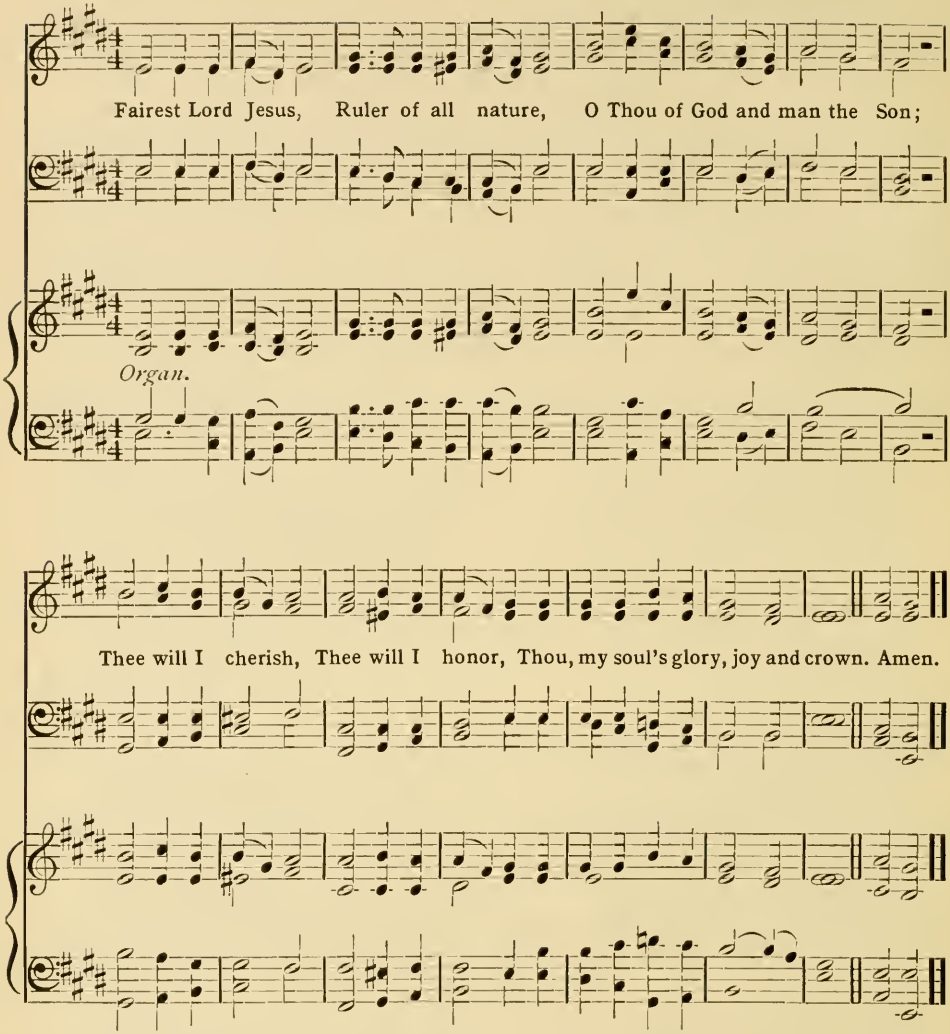
4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

5 O Lord I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland

147 P. M. CRUSADER'S HYMN

Arr. R. S. Willis



2 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight
And fair the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Richard Storrs Willis

148 L. M.

HURSLEY

Ascribed to P. Ritter

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Organ.

O, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. Amen.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

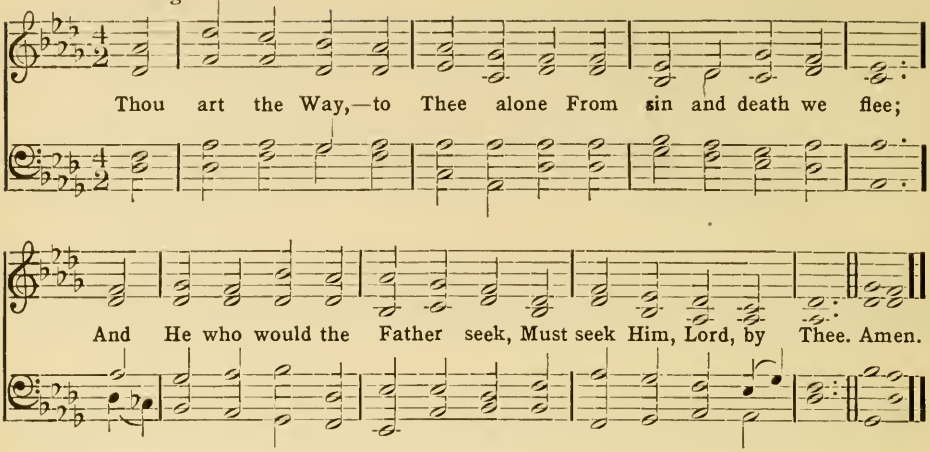
John Keble

149 C. M.

ST. PETER

A. R. Reinagle

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

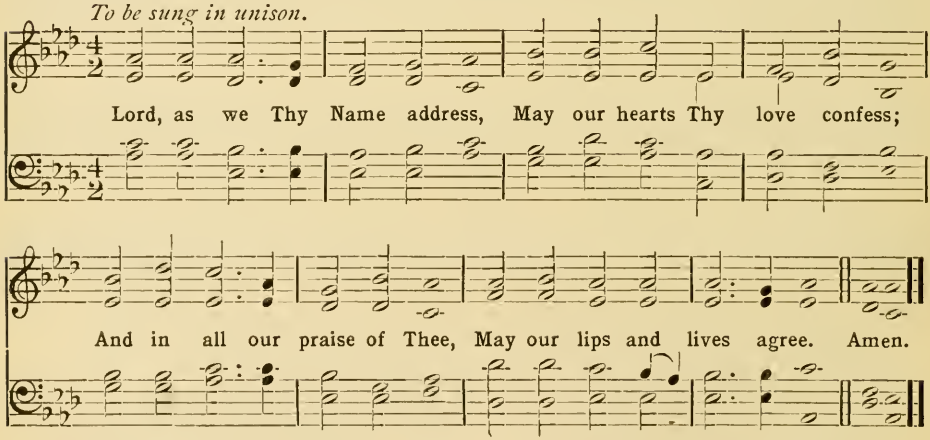
George Washington Doane

150 Four 7s.

ST. BEES

J. B. Dykes

To be sung in unison.



2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.

3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;
Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.

4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die.

E. P. Parker

151 S. M. SILVER STREET

I. SMITH

Grace,—'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n

Organ.

with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. Amen.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

CONVERSE

152 8, 7, 8, 7. D. C. C. CONVERSE

To be sung in unison.

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer;

O, what peace we often forfeit, O, what needless pain we bear,

All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer. Amen.

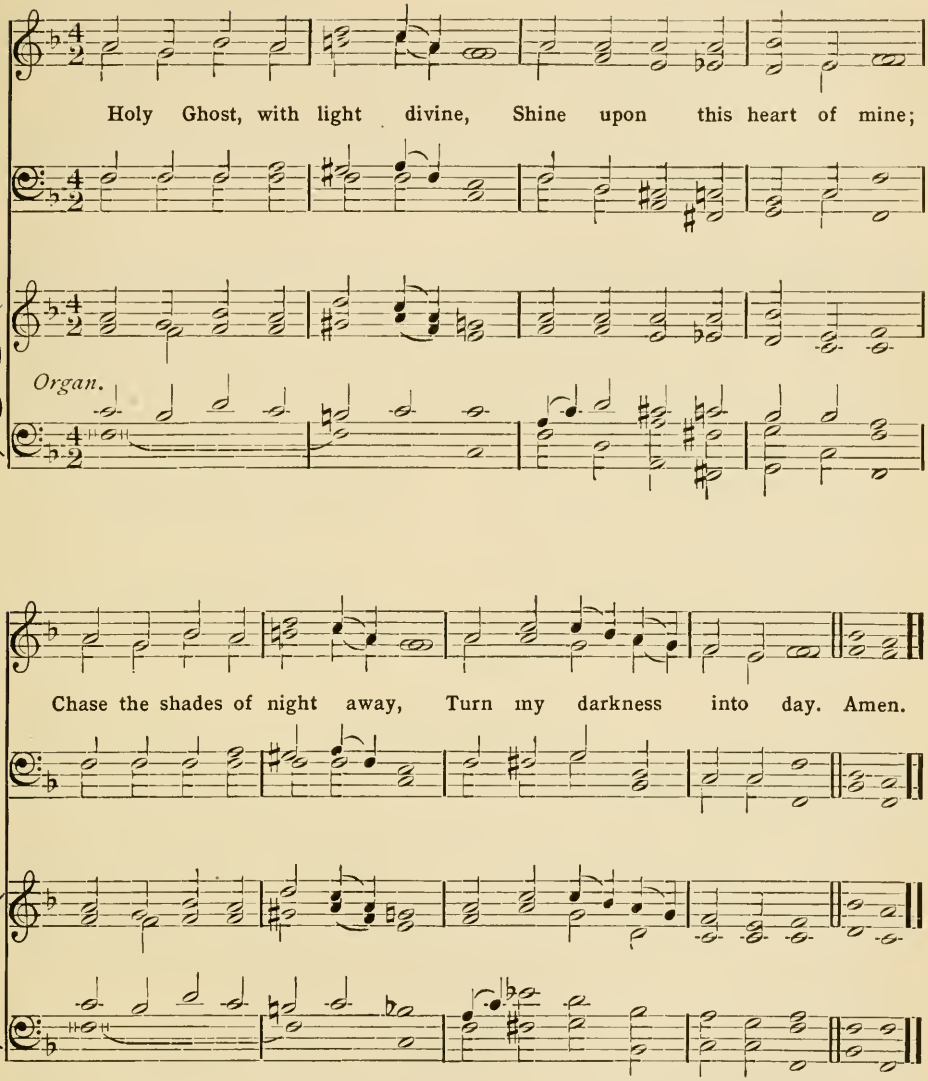
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

HORATIUS BONAR

153 Four 7s.

SEYMOUR

C. M. F. E. von Weber



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

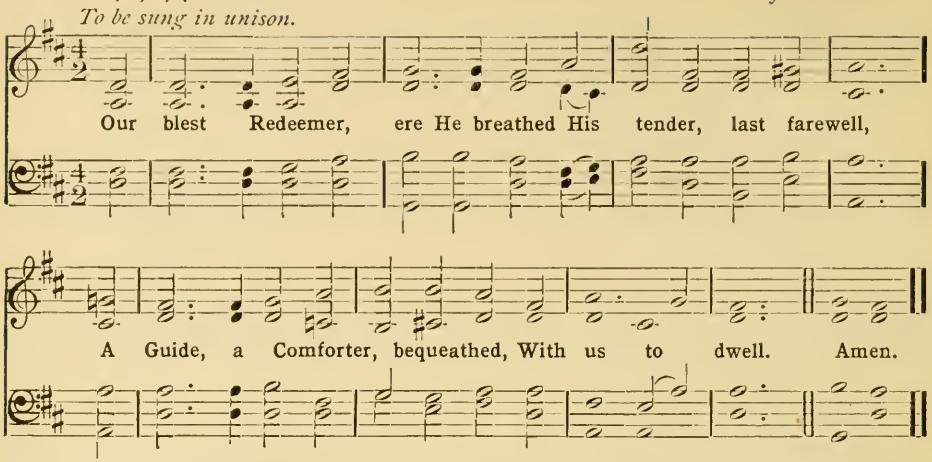
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed

154 ST. CUTHBERT

8, 6, 8, 4. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

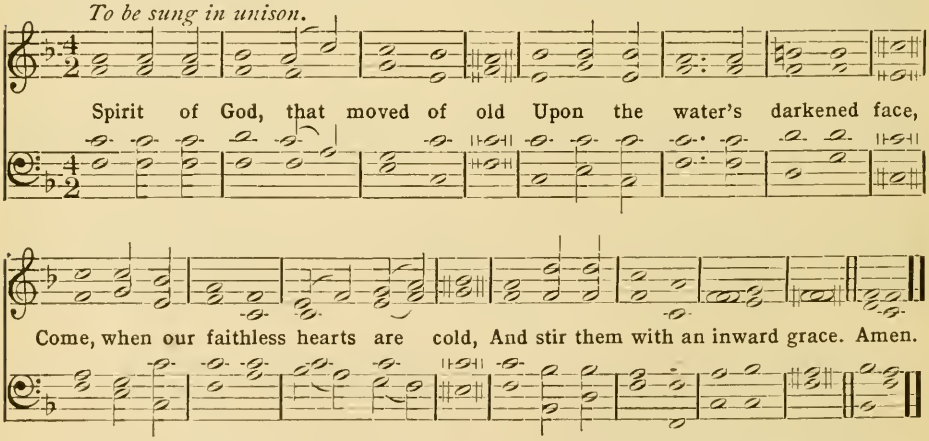
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. AUBER

155 FEDERAL STREET

L. M. H. K. OLIVER

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove:

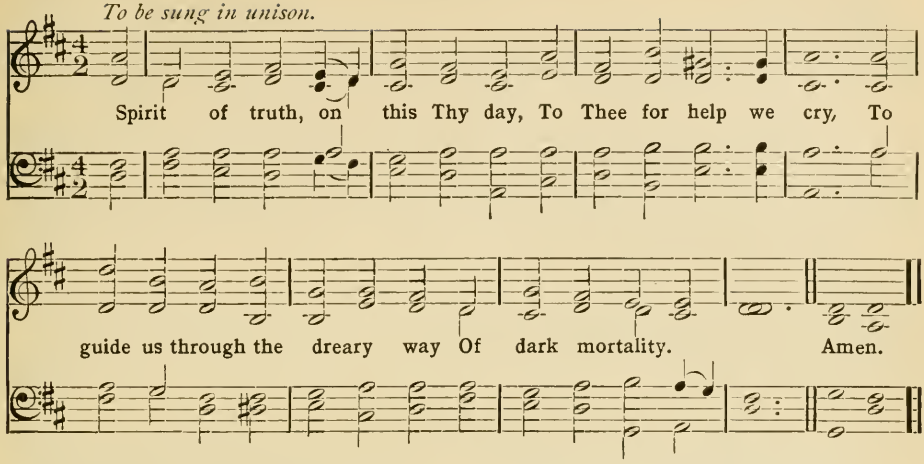
3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on and make us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

156 C. M. ST. BERNARD

J. RICHARDSON

To be sung in unison.



2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

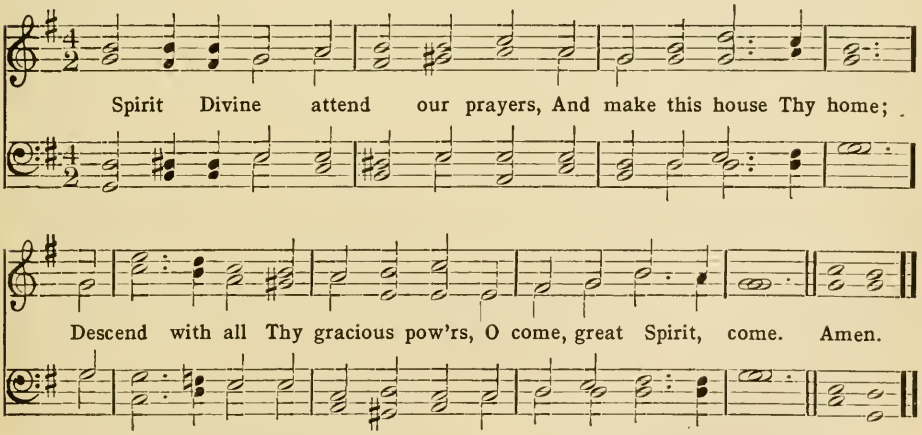
3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

REGINALD HEBER

157 C. M. NOX PRAECESSIT

J. B. CALKIN



2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

ANDREW REED

NUREMBURG

158 Four 7s. J. R. AHLE

Gracious Spirit, Dove divine, Let Thy light within me shine;

Organ.

All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with Thy heavenly love. Amen.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

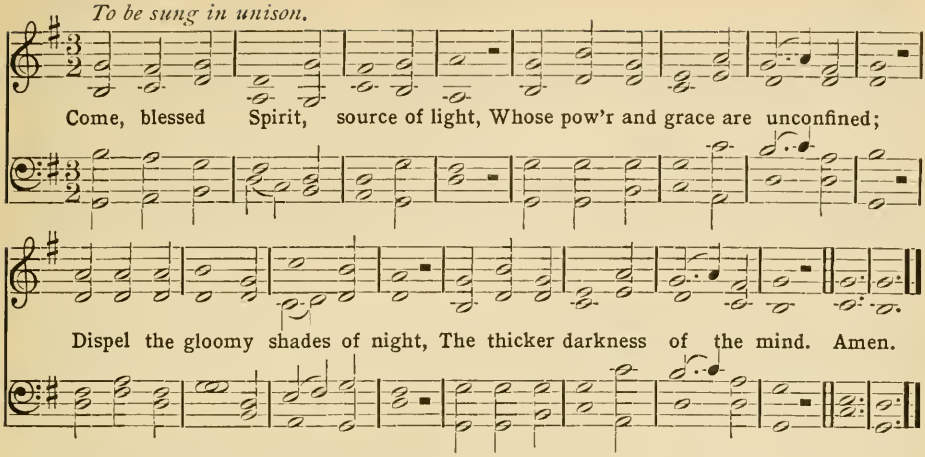
4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

JOHN STOCKER

159 L. M. MENDON

German

To be sung in unison.



2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

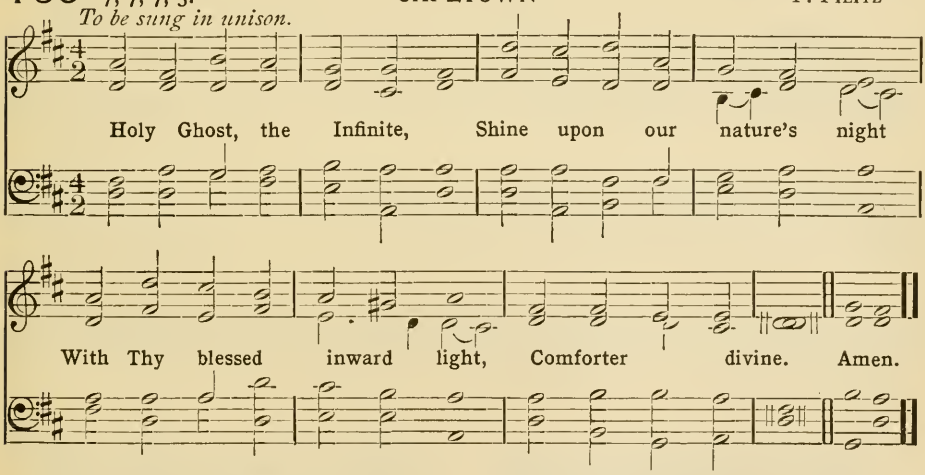
4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

160 7, 7, 7, 5. CAPETOWN

F. FILITZ

To be sung in unison.



2 We are sinful,—cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint,—Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine.

GEORGE RAWSON

161 CHARITY

7, 7, 7, 5.

J. STAINER

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost, Taught by Thee we covet most

Organ.

Of Thy gifts at Pentecost Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

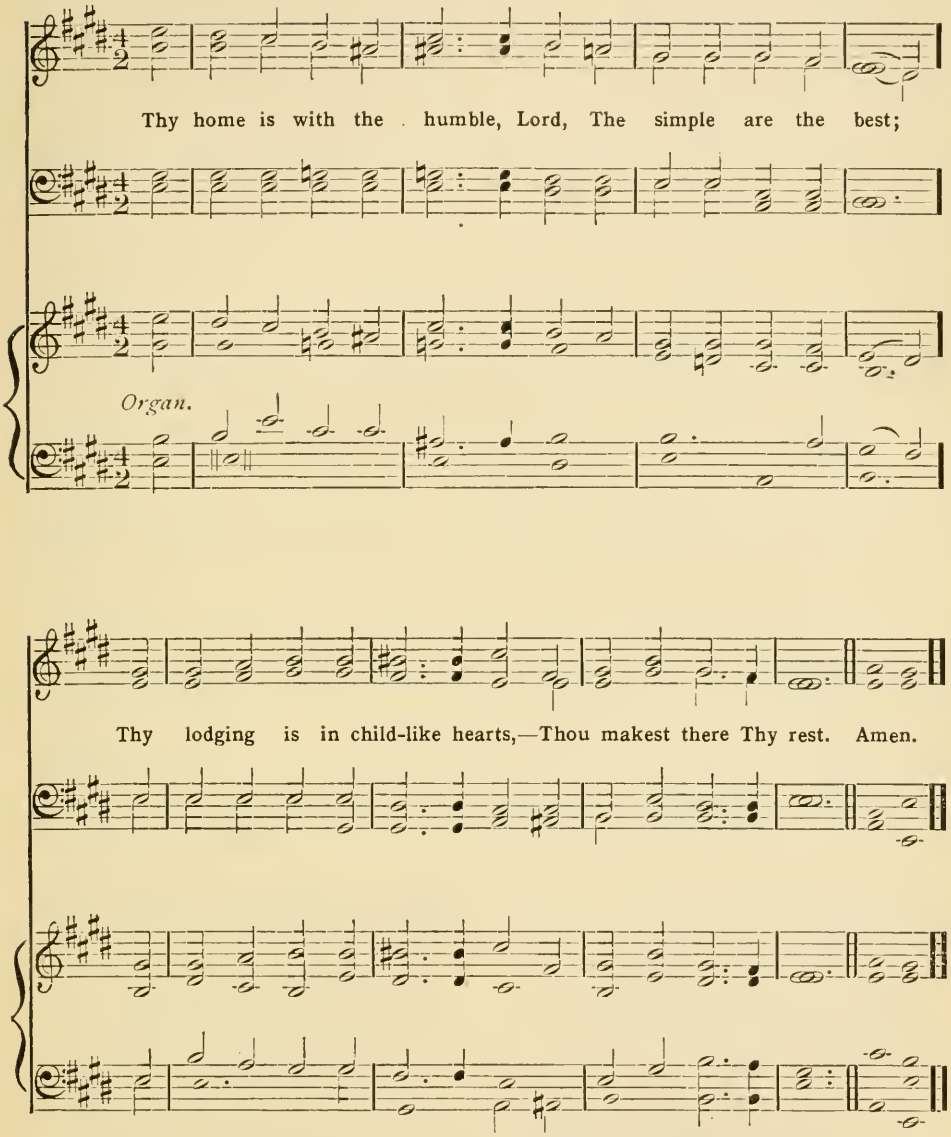
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three
And the best, is love.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

162 C. M. HOLY TRINITY

J. BARNBY



2 Dear Comforter, eternal Love,
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

FREDERICK W. FABER

LIGHT

163 Six 7s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN

To be sung in unison.

Holy Spirit, Lord of light, From the clear celestial height

Thy pure beaming radiance give; Come, Thou Father of the poor,

Come, with treasures which endure, Come, Thou light of all that live. Amen.

2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

ROBERT II. of France. Tr. E. CASWALL

SPANISH CHANT

164 Eight 7s. Spanish Melody

To be sung in unison.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bend th' a - doring knee;

When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

O, by all Thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below,

Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord;
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

ROBERT GRANT

165 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

ST. HILDA

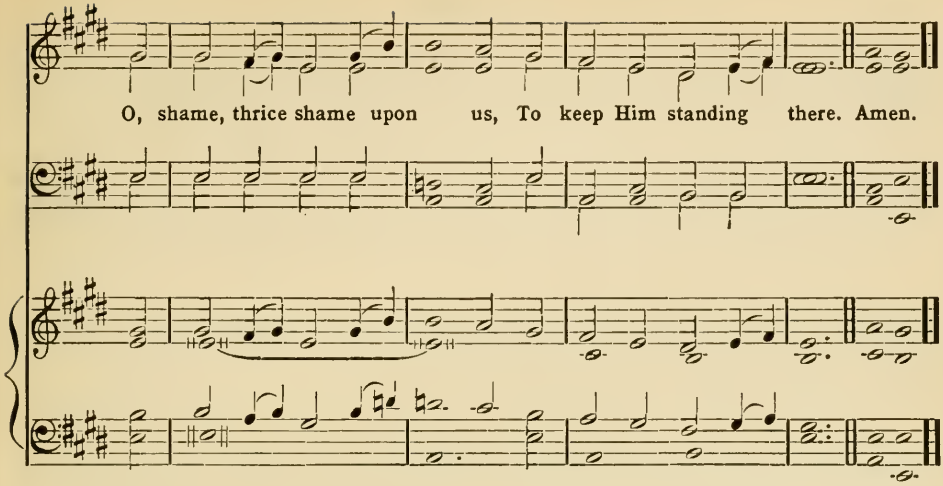
J. H. KNECHT
E. HUSBAND

O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door,

Organ.

In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

Shame on us, Christian brothers, His name and sign who bear:



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait;
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

WILLIAM W. HOW

166 7, 6, 7, 6. D. *(Tune, St. Hilda)*

1 We stand in deep repentance
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove.
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.

2 O, shouldst Thou from us fallen
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
For ever should we wander,
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou;
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow.
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet unending rest.

Tr. RAY PALMER

TOPLADY

167 Six 7s. *(First Tune)* T. HASTINGS

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;

Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Amen.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

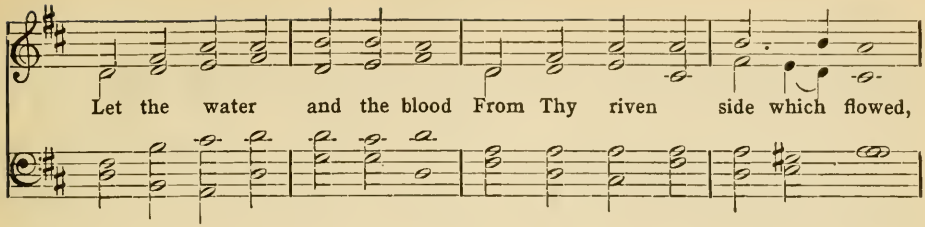
AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY

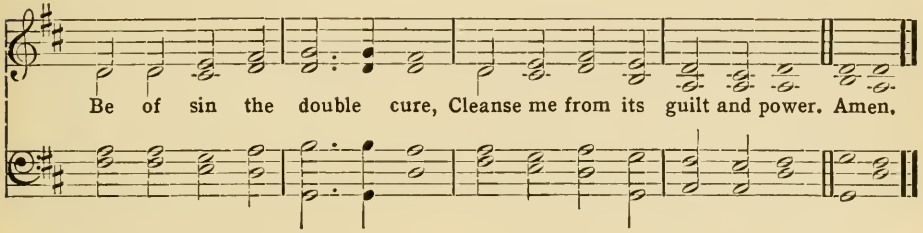
GETHSEMANE

167 Six 7s. *(Second Tune)* R. REDHEAD

To be sung in unison.

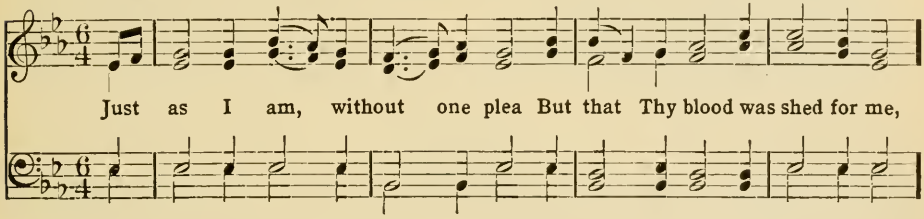
Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;

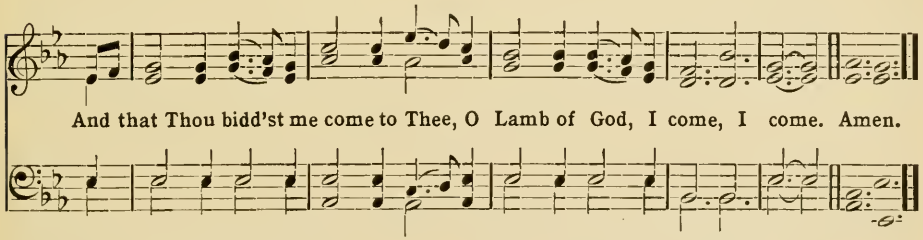




168 L. M. WOODWORTH

W. B. Bradbury





2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am,—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

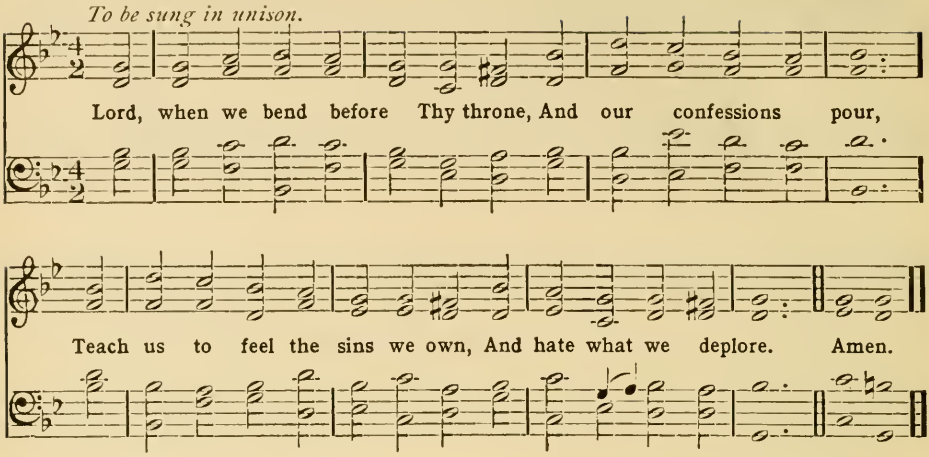
6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott

169 C. M. WINDSOR

G. Kirbye

To be sung in unison.



2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

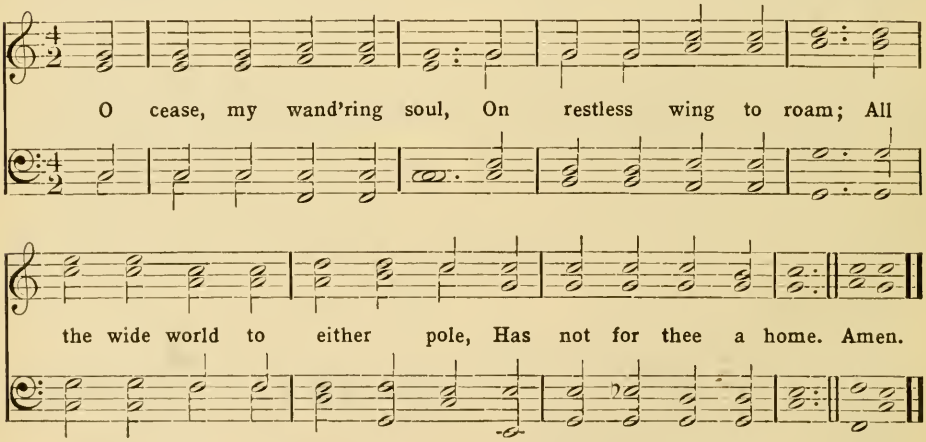
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle

170 S. M. GORTON

Arr. from Beethoven



2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode
And rove, my soul, no more.

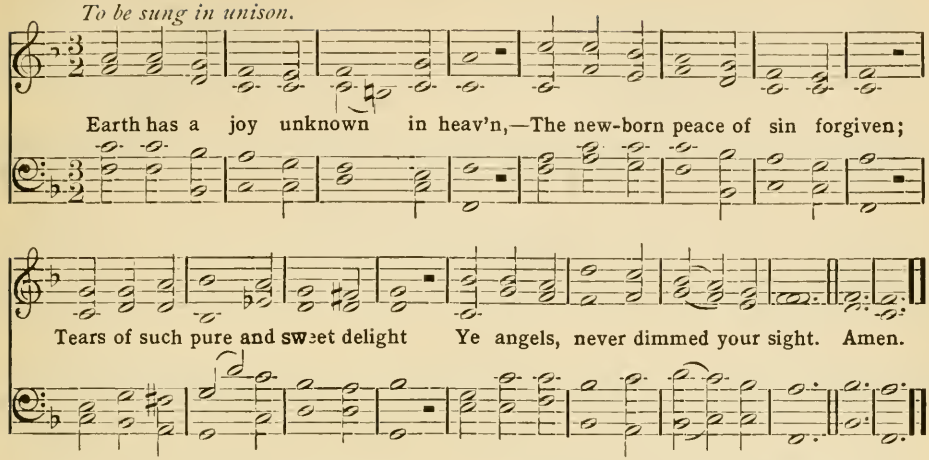
3 There safe thou shalt abide;
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg

171 L. M. GRACE CHURCH

I. J. PLEYEL

To be sung in unison.



2 Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of eternal will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfill,
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

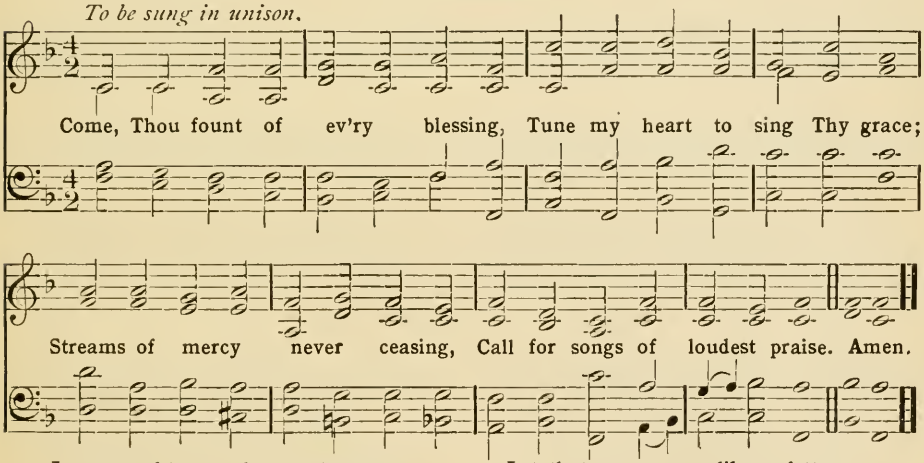
4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE

172 8, 7, 8, 7 STUTTGART

New Gotha Cantional

To be sung in unison.



2 Jesus sought me, when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,—
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON

OLIVET

173 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. LOWELL MASON

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,

Organ.

Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine. Amen.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

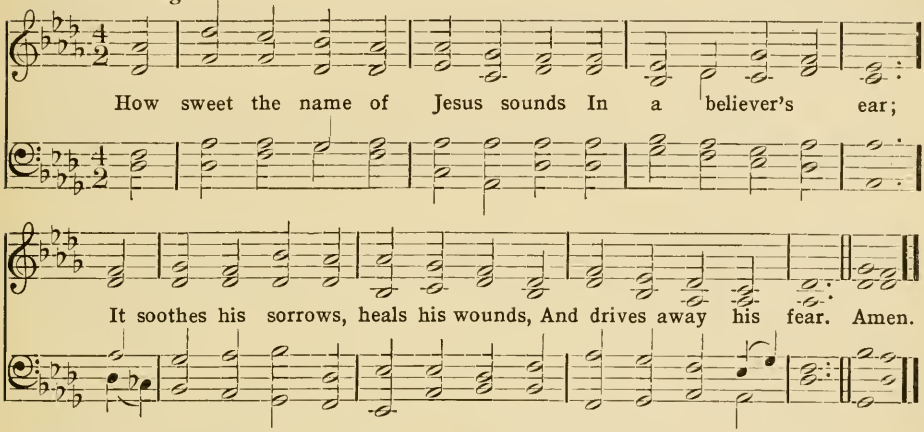
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER

174 C. M. ST. PETER

To be sung in unison. A. R. REINAGLE



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON

175 C. M. *(Tune, St. Peter)*

1 While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS

LANGRAN

176 Four 10s. J. LANGRAN

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin, I look at

Organ.

heav'n and long to enter in; But there no evil

thing may find a home,—And yet I hear a voice that bids me come. Amen.

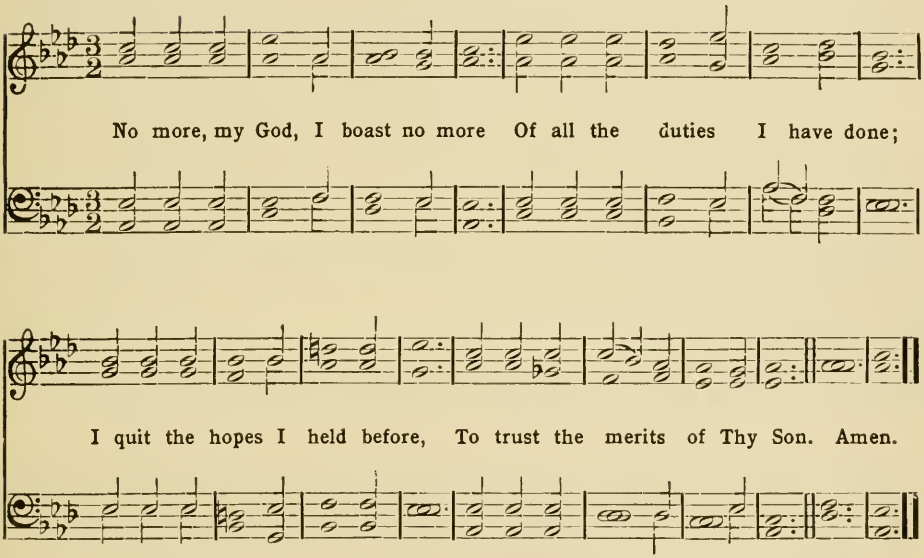
2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near;
And His the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

SAMUEL J. STONE

177 L. M. HESPERUS

H. W. BAKER



2 Now, for the love I bear His name
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I count my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes,—and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ISAAC WATTS

HOLLINGSIDE

178 Eight 7s. *(First Tune)* J. B. DYKES

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll,

Organ.

While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. Amen.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,—
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY

MARTYN

178 Eight 7s. *(Second Tune)* S. B. MARSH

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. Amen.

ST. JOSEPH

179 8, 7, 8, 7. D. *(First Tune)* E. J. Hopkins

Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy

Organ.

humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded

love Thou art; Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart. Amen.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be,
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY

AUTUMN

179 8, 7, 8, 7. D. *(Second Tune)* Spanish Melody

To be sung in unison.

Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love Thou art;

Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart. A - men.

180 C. M. ST. AGNES

J. B. Dykes

Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of Thine;

Organ.

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blesséd face and mine. Amen.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer

181 C. M. *(Tune, St. Agnes)*

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God,—I know His name,—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS

INNOCENTS

182 Four 7s. Anonymous

They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev'ry place;

Organ.

If we live a life of pray'r, God is present ev'rywhere. Amen.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

5 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, Alt.

183 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

ST. POLYCARP

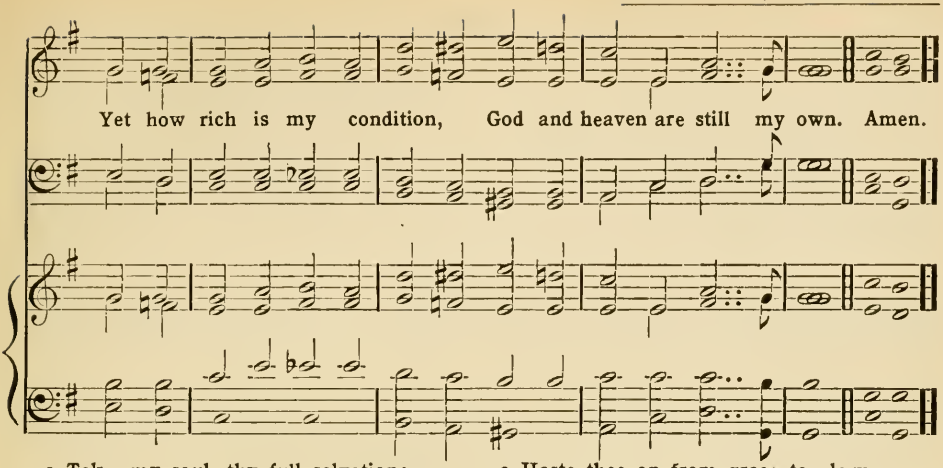
J. Barnby

Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;

Organ.

Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought or hoped or known,



2 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

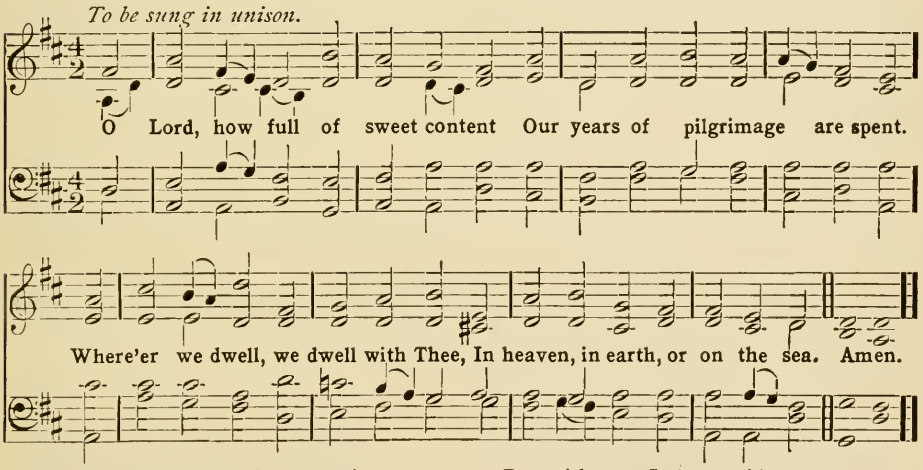
3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

184 GLOUCESTER

L. M. S. S. WESLEY

To be sung in unison.



2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GUYON. Tr. WILLIAM COWPER

185 S. M. MARION

A. H. Messiter

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,— Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;

Organ.

Your glorious banner wave on high,—The cross of Christ your King.

After each stanza.

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks, and sing. Amen.

Rejoice, rejoice,

2 Still lift your standard high;
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

3 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

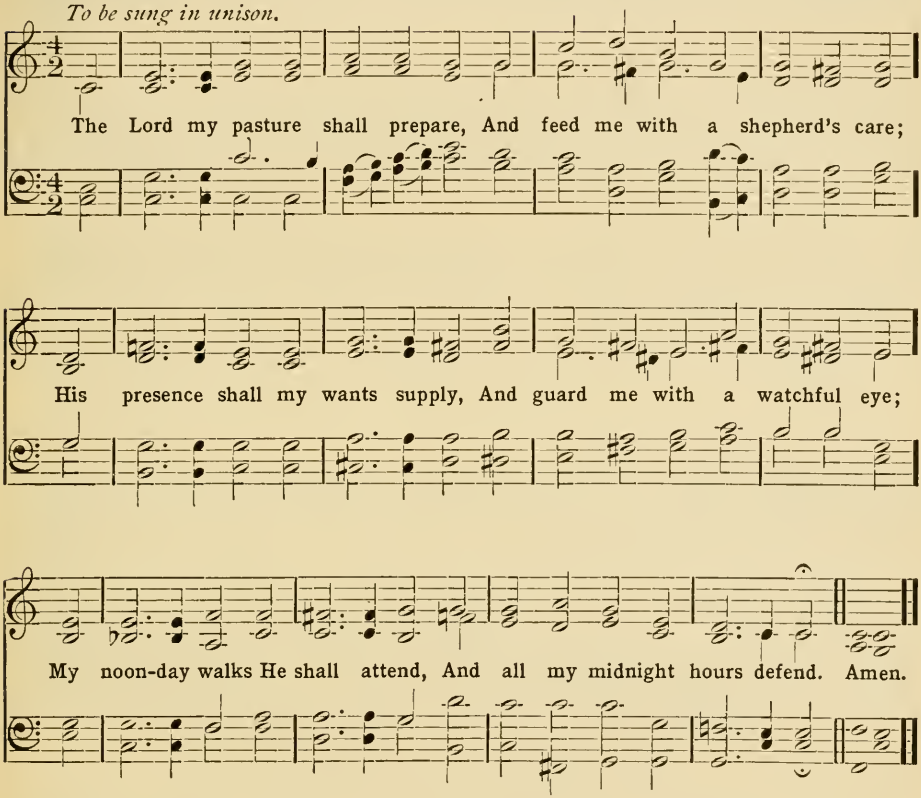
4 Then on, ye pure in heart;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
Your glorious banner wave on high,—
The cross of Christ your King.

E. H. PLUMPTRE

186 MELITA

Six 8s. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering feet he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON

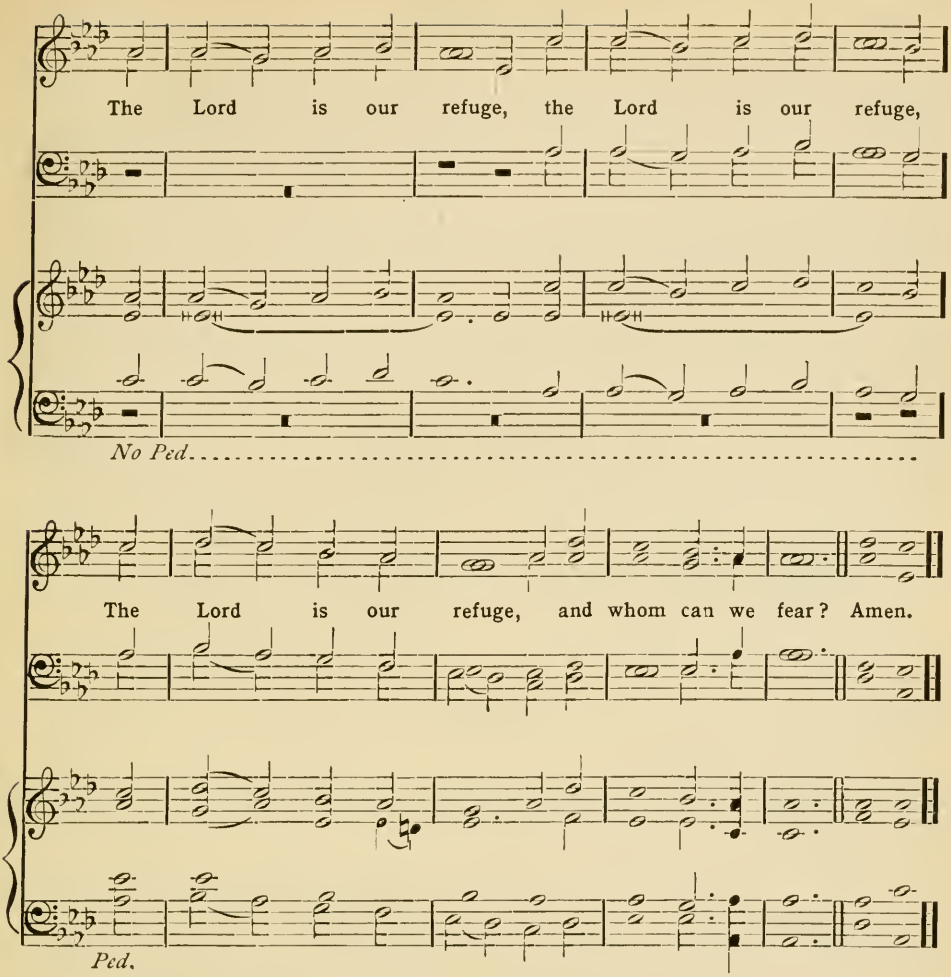
187 P. M. ADESTE FIDELES

J. READING

Though faint yet pursuing, we go on our way; The Lord is our

Organ.

leader, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring and sorrow and trial be near,



2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and opprest,—He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God.

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds.
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

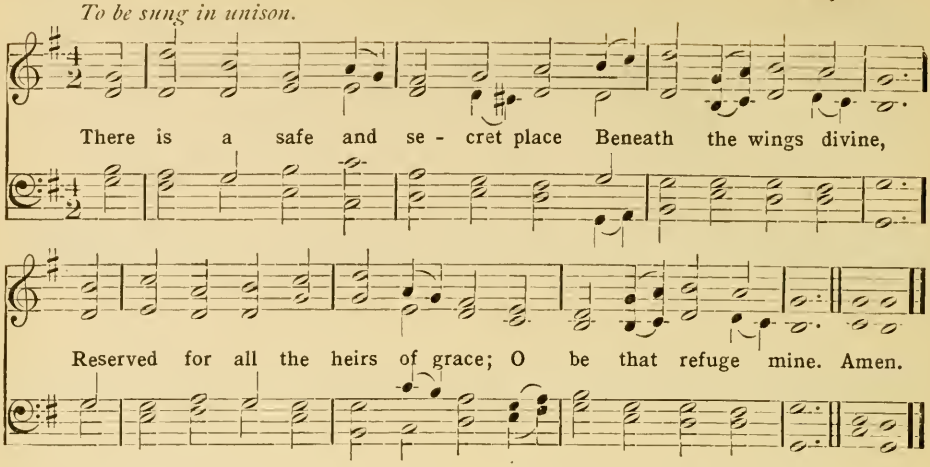
4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home.

JOHN NELSON DARBY

188 C. M. ST. STEPHEN

W. JONES

To be sung in unison.



2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine.
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine.

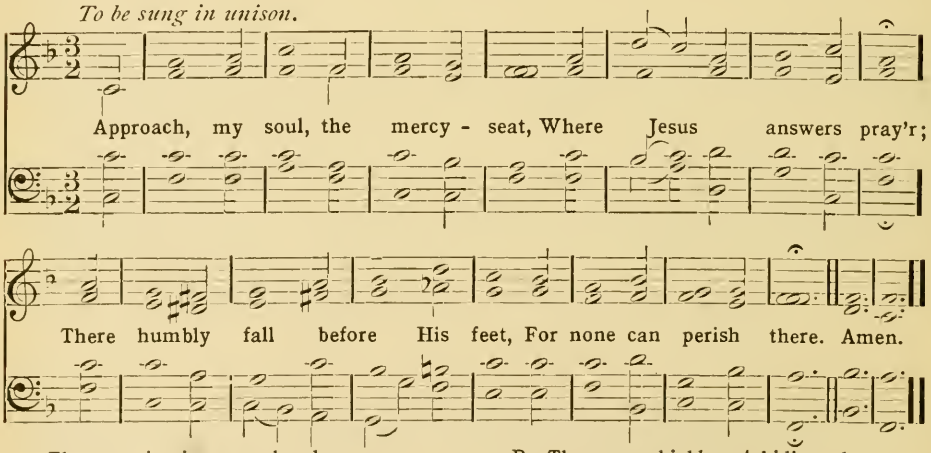
4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

189 C. M. SPOHR

L. SPOHR

To be sung in unison.



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name.

JOHN NEWTON

190 S. M. GREENWOOD

J. E. SWEETSER

While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare-

Organ.

well to anxious fear, My wants are all supplied. Amen.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To Thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

ANNE STEELE

191 S. M. *(Tune, Greenwood)*

1 Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee my God in prayer.

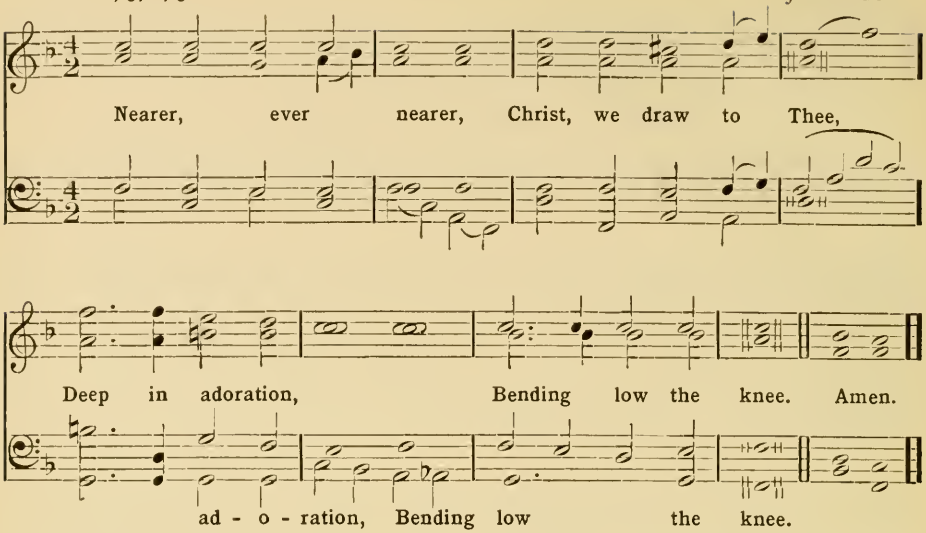
3 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee, in Thee by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS

EMMELAR

192 6, 5, 6, 5. J. Barnby



2 Thou for our redemption
Camest on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow
Hast gone up on high.

3 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us
Journeying on to God.

4 All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Godfrey Thring

193 6, 5, 6, 5. *(Tune, Emmelar)*

1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

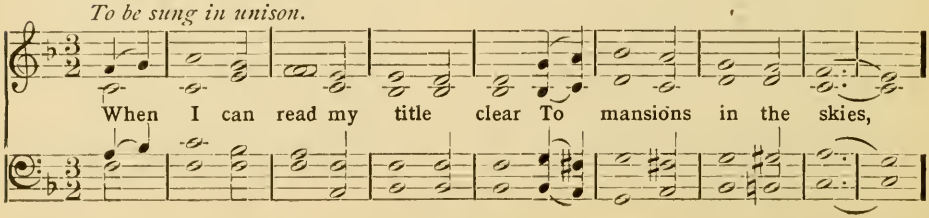
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestial darkness
To celestial day.

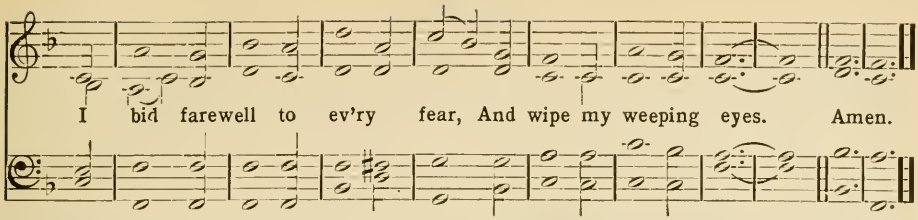
George Rundel Prynne

MANOAH

194 C. M. Arr. from Rossini

To be sung in unison.





2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

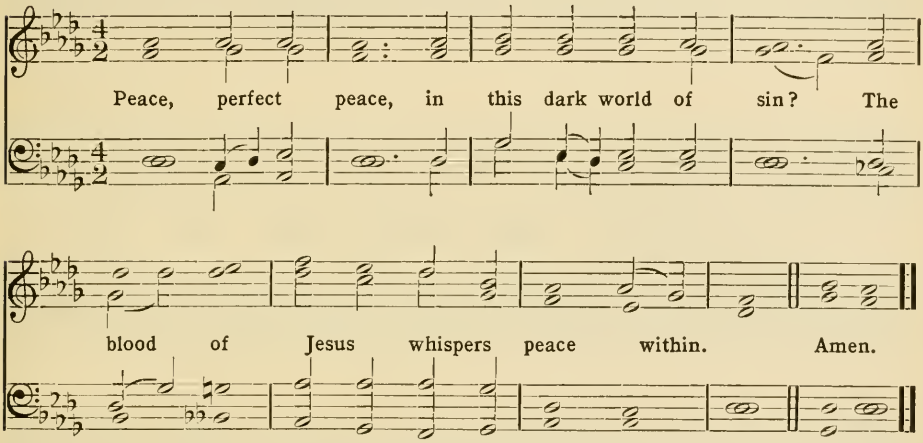
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS

PAX TECUM

195 10, 10. G. T. CALDBECK



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but peace is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH

196 C. M. SOUTHWELL

H. S. IRONS

Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired;

Organ.

Loud and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired. Amen,

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment as it flies
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, thro' darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

RALPH WARDLAW

197 S. M. THACHER

G. F. Händel

Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The

Organ.

secret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's abode. A - men.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king:

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble

BETHANY

198 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. L. Mason

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en though it be a cross

Organ.

That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. Amen.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,—
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

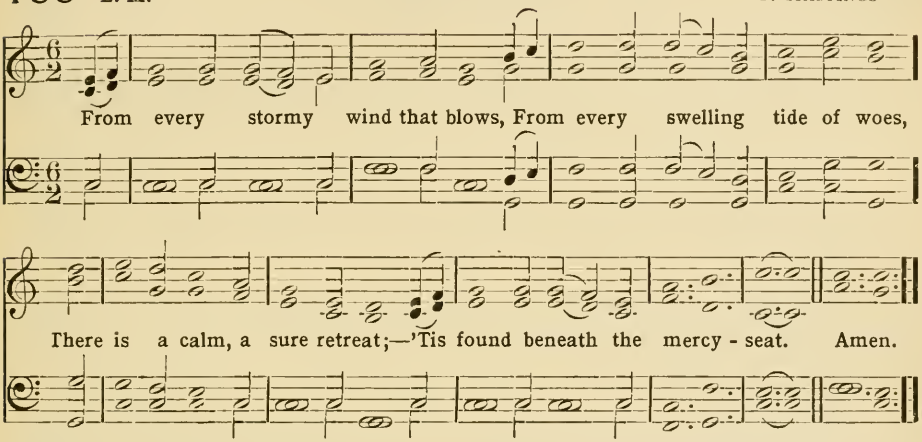
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,—
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

199 L. M. RETREAT

T. HASTINGS



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL

200 L. M. *(Tune, Retreat)*

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER

201 RAYNOLDS

11, 10, 11, 10. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN

We would see Jesus,— for the shadows lengthen Across this

Organ.

little landscape of our life; We would see Jesus, our weak faith to

strengthen For the last weariness, the final strife. Amen.

2 We would see Jesus,—the great Rock-foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus,—sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

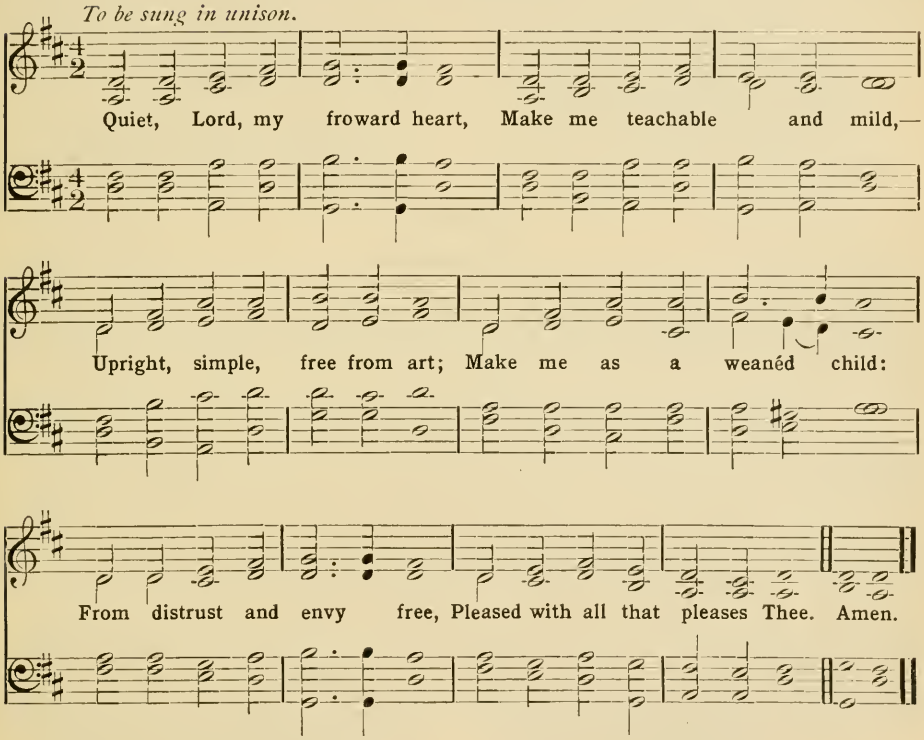
4 We would see Jesus,—this is all we're needing:
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus,—dying, risen, pleading:
Then, welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

ELLEN S. ELLIS

GETHSEMANE

202 Six 7s. R. REDHEAD

To be sung in unison.



2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

JOHN NEWTON

SPOHR

203 C. M. L. Spohr

To be sung in unison.

As pants the hart for cooling streams When heated in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace. Amen.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine.

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady

BEATITUDO

204 C. M. J. B. Dykes

O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

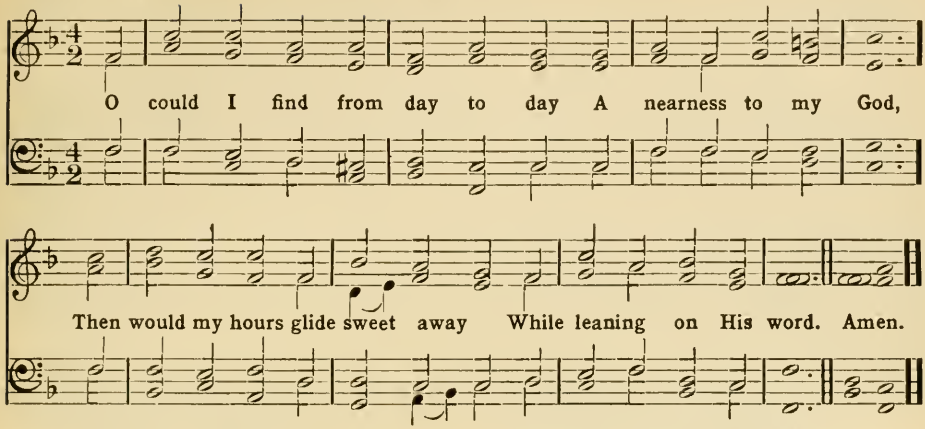
3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper

205 C. M. MEAR

A. Williams



2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart.
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

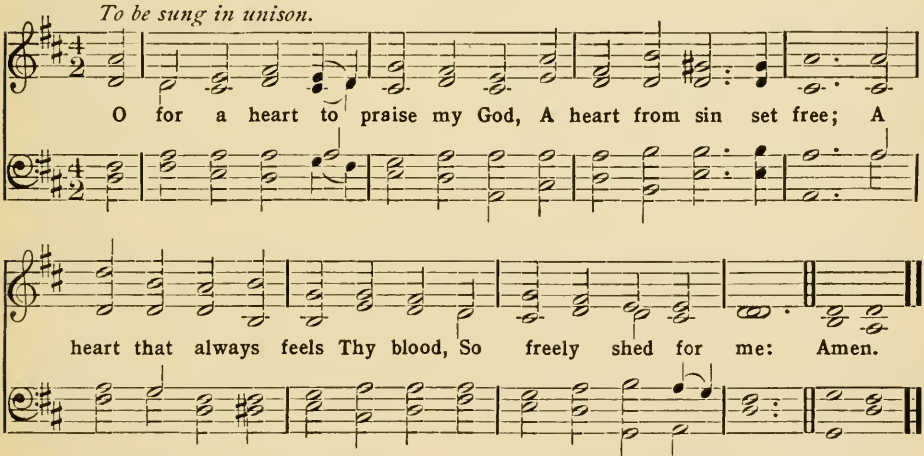
4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland

206 C. M. ST. BERNARD

J. Richardson

To be sung in unison.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley

207 S. M. D. DIADEMATA

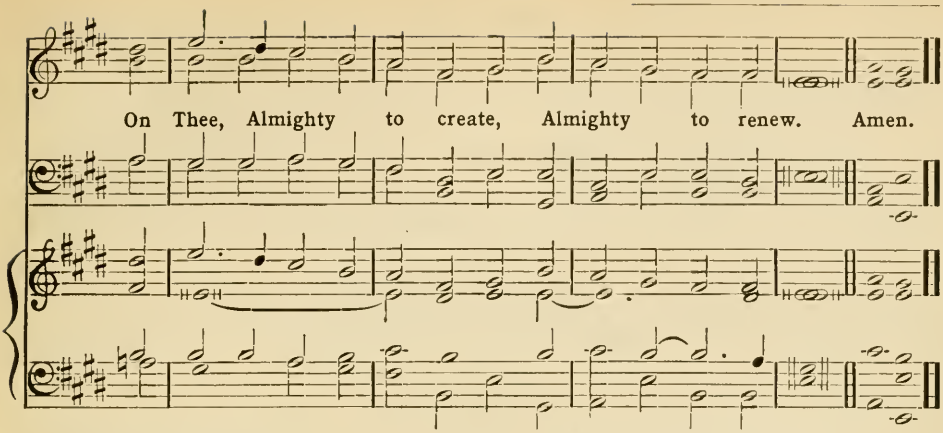
G. J. Elvey

Jesus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care,

Organ.

With humble confidence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait Till I can all things do,



2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

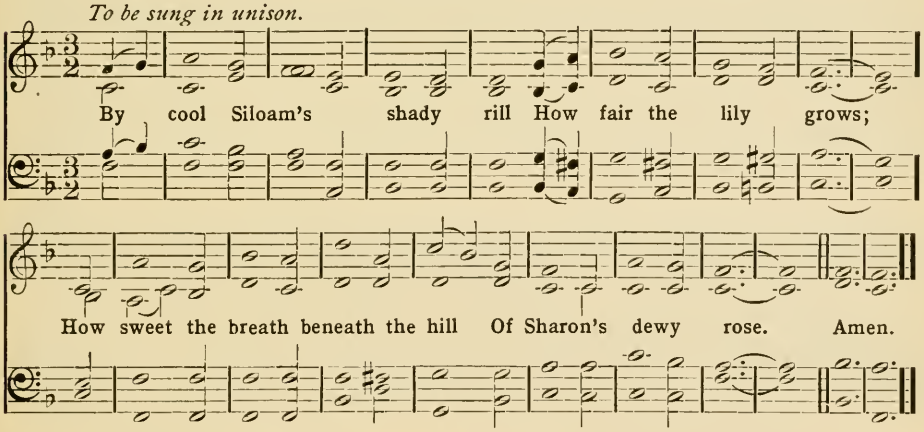
4 I rest upon Thy word,
Thy promise is for me,
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY

208 C. M. MANOAH

Arr. from ROSSINI

To be sung in unison.



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER

209 MORE LOVE

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

T. E. PERKINS

More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make

Organ.

On bended knee; This is my earnest plea,— This is my

earnest plea,—More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. Amen.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss

NEED

210 6, 4, 6, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4. R. Lowry

To be sung in unison.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine

Refrain.

Can peace afford. I need Thee, O, I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I

need Thee; O, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee. Amen.

Copyright, 1900, by Mary R. Lowry. Renewal. Used by per.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by,
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. A. S. Hawks

PENITENCE

211 6, 5, 6, 5. D. S. Lane

In the hour of trial, Jesus, pray for me, Lest by base denial

Organ.

I depart from Thee; When Thou seest me waver, With a look re-

call, Nor, for fear or favor, Suffer me to fall. Amen.

2 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

3 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again,—
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

PENITENTIA

212 Four 10's. E. DEARLE

To be sung in unison.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace; Without Thy guiding hand we go astray, And doubts appall and sorrows still increase; Lead us through Christ, the true and living way. Amen.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

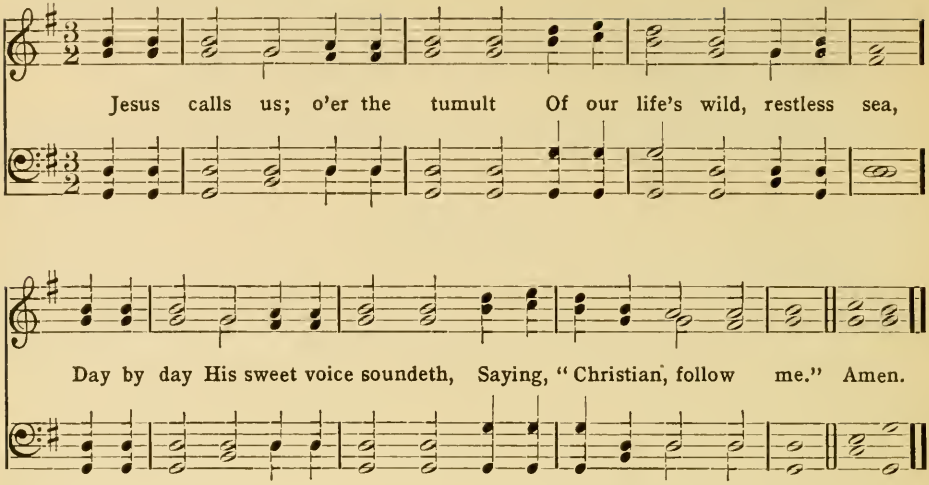
3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. BURLEIGH

DORRNANCE

213 8, 7, 8, 7. *(First Tune)* I. B. Woodbury



2 Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

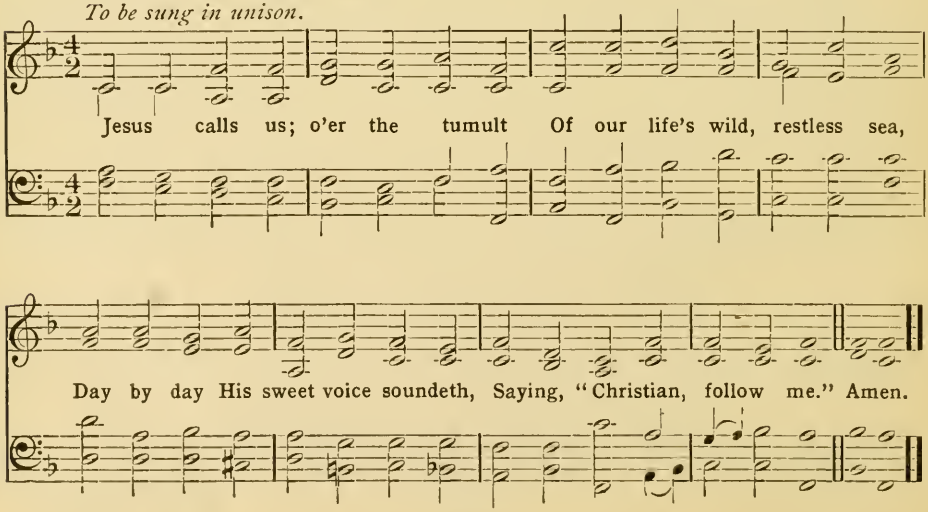
4 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander

STUTTGART

213 8, 7, 8, 7. *(Second Tune)* New Gotha Cantional

To be sung in unison.



214 8, 7, 8, 7. *(Tune, Dormance, or Stuttgart)*

1 Take my heart, O Father, take it;
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it,—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine;
Till Thy cords of love have bound me,
Make me to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

215 S. M. MORNINGTON

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

To be sung in unison.

Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see,

And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee: Amen.

2 To scorn the senses' sway
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the way,—
In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

5 Thee then, my God and King
In all things may I see,
And what I do in anything,
May it be done for Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT

216 SALZBURG

Eight 7s. J. Rosenmüller

To be sung in unison.

Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love;

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;

Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King. Amen.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal

217 L. M. PENITENCE

St. Alban's Tune Book

O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free;

Organ.

Tell me Thy secret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. Amen.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

218 DAY OF REST

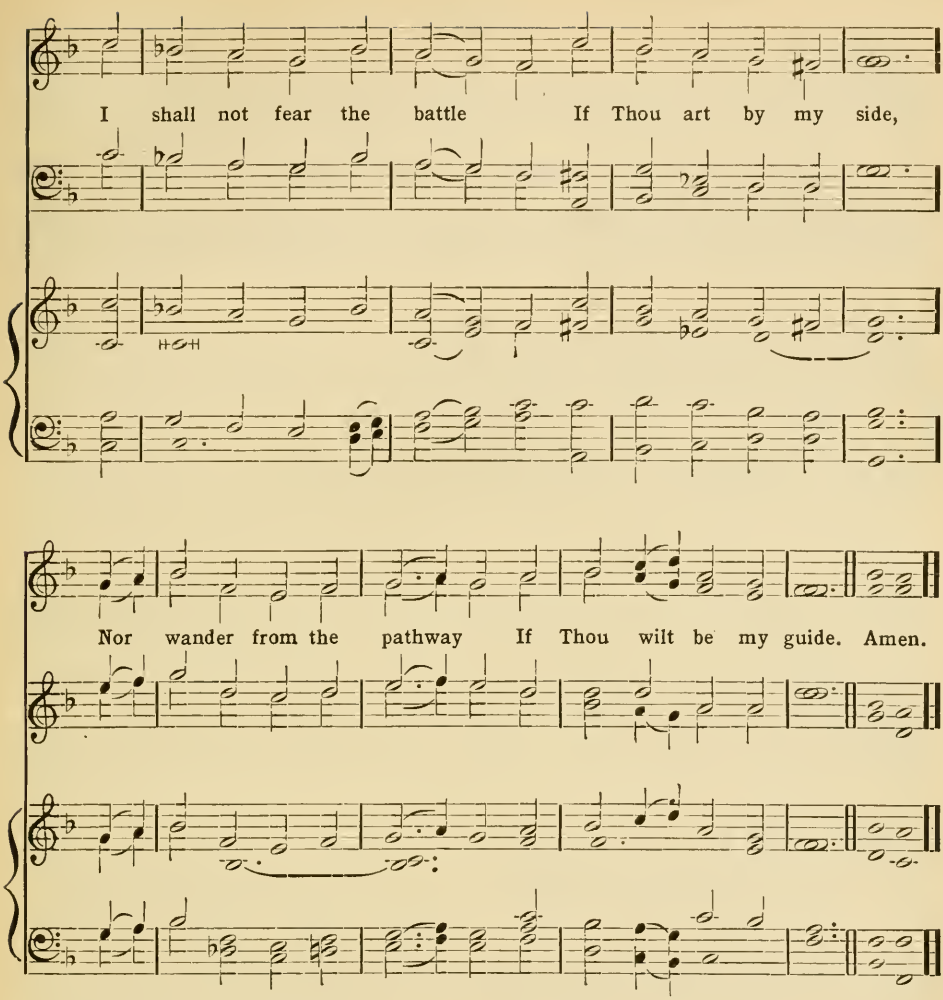
7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT

O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end,

Organ.

Be Thou forever near me, My master and my friend;



2 O let me feel Thee near me,—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow,
My master and my friend.

J. E. Bode

219 C. M. Five lines. ELTON

F. C. MAKER

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our

Organ.

rightful mind; In purer lives Thy service find, In deeper reverence, praise. Amen.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

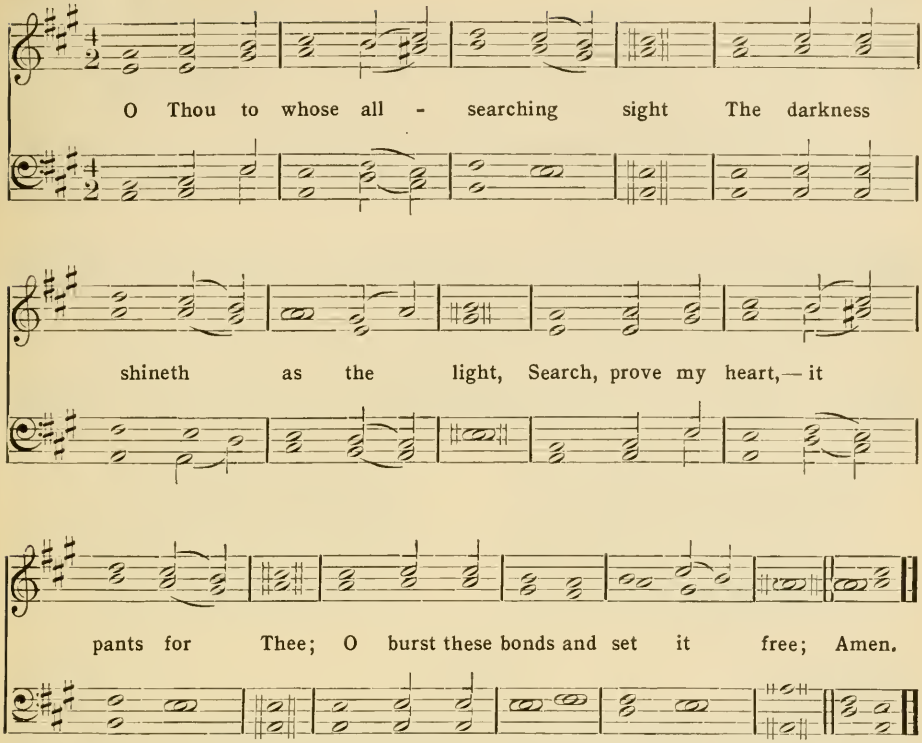
4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

J. G. WHITTIER

220 L. M.

HAMBURG

L. Mason



2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light,—be Thou my way;
No foes nor danger will I fear,
While Thou, my Saviour God, art near.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen

221 L. M. *(Tune, Hamburg)*

1 Thrice happy he whose tranquil mind,
Whate'er, O Lord, his lot may be,
His truest source of peace can find
In casting all his cares on Thee;

2 Who ever strives from day to day,
With earnest faith through toil and pain,
To tread the straight and narrow way
Till Thou shalt claim Thine own again;

3 Content to live, content to die,
Content, O Lord, through good or ill;
Content,—without the asking why,—
Whate'er befall, to do Thy will.

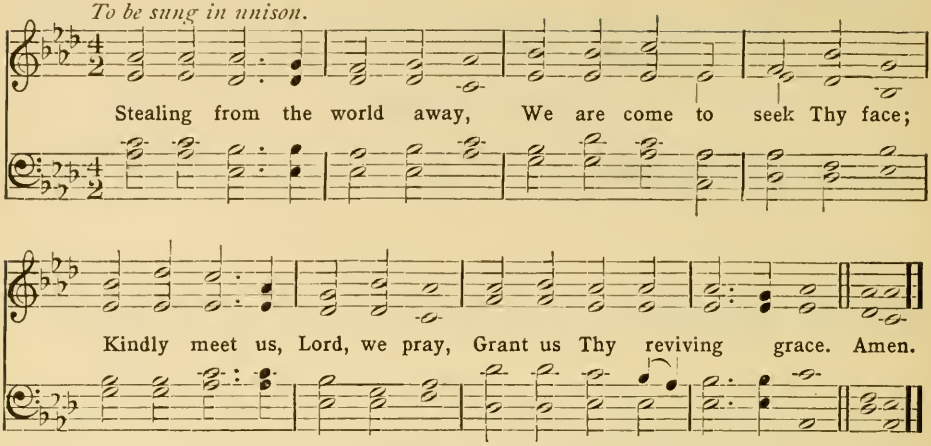
4 So may we strive, and striving win
The prize of those who die forgiven,
Content to live, till freed from sin,
We reach Thy mansions, King of heaven.

Godfrey Thring

222 ST. BEES

Four 7s. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.



2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

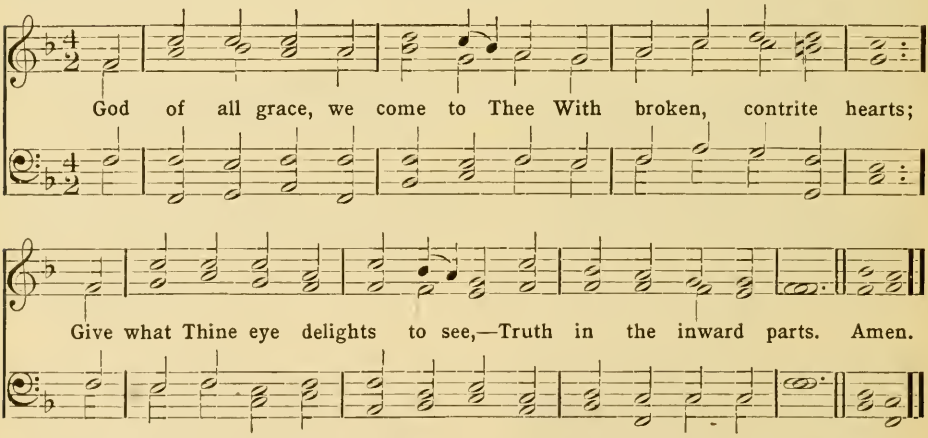
3 Sun of Righteousness, dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

RAY PALMER

223 HERMANN

C. M. N. HERMANN



2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

3 Patience, to watch and wait and weep
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

4 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

224 S. M.

POTSDAM

J. S. Bach

To be sung in unison.

Send down Thy truth, O God; Too long the shadows frown,

Too long the darkened way we've trod,—Thy truth, O Lord, send down. Amen.

2 Send down Thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be,—
Thy spirit, O send down.

3 Send down Thy love, Thy life
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife,—
Thy living love send down.

4 Send down Thy peace, O Lord;
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord,—
Thy peace, O God, send down.

Edward Rowland Sill

225 L. M.

ERNAN

Lowell Mason

Jesus, our best belovéd Friend, On Thy redeeming name we call;

Jesus, in love to us descend, Pardon and sanctify us all. Amen.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign
To fear and follow Thy commands;
O take our hearts,—our hearts are Thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Thy blesséd will may we obey,
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

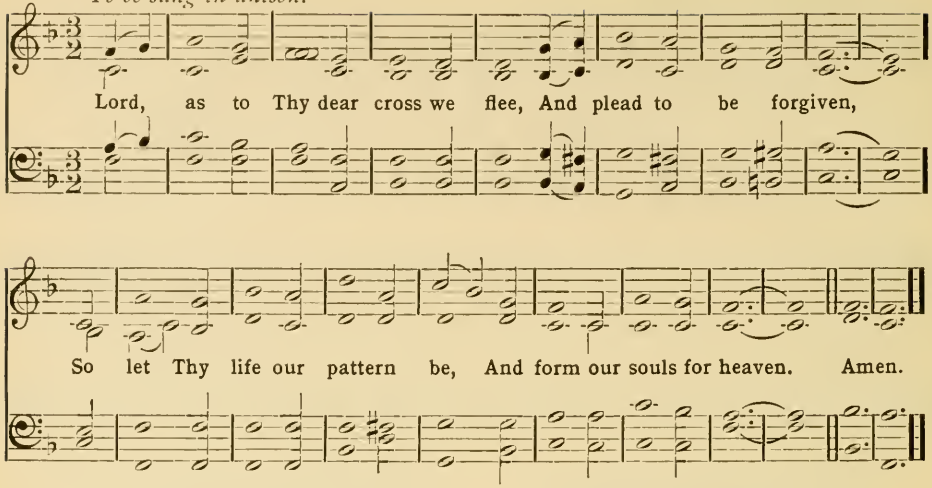
4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare,
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

James Montgomery

226 C. M. *(First Tune)* MANOAH

Arr. from ROSSINI

To be sung in unison.



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

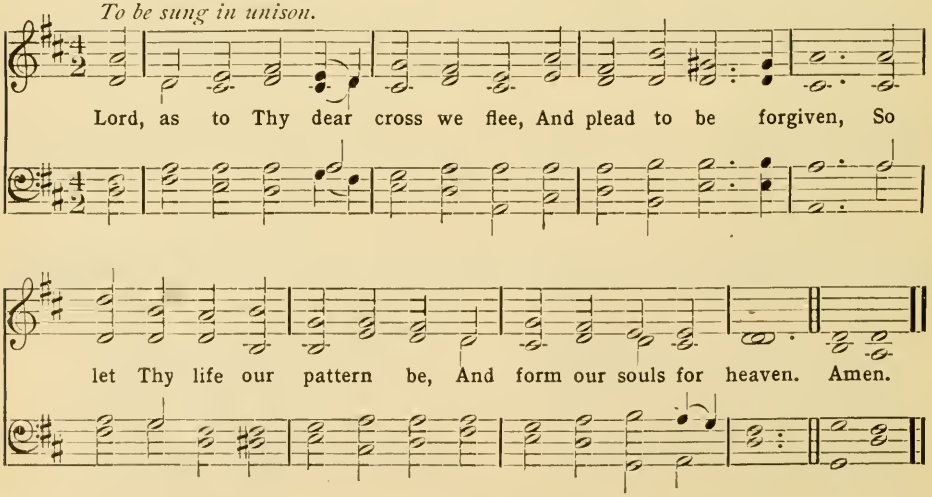
4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY

226 C. M. *(Second Tune)* ST. BERNARD

J. RICHARDSON

To be sung in unison.



227 C. M. *(Tune, Manoah, or St. Bernard)*

1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

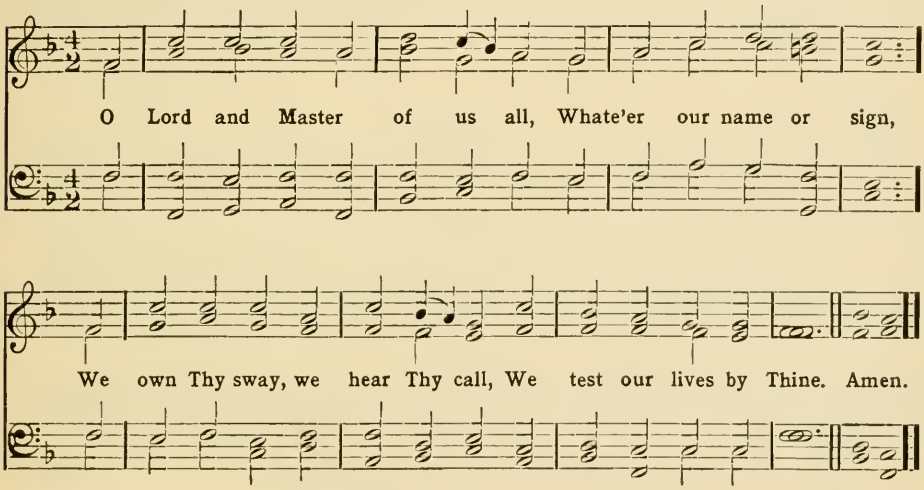
4 Where'er temptations fright my heart
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

5 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee,
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

ANNE STEELE

228 C. M. HERMANN

N. HERMANN



2 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

3 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

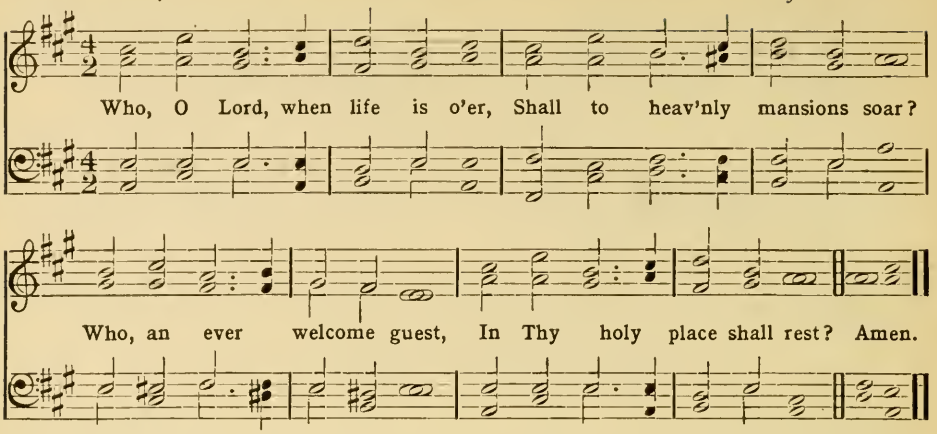
4 Who hates, hates Thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

5 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

J. G. WHITTIER

229 PLEYEL'S HYMN

Four 7s. I. J. PLEYEL



2 He whose heart Thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one;

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by Thee ordained.

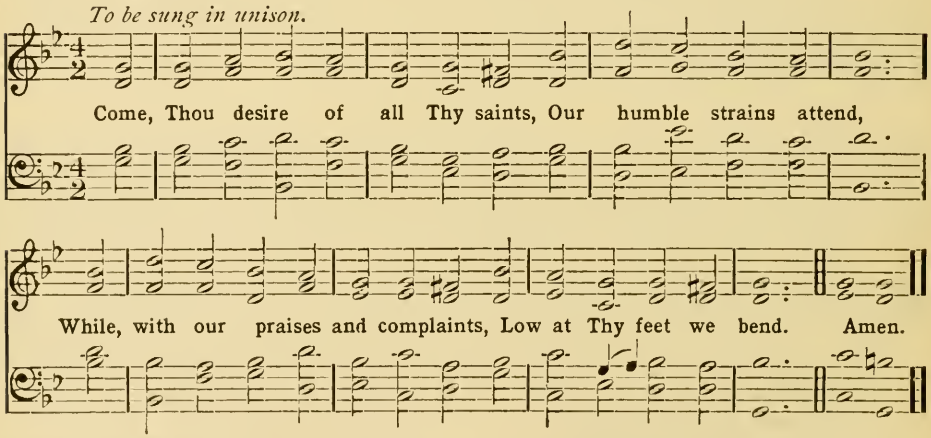
4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done;
He, great God, shall be Thy care,
And Thy choicest blessings share.

JAMES MERRICK

230 WINDSOR

C. M. G. KIRBYE

To be sung in unison.



2 How should our songs like those above,
With warm devotion rise,
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life and love and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

ANNE STEELE

231 LUX BENIGNA

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10. J. B. DYKES

To be sung in unison.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,— Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,— Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet,— I do not ask to see
The distant scene,— one step enough for me. Amen.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

232 Eight 6s.

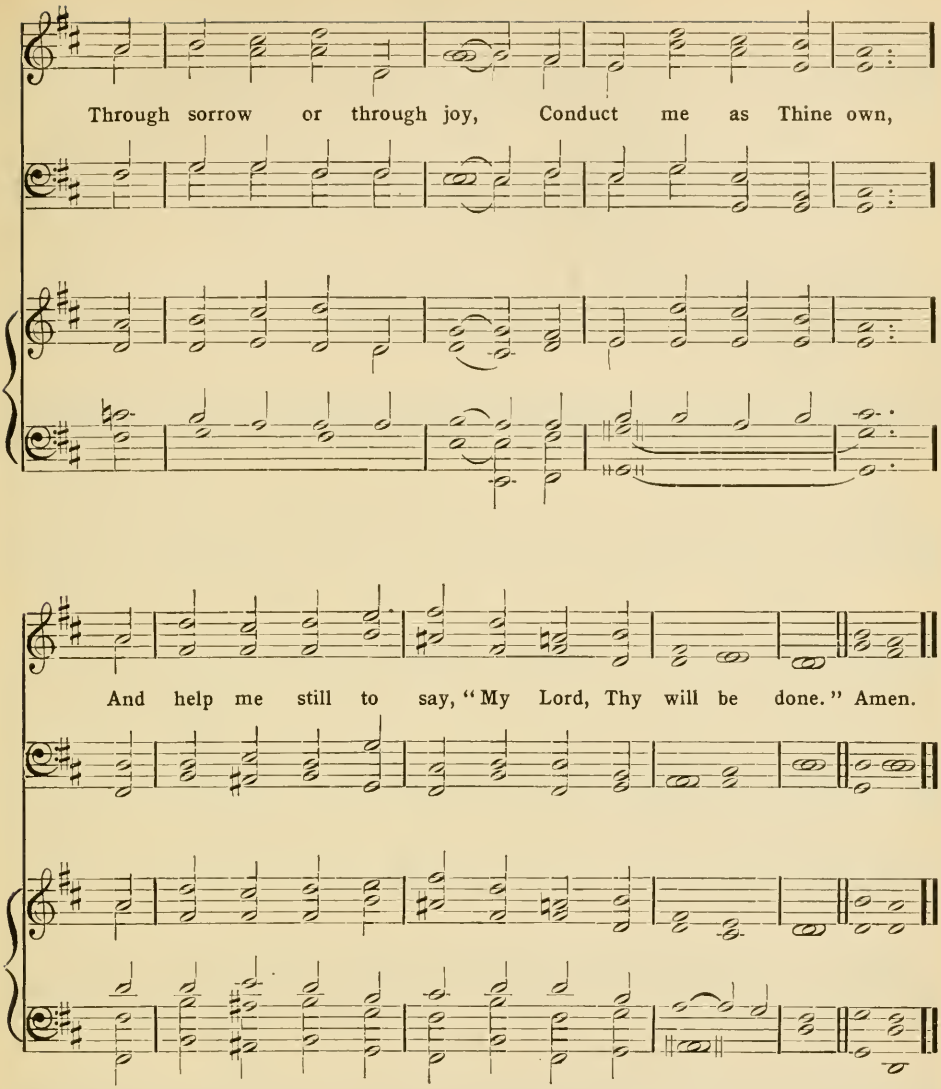
HARLAND

J. STAINER

My Jesus, as Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine,

Organ.

Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign;



2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

JANE BORTHWICK

233 CONSOLATOR

11, 10, 11, 10. S. WEBBE

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, Come to the

Organ.

mercy-seat, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your

anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal. Amen.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life,—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love,—come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE

234 L. M. PARK STREET F. M. A. VENUA

To be sung in unison.

When sins and fears prevailing rise, And fainting hope al-
most expires, To Thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes, To Thee I
breathe my soul's desires, To Thee I breathe my soul's desires. Amen.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word,—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself,—that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

ANNE STEELE

235 P. M. ADESTE FIDELES

J. READING

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

Organ.

faith in His excellent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,—

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No Ped.

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled? Amen.

Ped.

2 Fear not, He is with thee, O be not dismayed,
For He is thy God, and will give thee His aid;
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by His gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters He calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow;
His presence shall guide thee, His mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; He does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 His people through life shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hair shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in His bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—He will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

GEORGE KEITH

236 ARMSTRONG

8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 8, 8.

E. J. Hopkins

What-e'er my God ordains is right,—His will is ever just, Howe'er He orders

Organ.

now my cause, I will be still and trust. He is my God, Tho' dark my road, He

holds me that I shall not fall; Wherefore to Him I leave it all. Amen.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

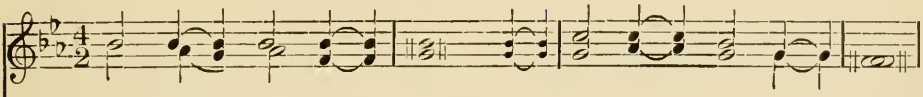
3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good,—
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land,
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

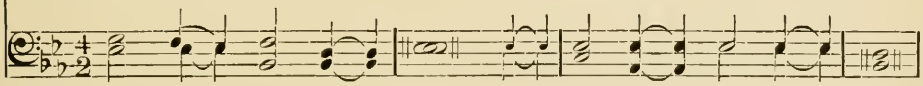
S. Rodigast. Tr. C. Winkworth

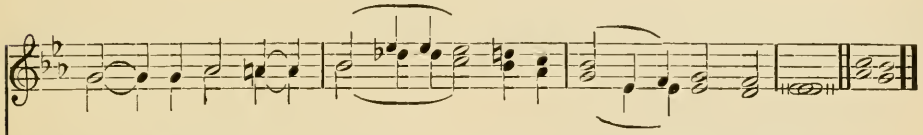
AMBROSE

237 P. M. R. S. Ambrose



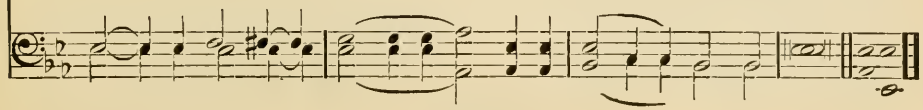
1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
2. Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea,
3. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down;
4. But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night,
5. Jesus, perfect my trust, Strengthen the hand of my faith;
6. Feel Thee near when my feet Are slipping over the brink;





1. I am nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before;
2. Nearer my Father's house Where the "many mansions" be;
3. Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer gaining the crown.
4. Is the deep and unknown stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
5. Let me feel Thee near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death;
6. For it may be I'm nearer home,—Nearer now, than I think. Amen.

Phœbe Cary



238 8, 8, 8, 4.

HANFORD

A. SULLIVAN

My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Organ.

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." Amen.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized,—it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine,—
"Thy will be done."

4 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,—
Blend it with Thine,—and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

AURELIA

239 7, 6, 7, 6. D. S. S. Wesley

To be sung in unison.

Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain. Amen.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow,
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper

240 STIRLING

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. Barnby

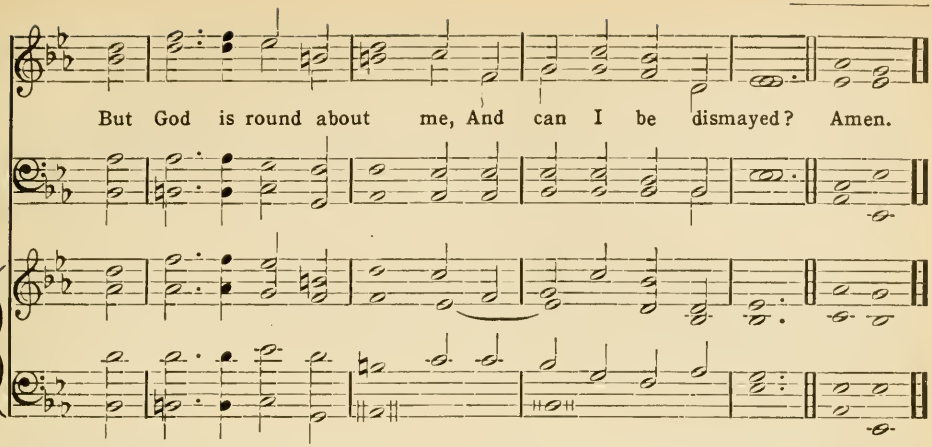
Voices in unison.

In heav'nly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear;

Organ.

And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here.

The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,



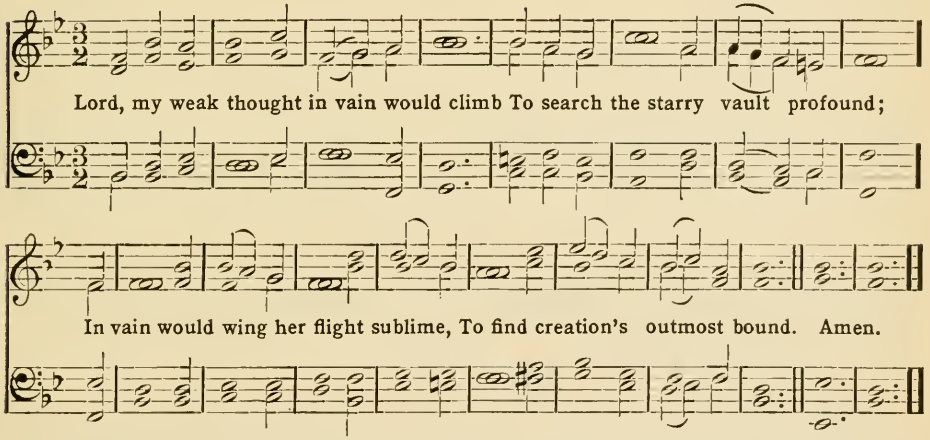
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING

241 L. M. GERMANY

From BEETHOVEN



2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search that great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

RAY PALMER

242 C. M. 6 lines.

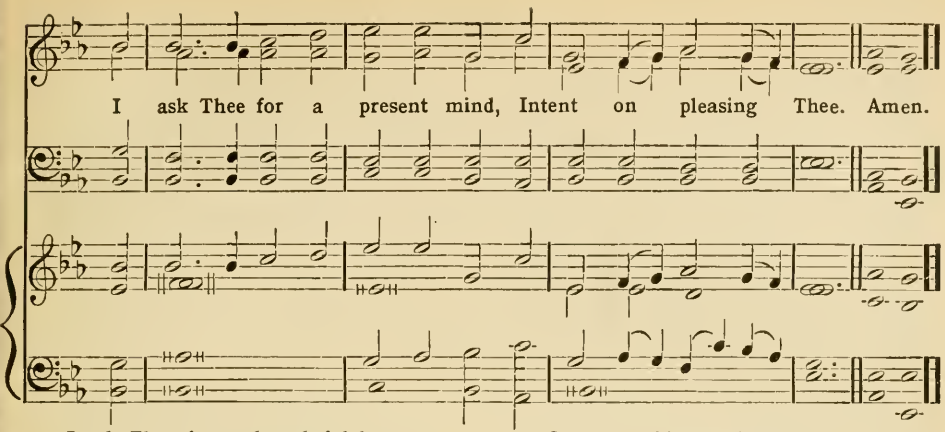
ST. BEDE

J. B. DYKES

Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;

Organ.

The changes that will surely come I do not fear to see;



2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

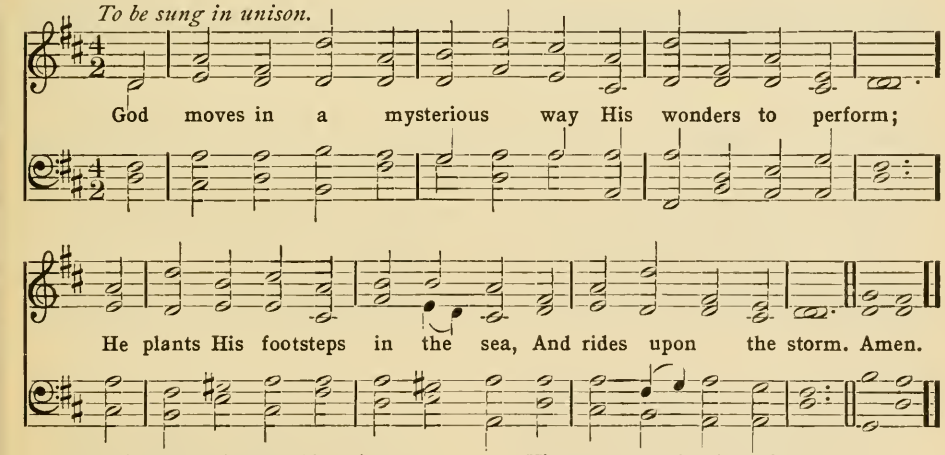
4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,—
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING

243 C. M. LONDON NEW

Scottish Psalter

To be sung in unison.



2 Deep in the unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER

244 C. M.

NAOMI

J. G. NÄGELI

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies,

Organ.

Accepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:— Amen.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, Alt. by A. TOPLADY.

245 C. M. *(Tune, Naomi)*

1 I worship Thee, sweet will of God,
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

246 C. M. *(Tune, Naomi)*

1 Thy holy will, my God, be mine;
I yield my all to Thee;
No more shall thought or wish repine,
Whate'er my lot shall be.

2 Thy wisdom is a mighty deep:
Beyond my thought, Thy grace;
My soul shall lay her fears asleep,
Secure in Thine embrace.

3 When clouds and darkness rule the hour,
Thy bow on high I see;
And e'en the rending tempest's power
Shall work but good for me.

4 At every step mine eyes shall turn
To watch Thy guiding hand;
My dearest wish shall be to learn
And do Thy pure command.

5 On Thee I rest my trusting soul:
Thou wilt not let me fall;
Though surging billows o'er me roll,
I shall be safe through all.

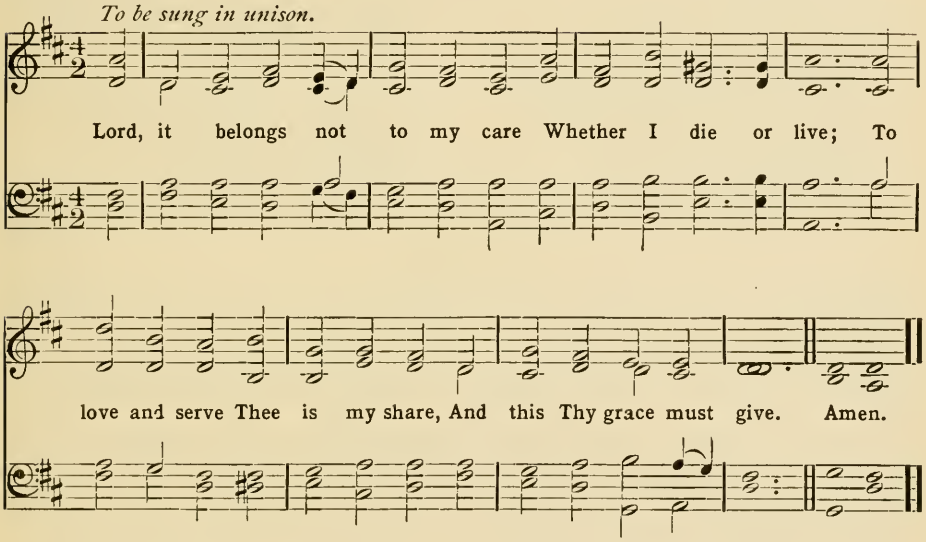
6 Then when Thy glory breaks on me,
All radiant as the sun,
Be this the joy of heaven,—to see
Thy will for ever done.

RAY PALMER

247 C. M. ST. BERNARD

J. RICHARDSON

To be sung in unison.



2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

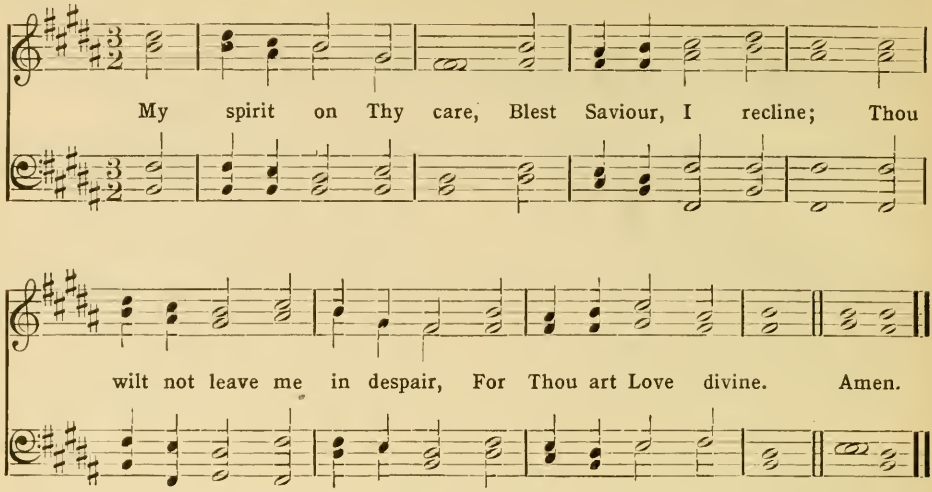
4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER

STATE STREET

248 S. M. *(First Tune)* J. C. WOODMAN



2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

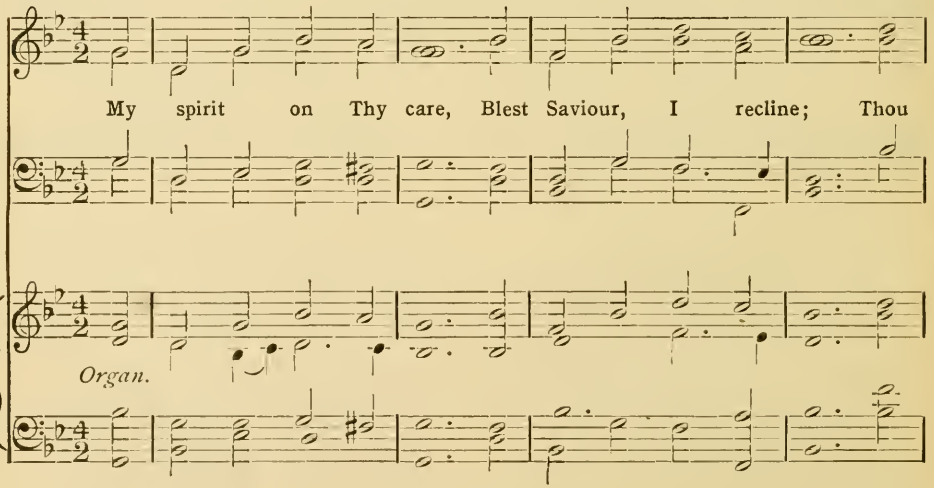
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

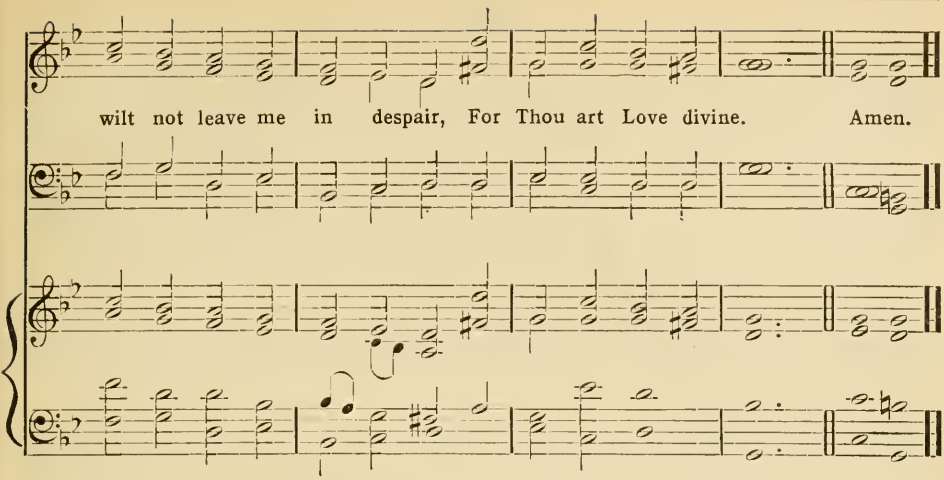
4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

ST. BRIDE

248 S. M. *(Second Tune)* S. HOWARD

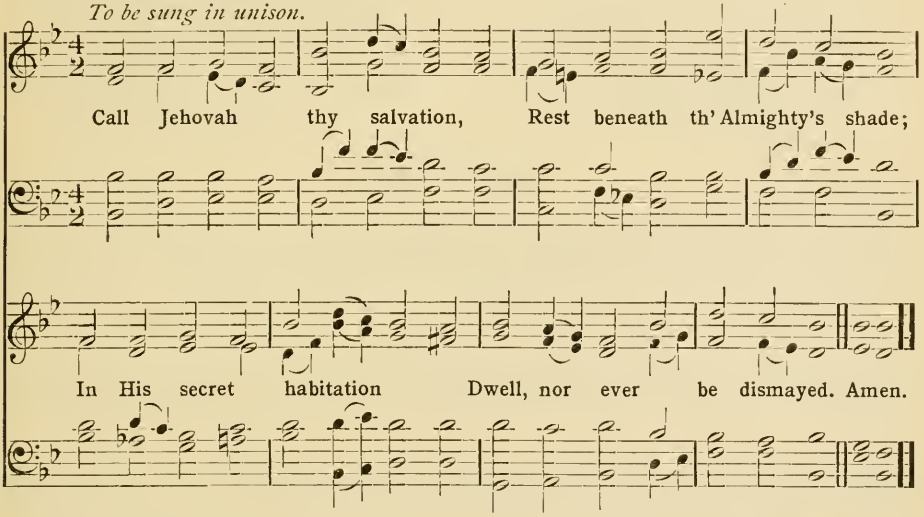




TRUST

249 8, 7, 8, 7. MENDELSSOHN

To be sung in unison.



2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

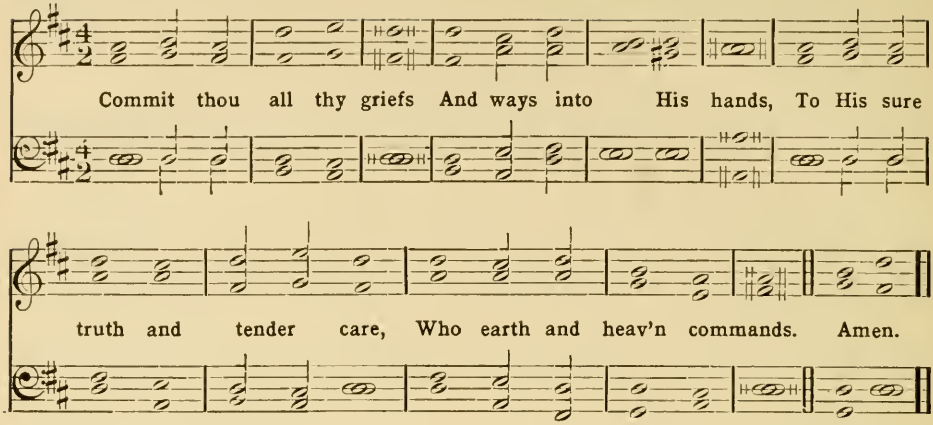
6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

250 S. M.

OLMUTZ

Gregorian
Harmonized by L. Mason



2 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

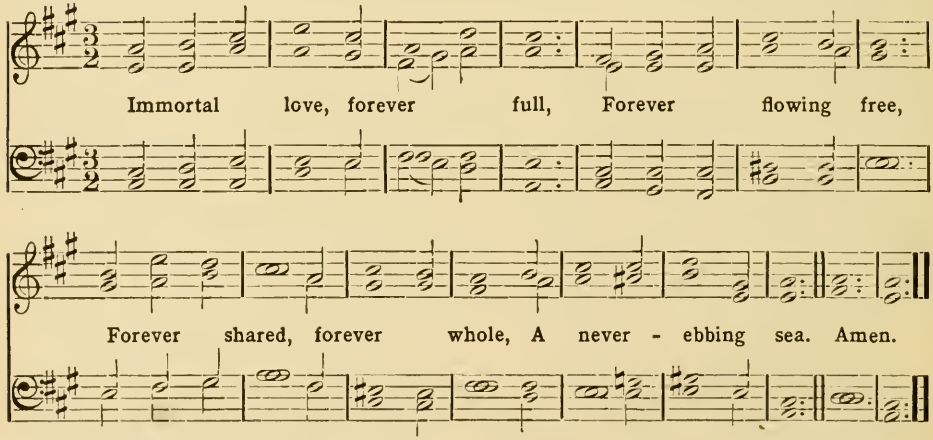
4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well."

Paul Gerhardt

251 C. M.

BEATITUDO

J. B. Dykes



2 Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away;
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray.

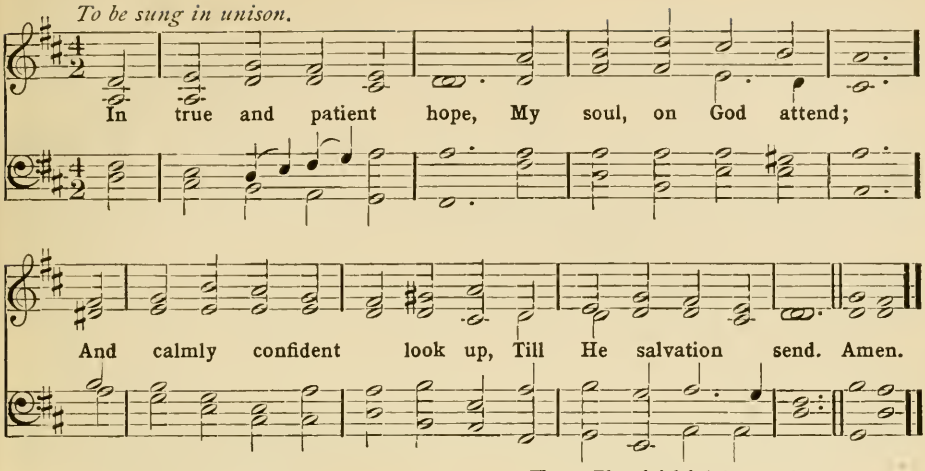
4 The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

J. G. Whittier

POTSDAM

252 S. M. J. S. Bach

To be sung in unison.



2 I shall His goodness see
While on His name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

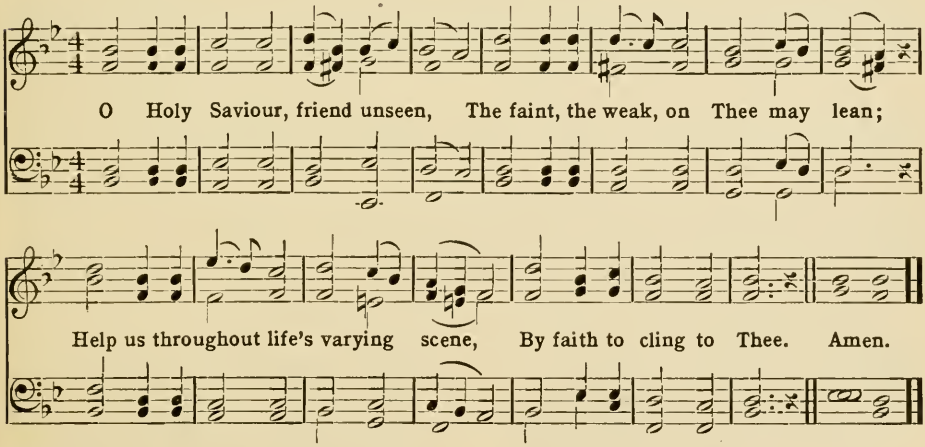
3 Jesus, to Thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower,
Upon Thy faithful love rely
And find Thy saving power.

4 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above;
In every strait surround His throne
And hang upon His love.

Charles Wesley

INTEGER VITAE

253 8, 8, 8, 6. F. F. Flemming



2 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

3 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

4 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

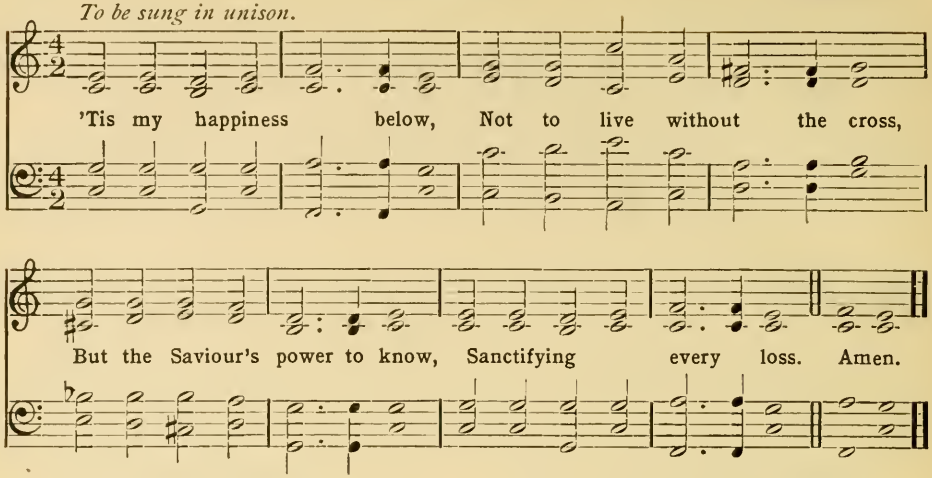
Charlotte Elliott

254 Four 7s.

REDHEAD

R. REDHEAD

To be sung in unison.



2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

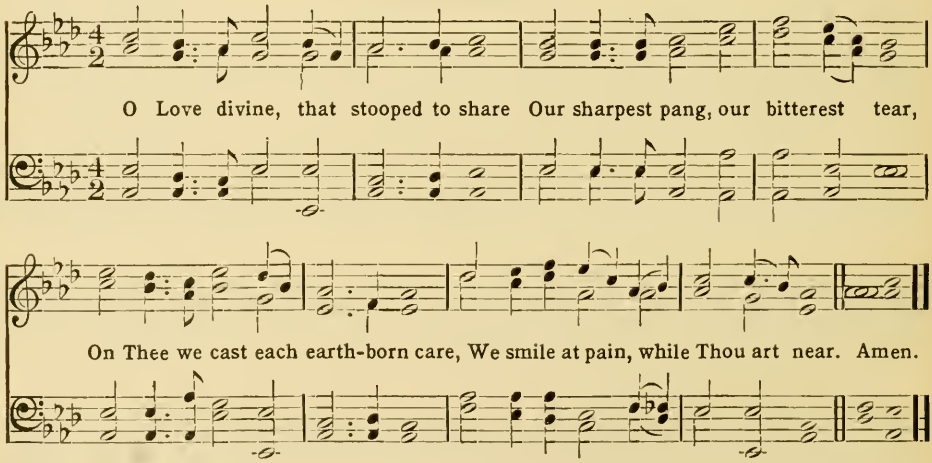
3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

WILLIAM COWPER

255 L. M.

DWIGHT

Arr. from BELLINI



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering Thou art near.

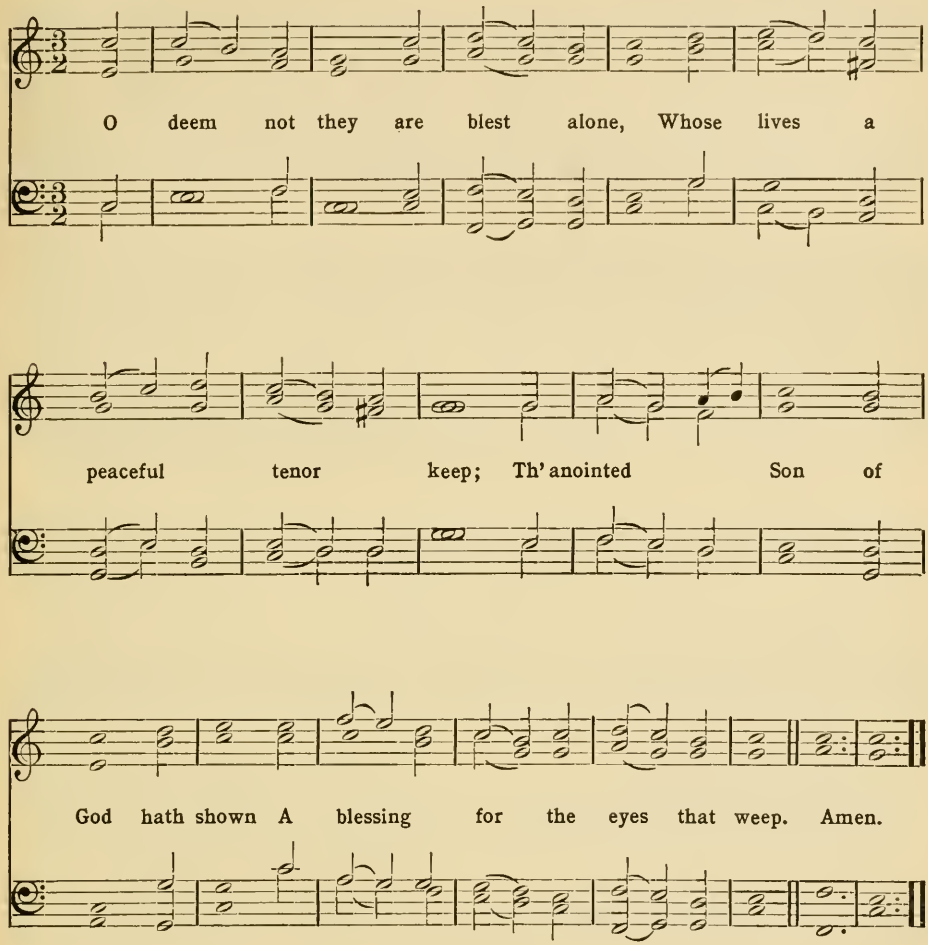
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES

256 L. M. ALL SAINTS

W. Knapp



2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant

257 S. M.

DENNIS

J. G. NÄGELI

To be sung in unison.

How gentle God's commands; How kind His precepts are; "Come cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care." Amen.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

258 S. M. *(Tune, Dennis)*

1 If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow,—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

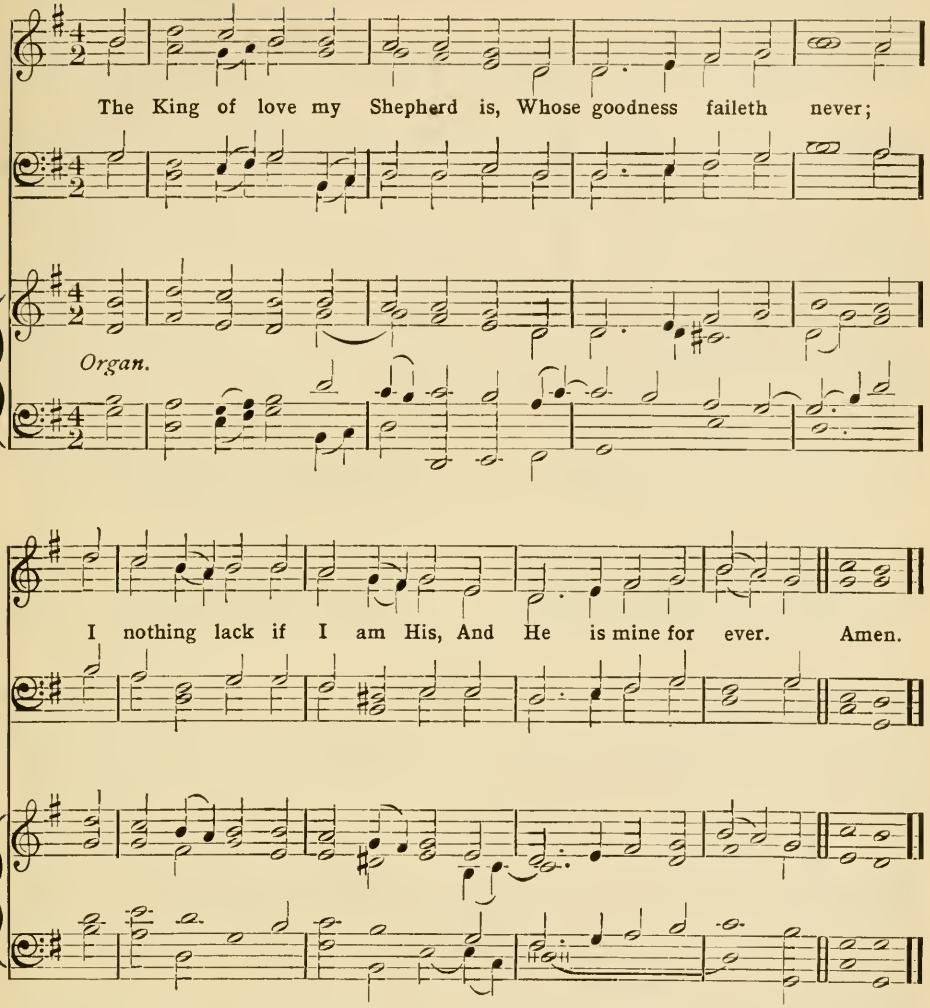
4 Teach us in every state
To make Thy will our own,
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

A. TOPLADY

259 DOMINUS REGIT ME

8, 7, 8, 7.

J. B. Dykes



2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me;
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

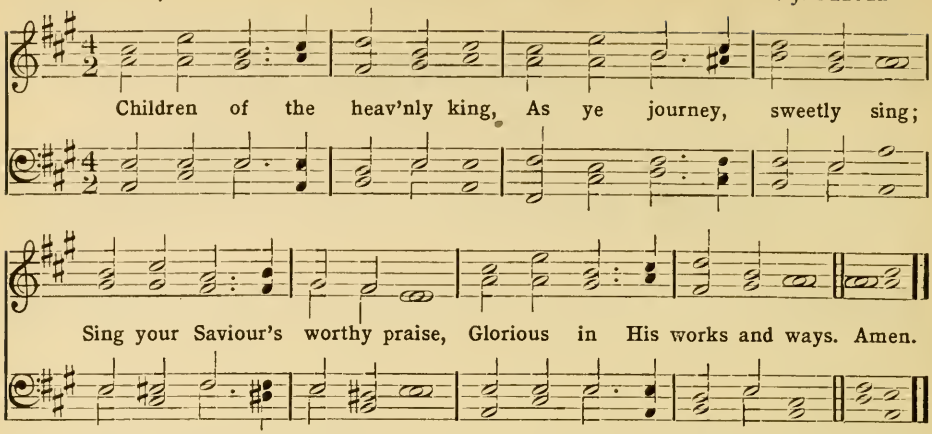
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker

260 Four 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN

I. J. PLEYEL



2 We are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;—
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

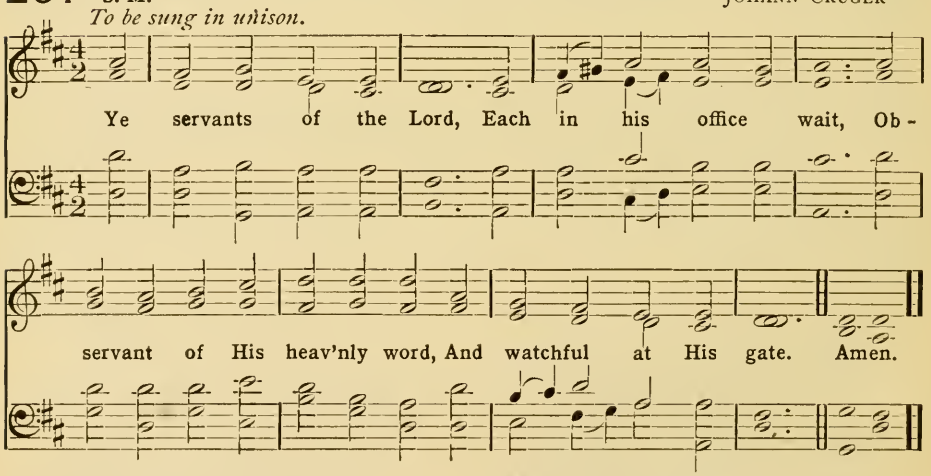
5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK

261 S. M. SWABIA

JOHANN CRÜGER

To be sung in unison.



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

262 WEBB

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

G. J. Webb

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss.

From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,

Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed. Amen.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield

WARE

263 L. M. *(First Tune)* G. KINGSLEY

Awake our souls, away our fears, Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;

Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on. Amen.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

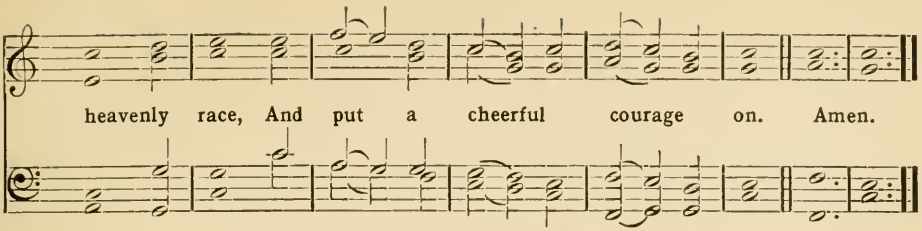
ISAAC WATTS

ALL SAINTS

263 L. M. *(Second Tune)* W. KNAPP

Awake our souls, away our fears, Let ev'ry

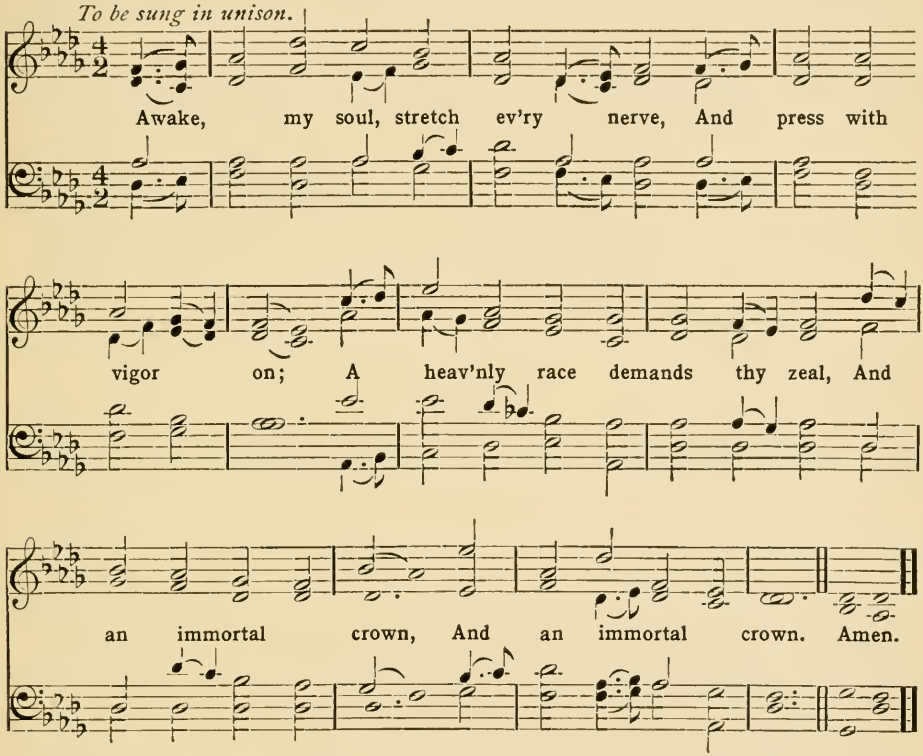
trembling thought be gone; Awake and run the



CHRISTMAS

264 C. M. G. F. Händel

To be sung in unison.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridg

AMSTERDAM

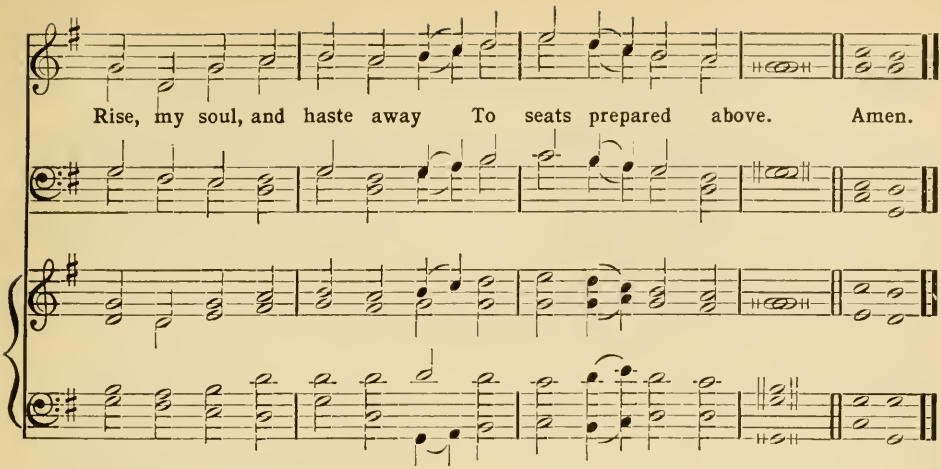
265 7, 6, 7, 6. D. J. NARES

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;

Organ.

Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove;



2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source.
So the soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode
To rest in His embrace.

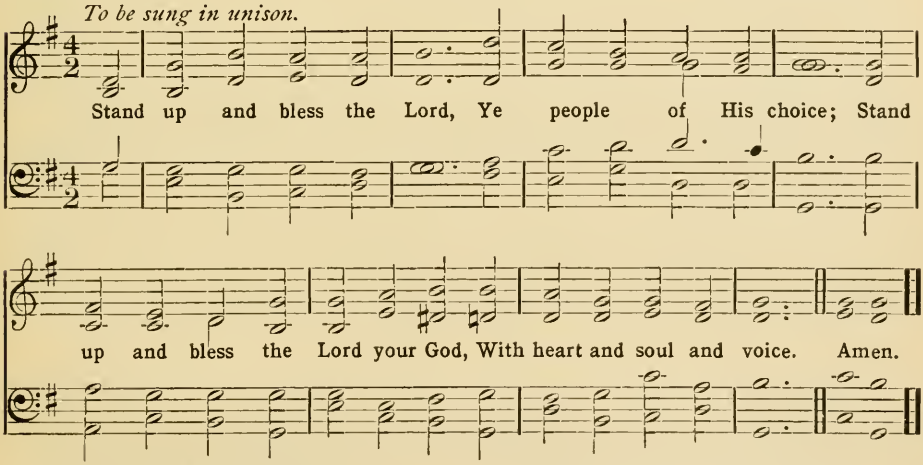
3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE

266 S. M. ST. MICHAEL

LOUIS BOURGEOIS
Genevan Psalter

To be sung in unison.



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

267 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5.

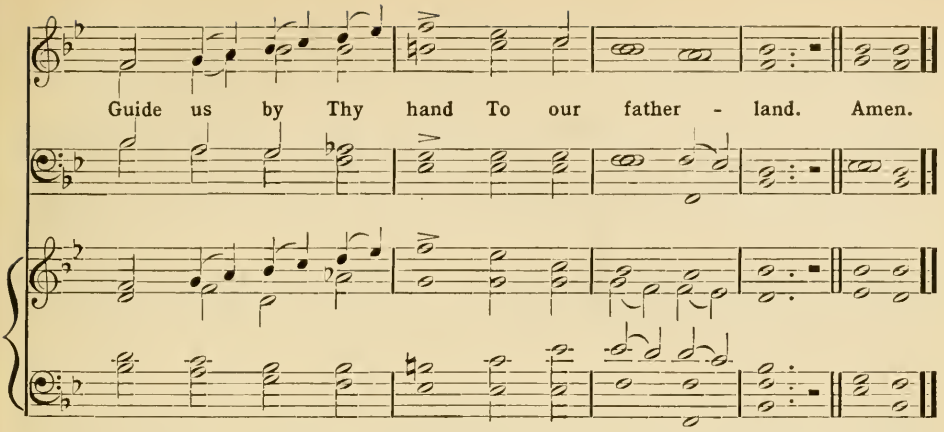
ST. HUBERT

W. H. HALL

Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And al -

Organ.

though the way be cheerless, We will follow calm and fearless;



2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

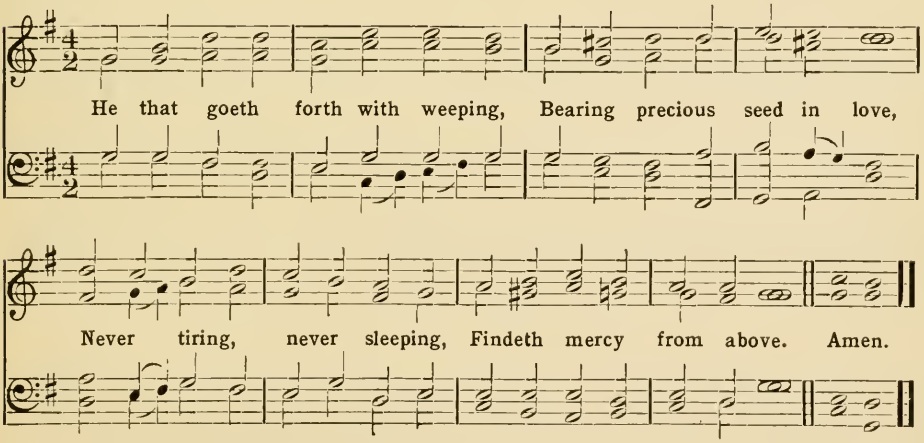
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Tr. J. Borthwick

MERTON

268 8, 7, 8, 7. W. H. Monk



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never-weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy,
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

Thomas Hastings

COURAGE

269 L. M. With Refrain. HORATIO PARKER

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and

Organ.

Christ thy right; Lay hold on life and it shall be Thy joy and

REFRAIN *for all verses.*

crown e - ter - nal - ly; Lay hold on life and

it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. Amen.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

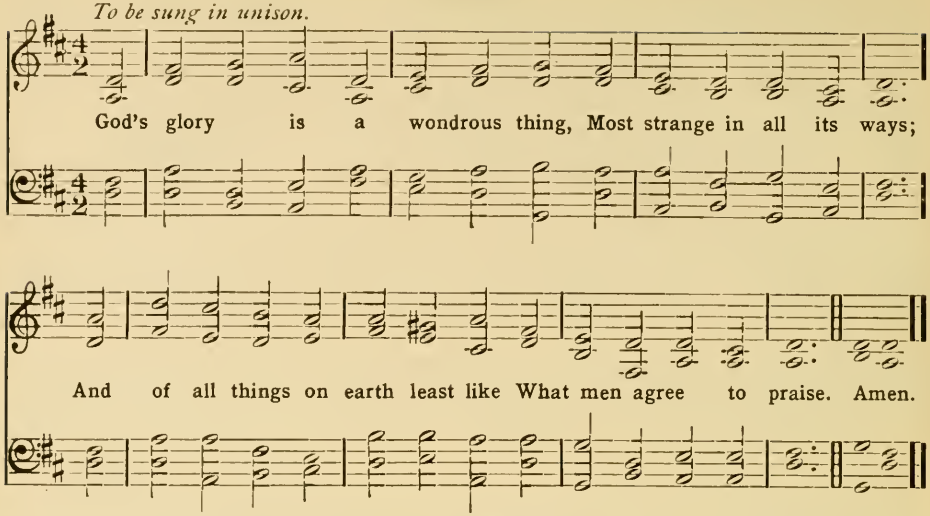
4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL

270 C. M. DUNDEE

Scottish Psalter

To be sung in unison.



2 O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

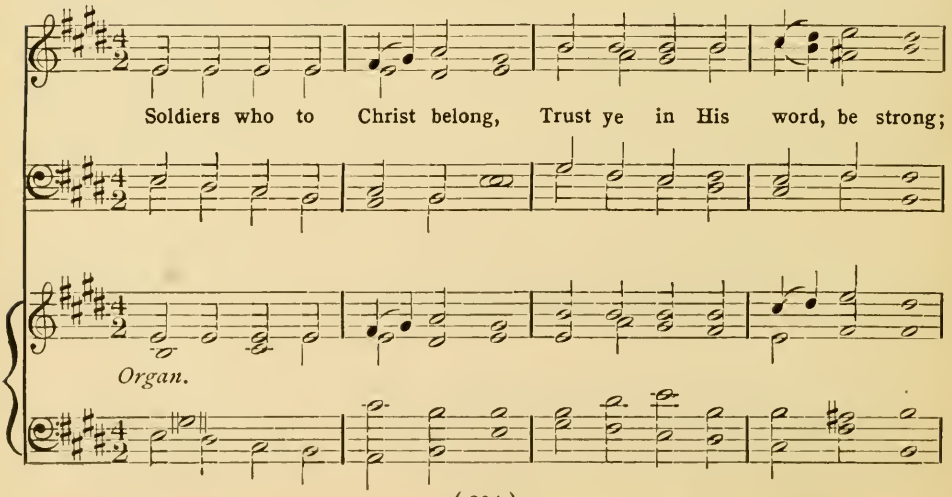
4 O learn to scorn the praise of men,
O learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee His road.

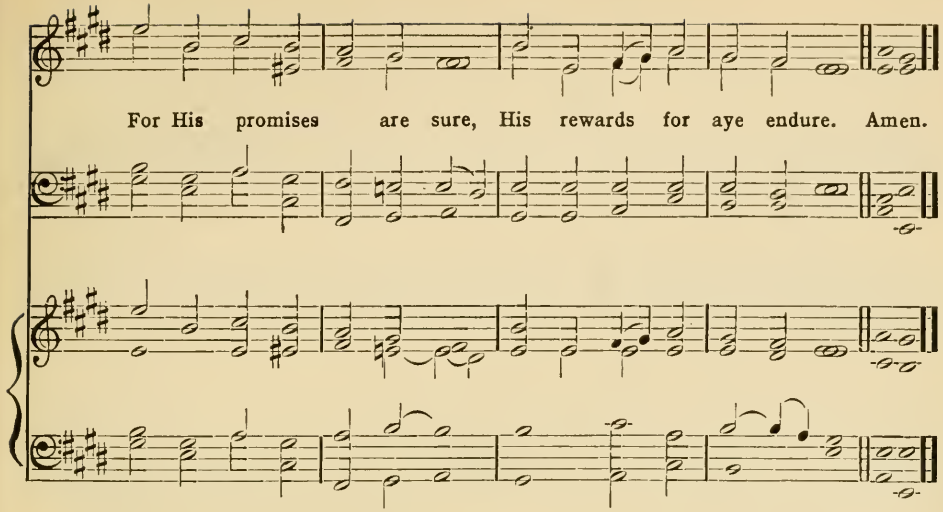
5 And right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

271 Four 7s. *(First Tune)* POSEN

G. C. STRATTNER





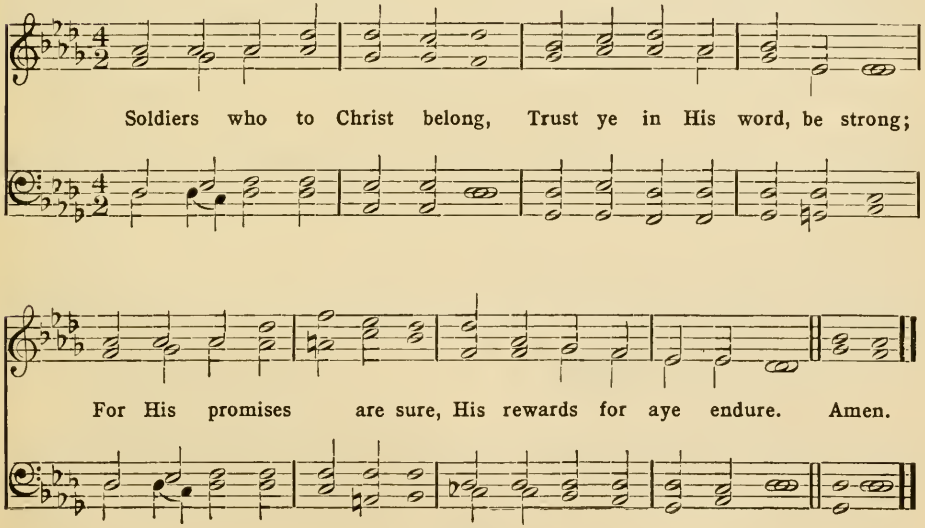
2 His, no crowns that pass away;
His, no palm that sees decay;
His, the joy that shall not fade;
His, the light that knows no shade.

3 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts then to the skies,
God Himself shall be your prize.

4 Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son, and Spirit blest;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

ABERDEEN

271 Four 7s. *(Second Tune)* J. B. CALKIN



272 L. M. With Refrain. BATTELL CHAPEL

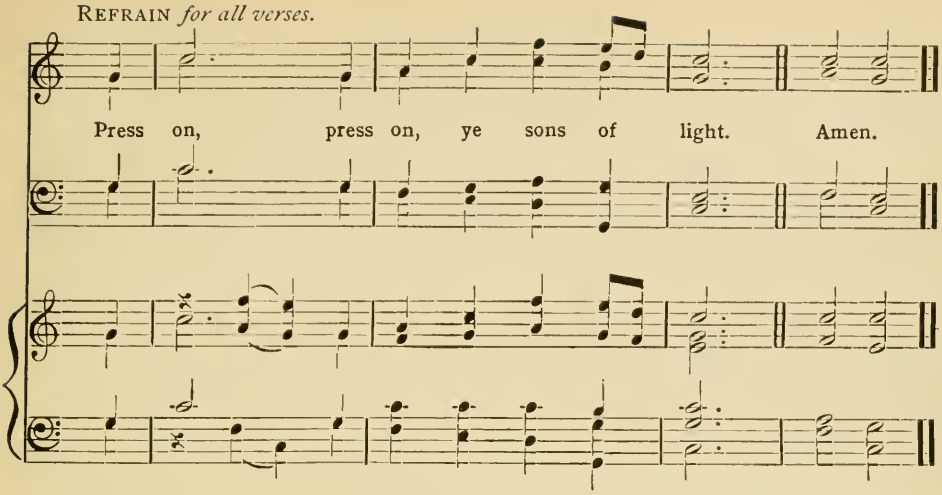
H. B. Jepson

Press on, press on, ye sons of light, Untiring in your holy fight;

Organ.

Still treading each temptation down, And batt'ling for a brighter crown.

REFRAIN *for all verses.*



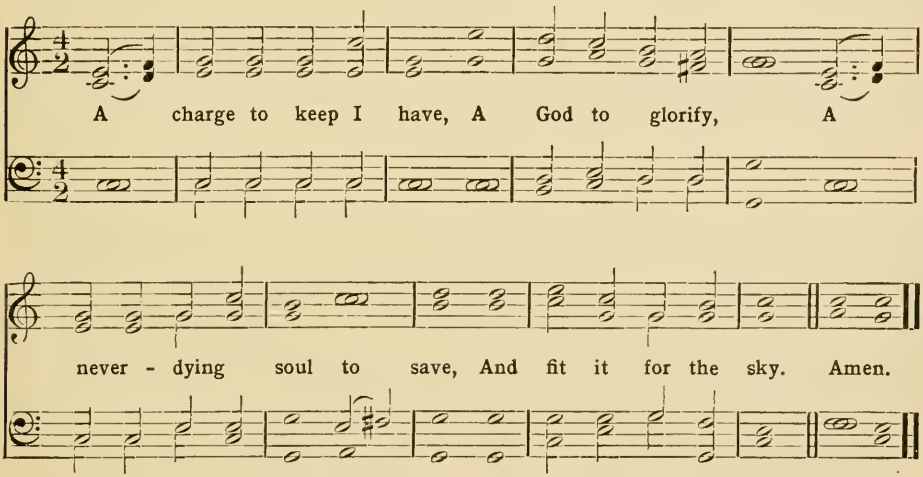
2 Press on, press on,—through toil and woe
Calmly resolved to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on,—still look in faith
To Him who vanquished sin and death;
And till you hear His high "Well done,"
True to the last, press on, press on.

WILLIAM GASKELL

273 S. M. LABAN

L. MASON



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall for ever die.

CHARLES WESLEY

274 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Four 7s. H. J. GAUNTLETT

Oft in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go;

Organ.

Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life. Amen.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

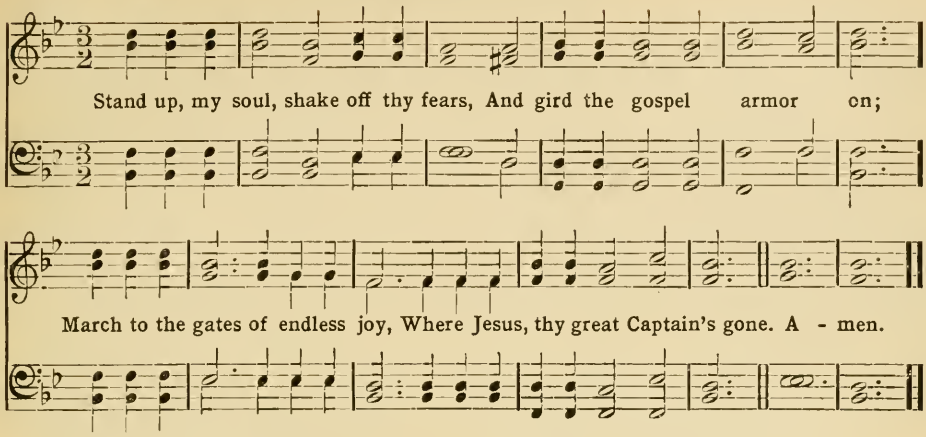
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March in heavy armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,—
Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. Alt.

MISSIONARY CHANT

275 L. M. H. C. ZEUNER



2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

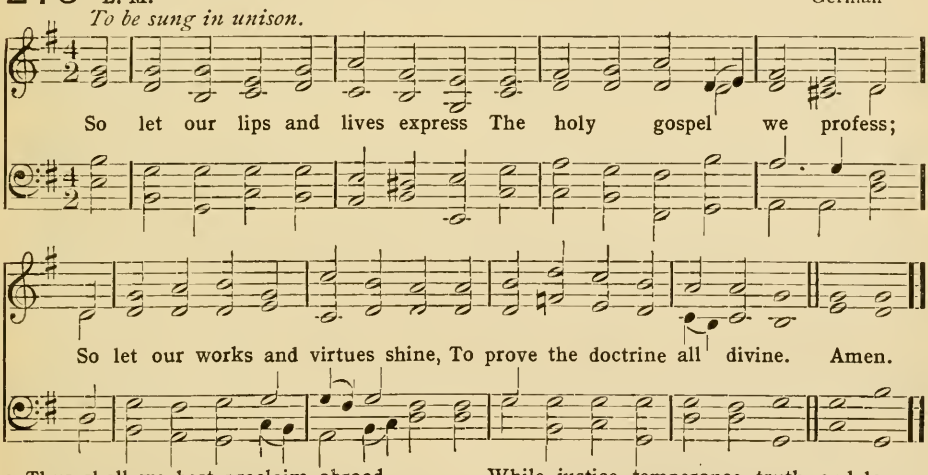
4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS

BRESLAU

276 L. M. German

To be sung in unison.



2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on His word.

ISAAC WATTS

277 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE

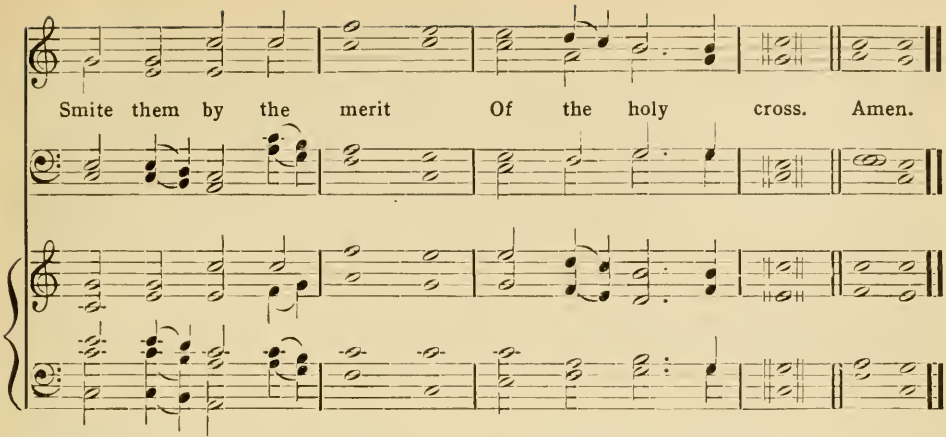
6, 5, 6, 5. D. J. B. DYKES

Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground,—

Organ.

How the pow'rs of evil Rage thy steps around?

Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;



2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring.
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never yield to fear;
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

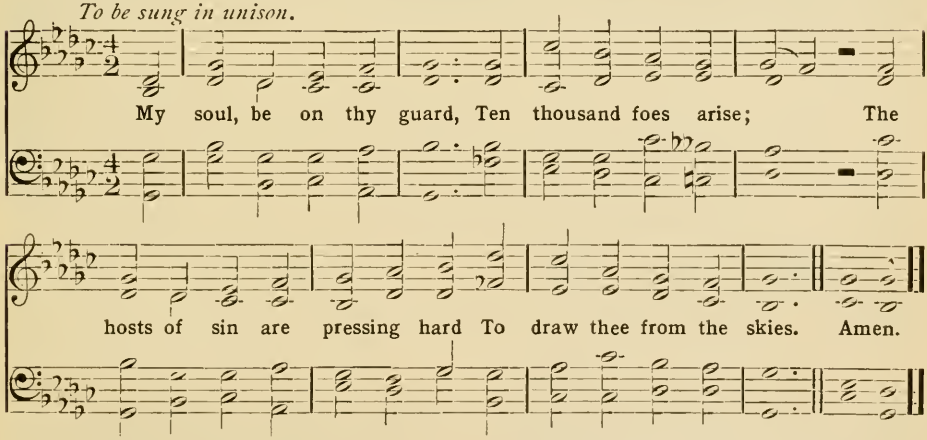
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe, I pray;"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

St. Andrew of Crete. Tr. J. M. Neale

278 S. M. SCHUMANN R. Schumann

To be sung in unison.



2 O watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

George C. Heath

279 ST. GERTRUDE

6, 5, 6, 5. D. A. SULLIVAN

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus

Organ.

Going on before: Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;

Forward into battle See his banners go.—

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus Going on before. Amen.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song,—
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

S. BARING-GOULD

280 C. M. D. ALL SAINTS

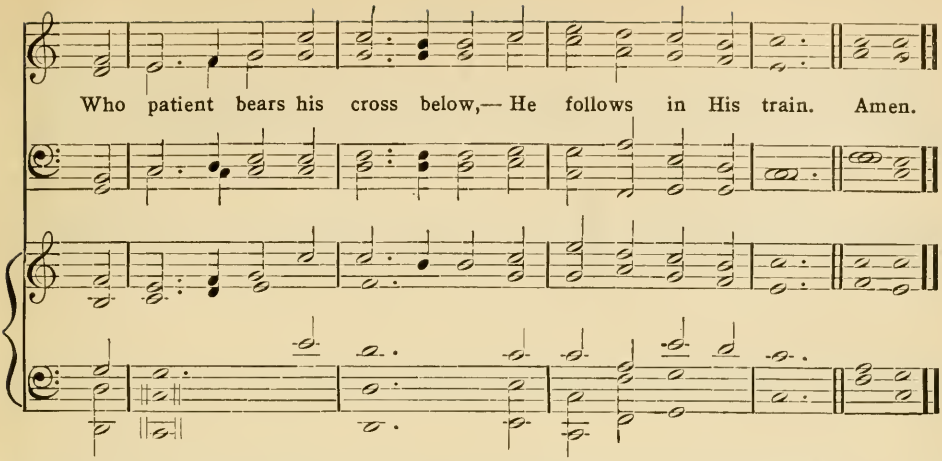
H. S. CUTLER

The Son of God goes forth to war A kingly crown to gain,

Organ.

His blood - red banner streams afar, Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe And triumph over pain,



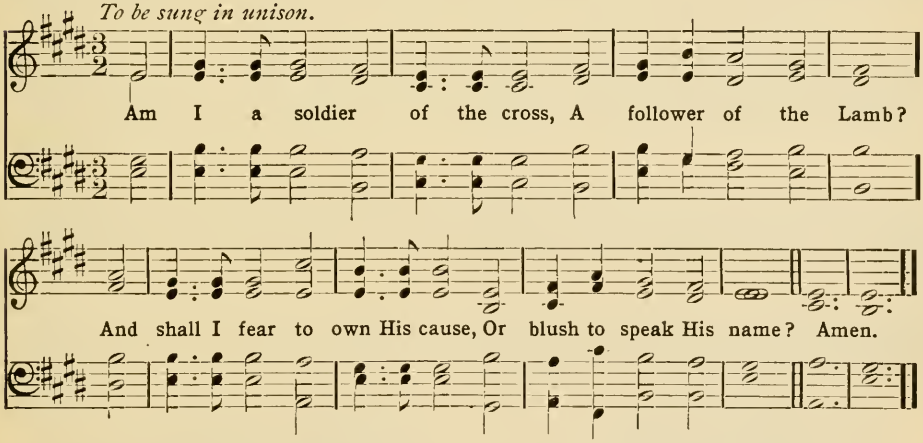
2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his master in the sky
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong,—
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER

281 C. M. ARLINGTON T. A. ARNE

To be sung in unison.



2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

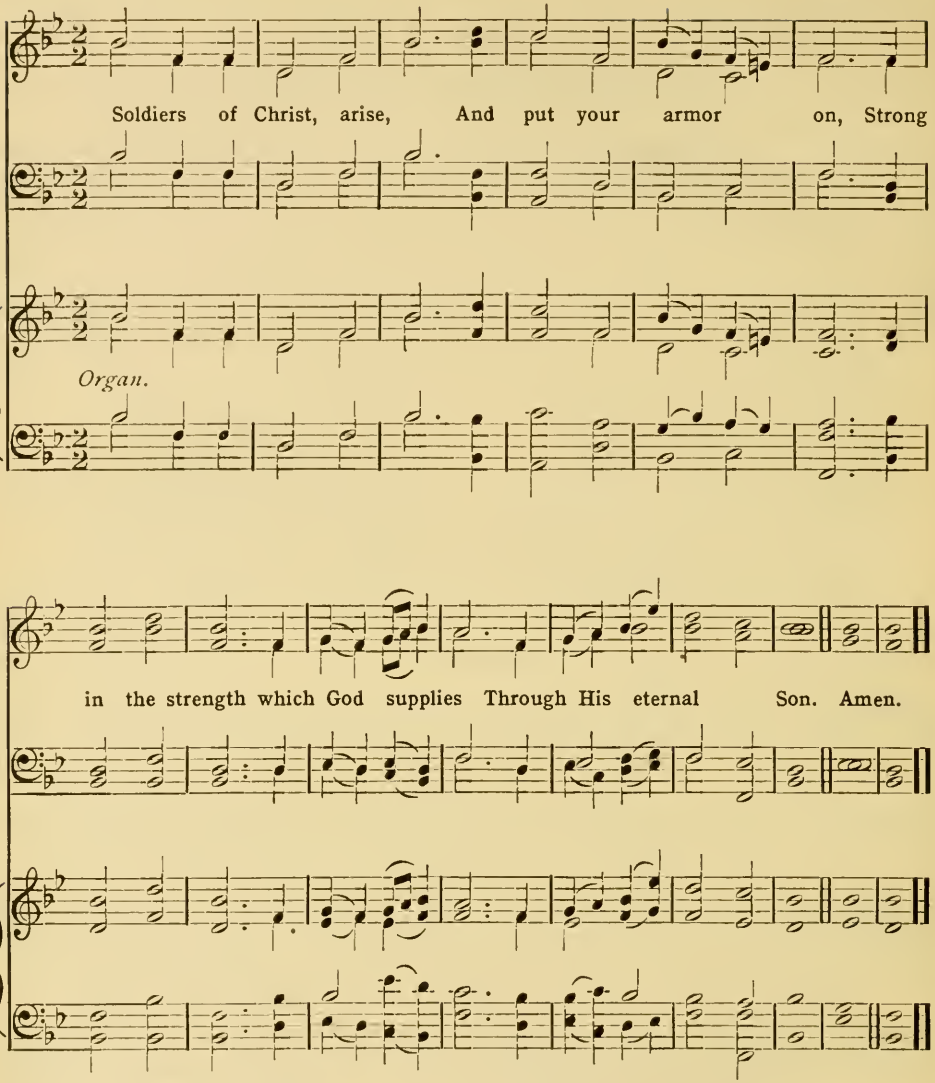
4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all the armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS

282 S. M. SILVER STREET

I. Smith



2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley

MARYTON

283 L. M.

H. P. Smith

Go, labor on,—spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;

Organ.

It is the way the Master went, Should not the servant tread it still? Amen.

2 Go, labor on,—'tis not for naught,
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on,—while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,—
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice,
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

Horatius Bonar

AURELIA

284 7, 6, 7, 6. D. S. S. Wesley

To be sung in unison.

The church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord;

She is His new creation By water and the word.

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His holy bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. Amen.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

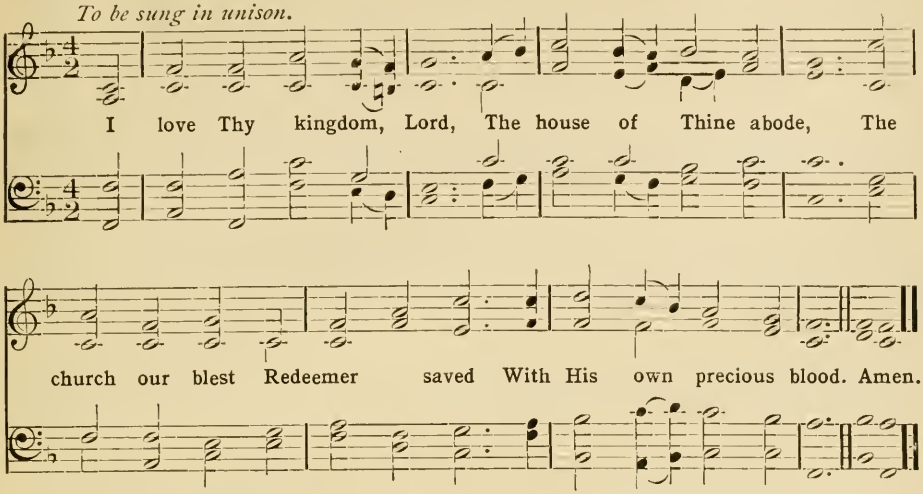
4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones-and holy,—
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone

ST. THOMAS

285 S. M. *(First Tune)* A. WILLIAMS

To be sung in unison.



2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe;
Let every joy this heart forsake.
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

286 S. M. *(Tune, St. Thomas)*

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench that sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

HENRY D. JOHNS

HAYDN

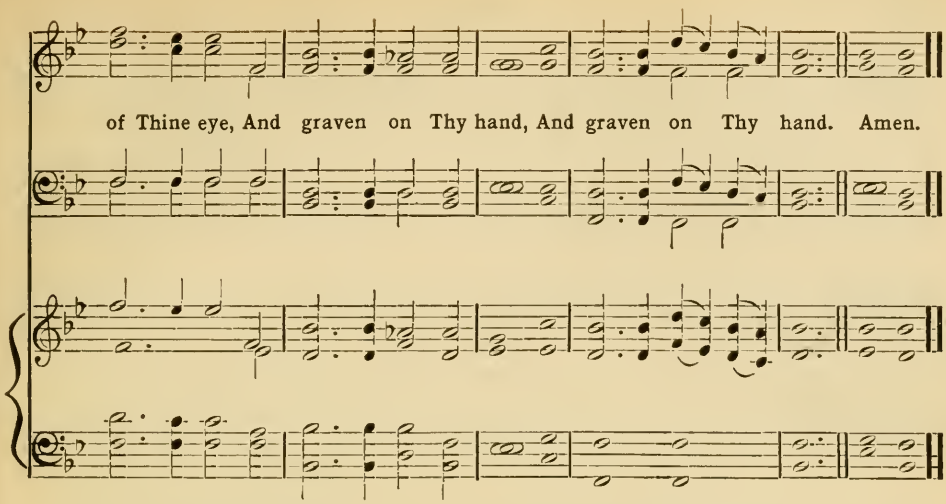
285 S. M. D. *(Second Tune)* MICHAEL HAYDN

I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The

Organ.

church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy

church, O God; Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple



2 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
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And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

286 S. M. D. *(Tune, Haydn)*

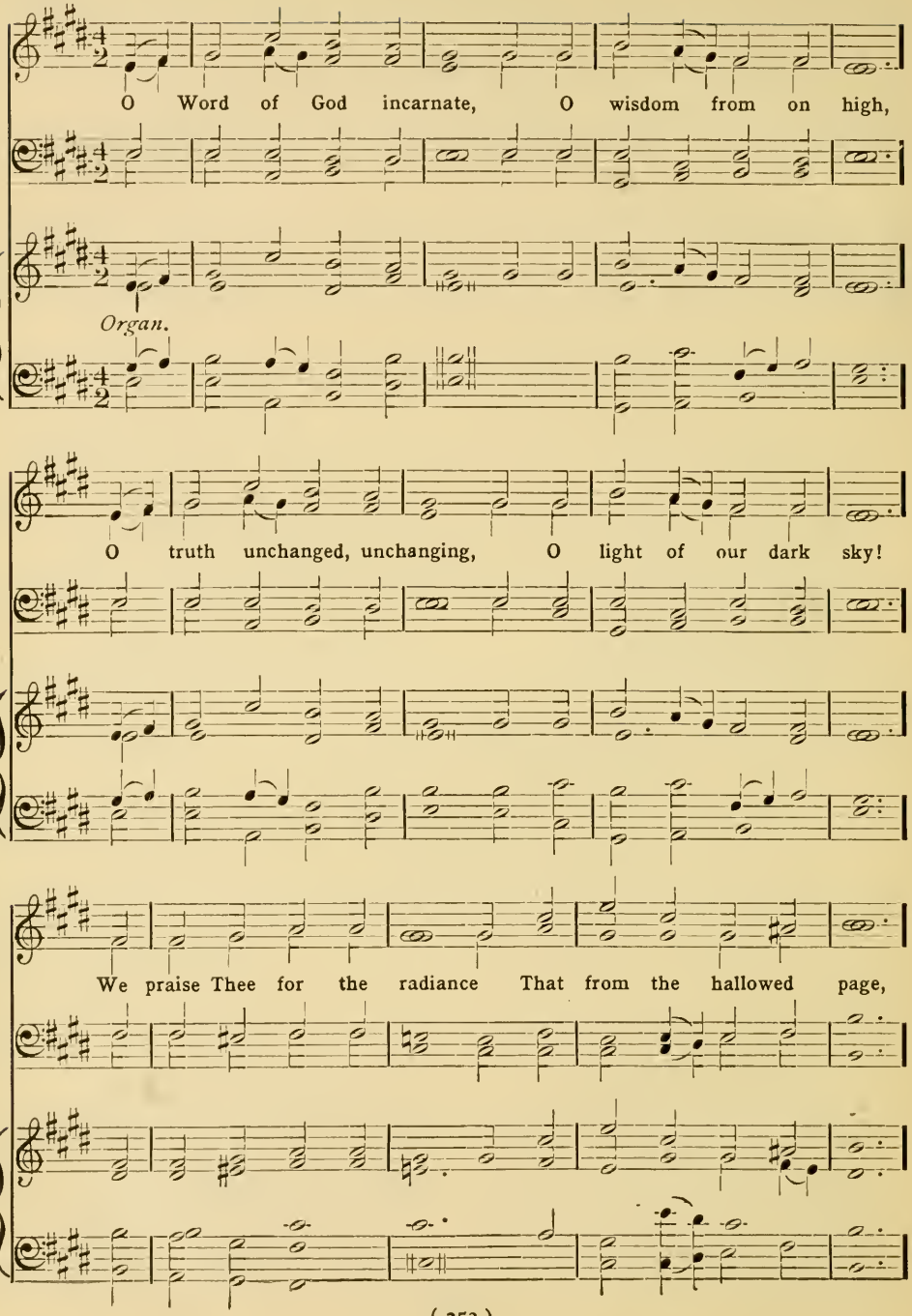
1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

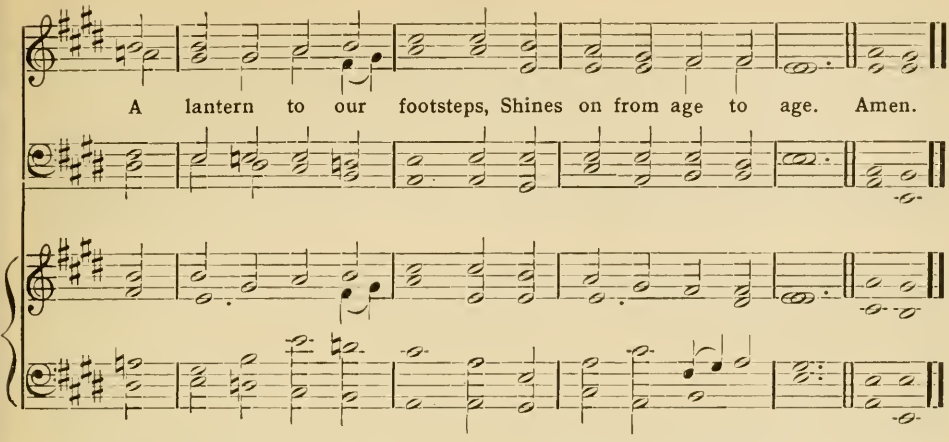
2 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

HENRY D. JOHNS

287 MUNICH

7, 6, 7, 6. D. German





2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

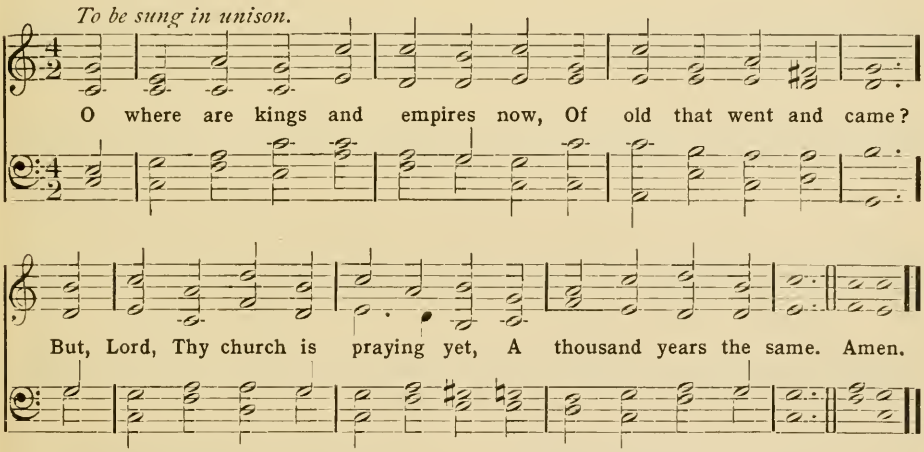
3 O make Thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burning gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face,

WILLIAM W. HOW

288 C. M. ST. ANN'S

W. CROFT

To be sung in unison.



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

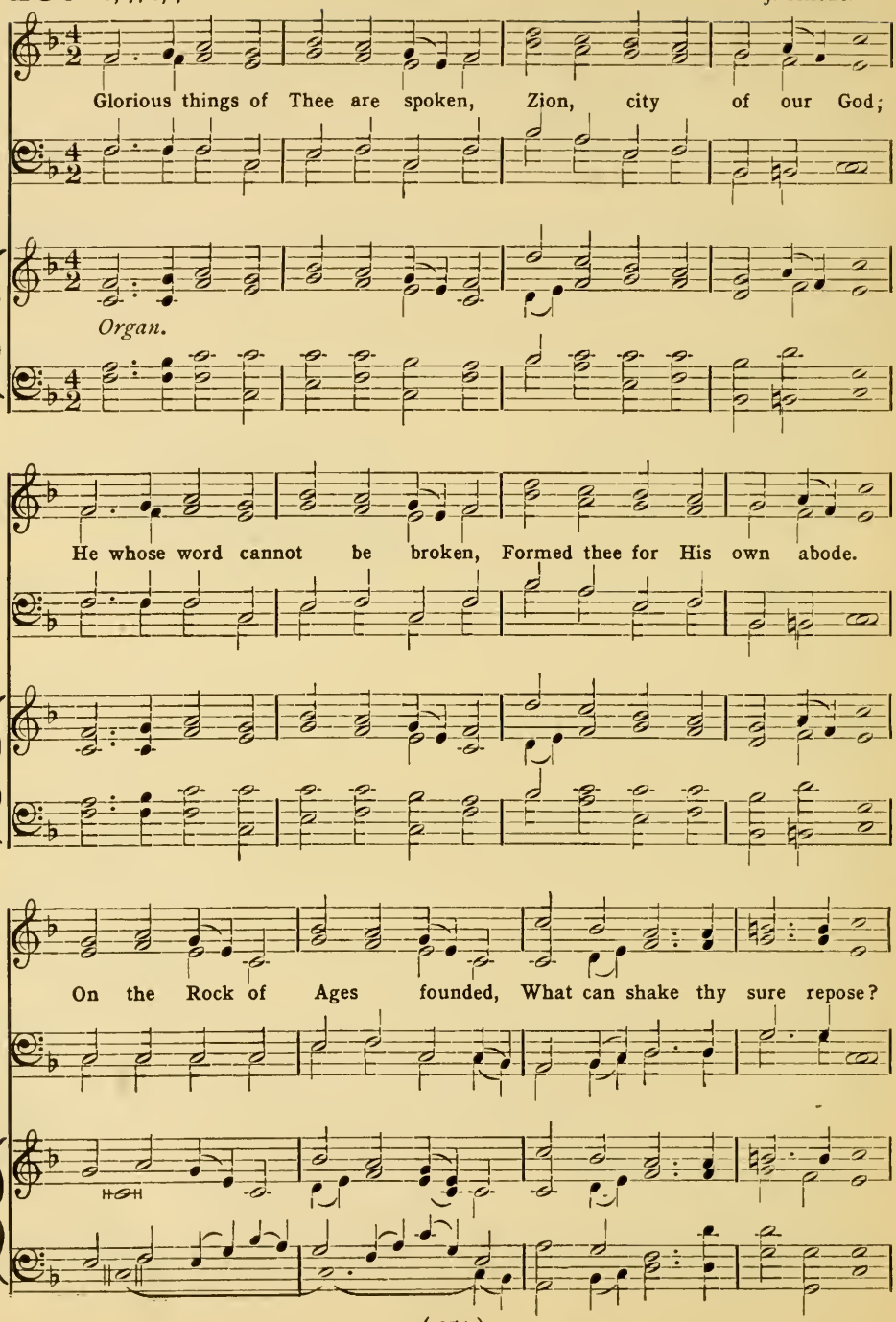
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

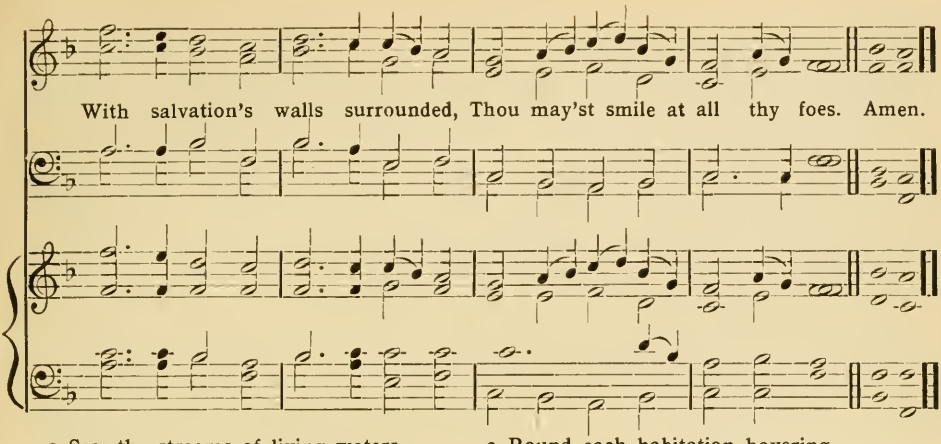
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

289 AUSTRIA

8, 7, 8, 7. D. J. HAYDN





2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

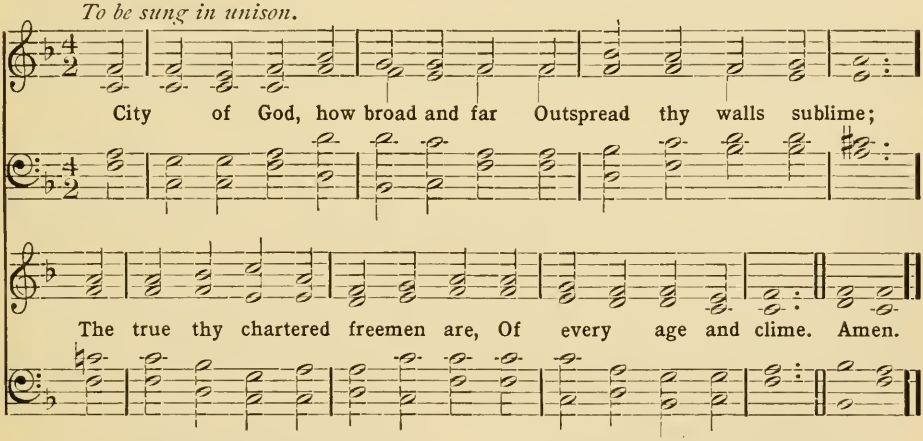
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

J. NEWTON

290 C. M. ST. FLAVIAN

JOHN DAY'S PSALTER

To be sung in unison.



2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown,
Of freedom, love, and truth.

4 How gleam thy watch-fires thro' the night
With never-fainting ray;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

5 In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon th' eternal Rock
Th' eternal city stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

291 AURELIA

7, 6, 7, 6. D. S. S. Wesley

To be sung in unison.

O bread to pilgrims given, O food that angels eat,

O manna sent from heaven, For heaven-born natures meet,

Give us, for Thee long pining, To eat till richly filled;

Till, earth's delights resigning, Our ev'ry wish is stilled. Amen.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art.
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

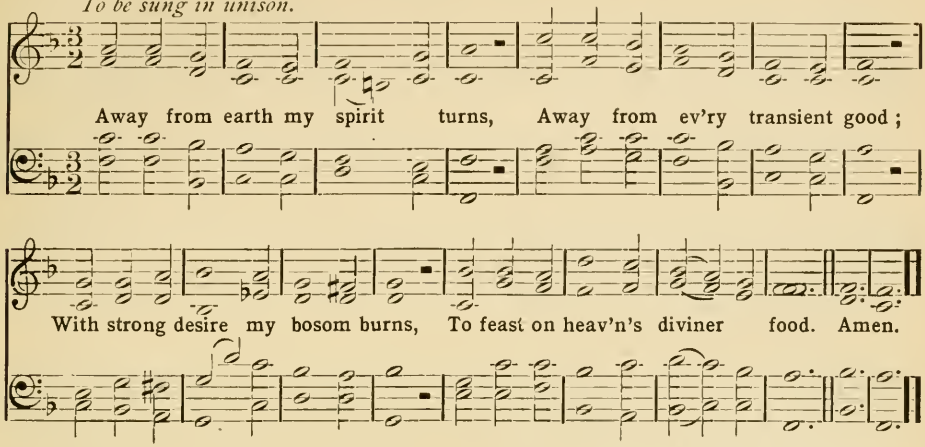
3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing
We take and doubt no more.
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Latin Hymn, 14th Century
Tr. Ray Palmer

292 L. M. GRACE CHURCH

I. J. Pleyel

To be sung in unison.



2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By Thee sustained and cheered and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold and save and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

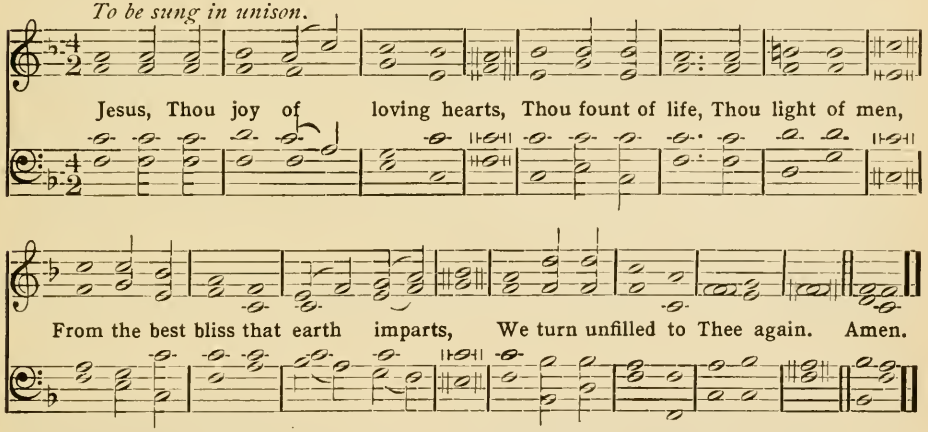
4 Then let me take Thy gracious hand,
And walk beside Thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer

293 L. M. FEDERAL STREET

H. K. Oliver

To be sung in unison.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

St. Bernard. Tr. Ray Palmer

294 C. M. D. ALL SAINTS

H. S. CUTLER

Let saints below in concert sing With those to glory gone;

Organ.

For all the servants of our King In earth and heav'n are one.

One family we dwell in Him, One church, above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death. Amen.

2 One army of the living God,
To His commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

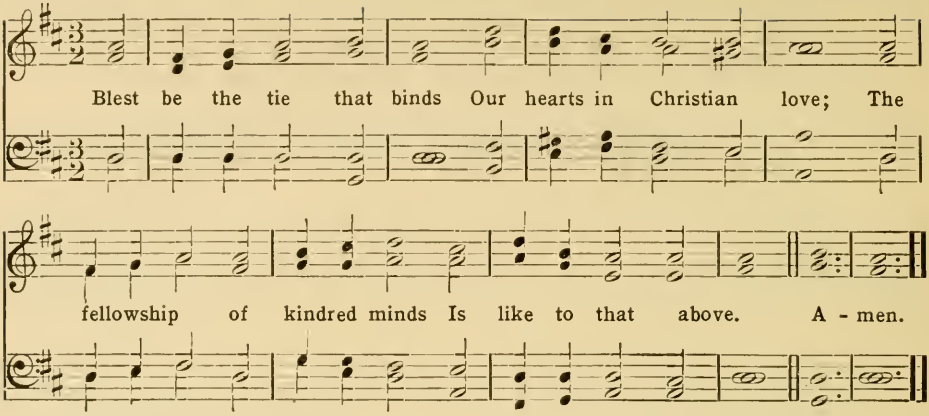
3 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before
And greet the ransomed blesséd bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus, be our constant guide,
And when the word is given
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

295 S. M.

BOYLSTON

L. Mason



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

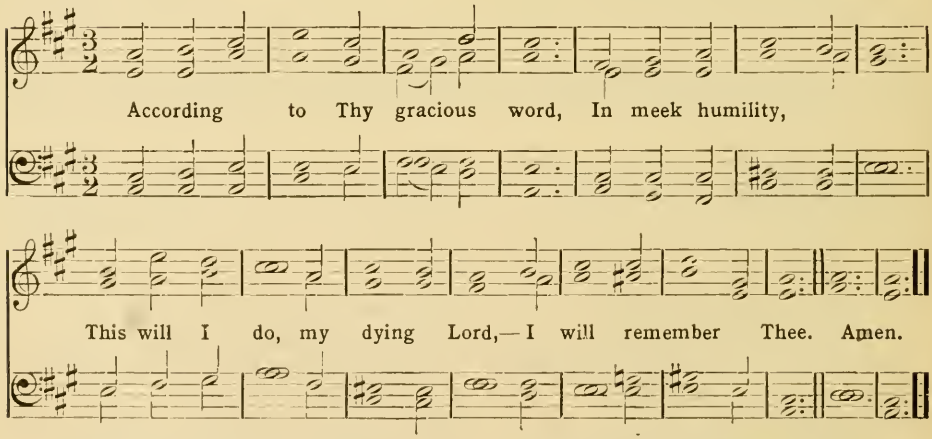
6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett

296 C. M.

BEATITUDO

J. B. Dykes



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be·
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eye,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;—

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

297 C. M. *(Tune, Beatitudo)*

1 If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,—
Who bore our guilt and wo?

3 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember Me."

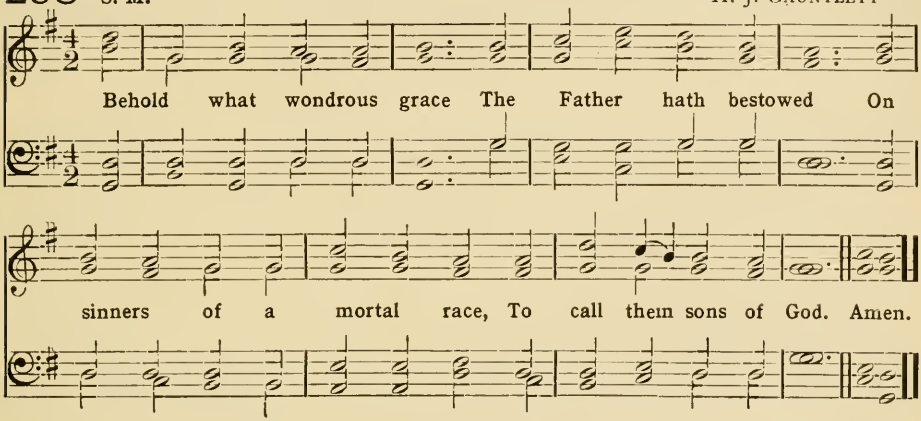
4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share?
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

GERALD THOMAS NOEL

NEWLAND

298 S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

ISAAC WATTS

299 S. M. *(Tune, Newland)*

1 Our Heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons every day,—
Almighty to protect our souls
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are;
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood.

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care,—
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

300 JESU, MAGISTER BONE

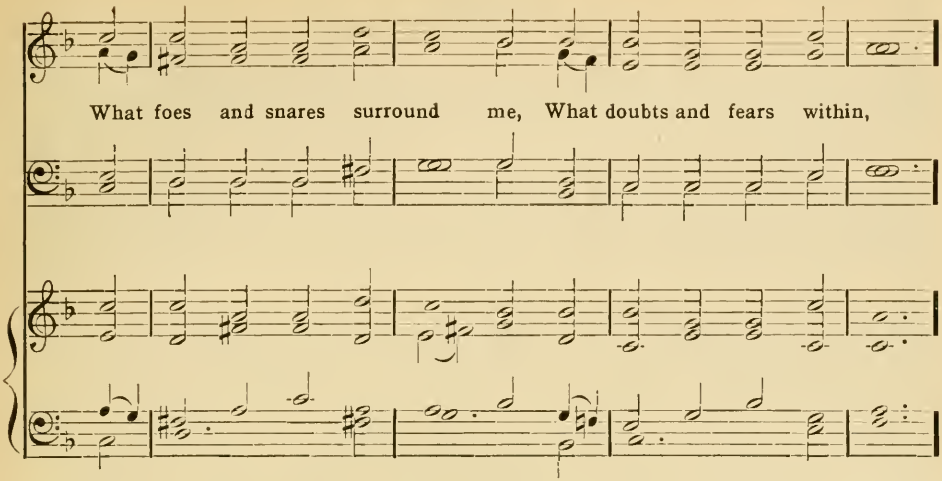
7, 6, 7, 6. D.

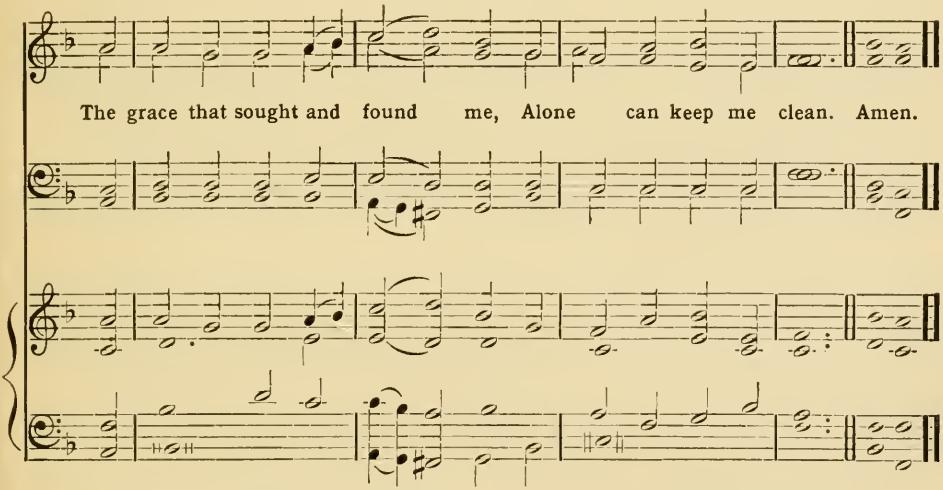
J. B. Dykes

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side;

Organ.

'Tis only there in safety And peace I can abide.





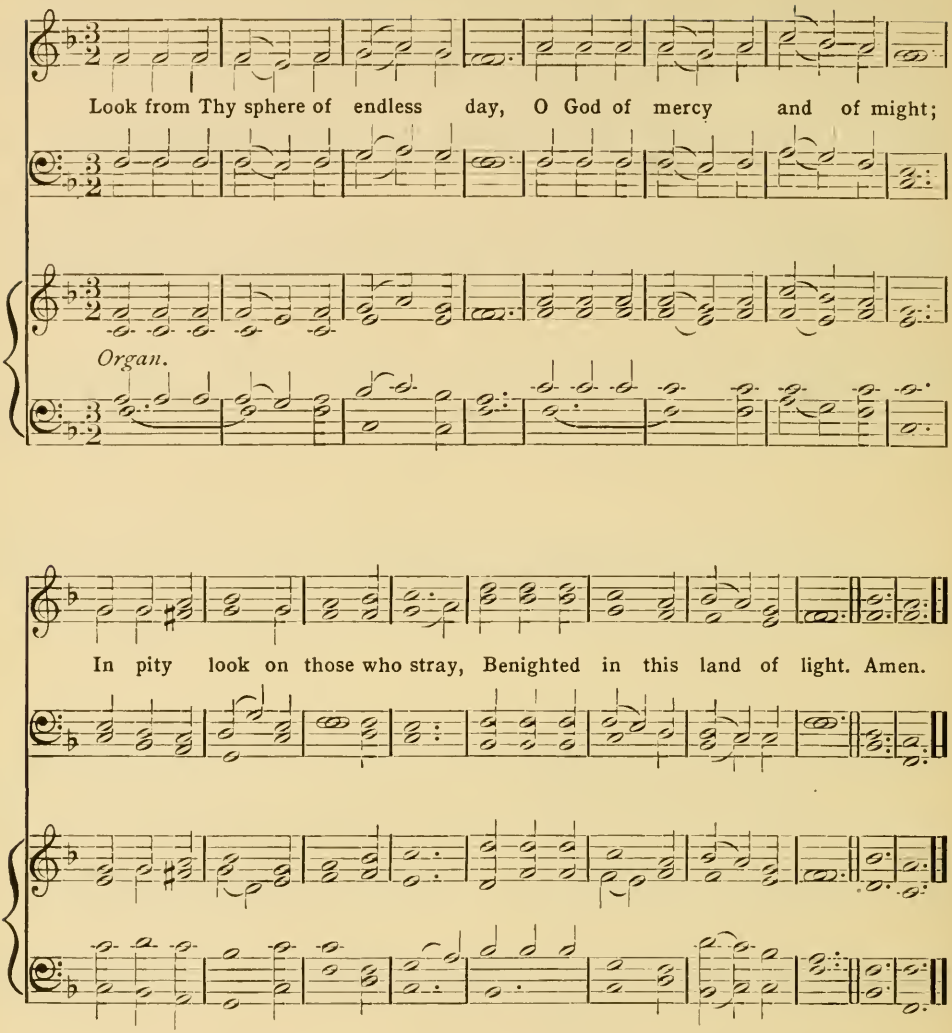
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I know my life secure,
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

JAMES GEORGE DECK

301 L. M. HURSLEY

P. RITTER



2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak, -
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes,—a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,—
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT

302 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

Eight 7s. G. J. Elvey

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.

Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory - beaming star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fortell?

Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel. Amen.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

John Bowring

303 L. M. MELCOMBE

S. WEBBE

O Spirit of the living God, In all Thy plenitude of grace, Where-

Organ.

e'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race. Amen.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round world her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptise the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

DUKE STREET

304 L. M. *(First Tune)* J. HATTON

To be sung in unison.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

MISSIONARY CHANT

304 L. M. *(Second Tune)* H. C. ZEUNER

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

FRANCONIA

305 S. M. J. G. Ebeling

To be sung in unison.

O Lord our God, arise, The cause of truth maintain; And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessèd reign. Amen.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations rise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

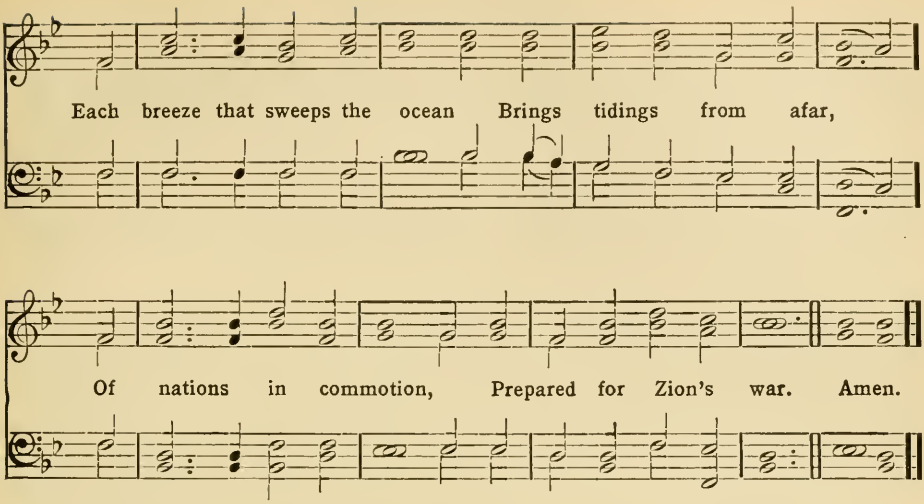
Ralph Wardlaw

WEBB

306 7, 6, 7, 6. D. G. J. Webb

The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears;

The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay;—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,—
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL F. SMITH

307 L. M. *(Tune, Webb)*

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him
His praise all people sing.
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

MISSIONARY HYMN

308 7, 6, 7, 6. D. L. Mason

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain. Amen.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases.
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber

309 L. M. WALTHAM

J. B. CALKIN

Fling out the banner,— let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

Organ.

The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died. Amen.

2 Fling out the banner,—angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.

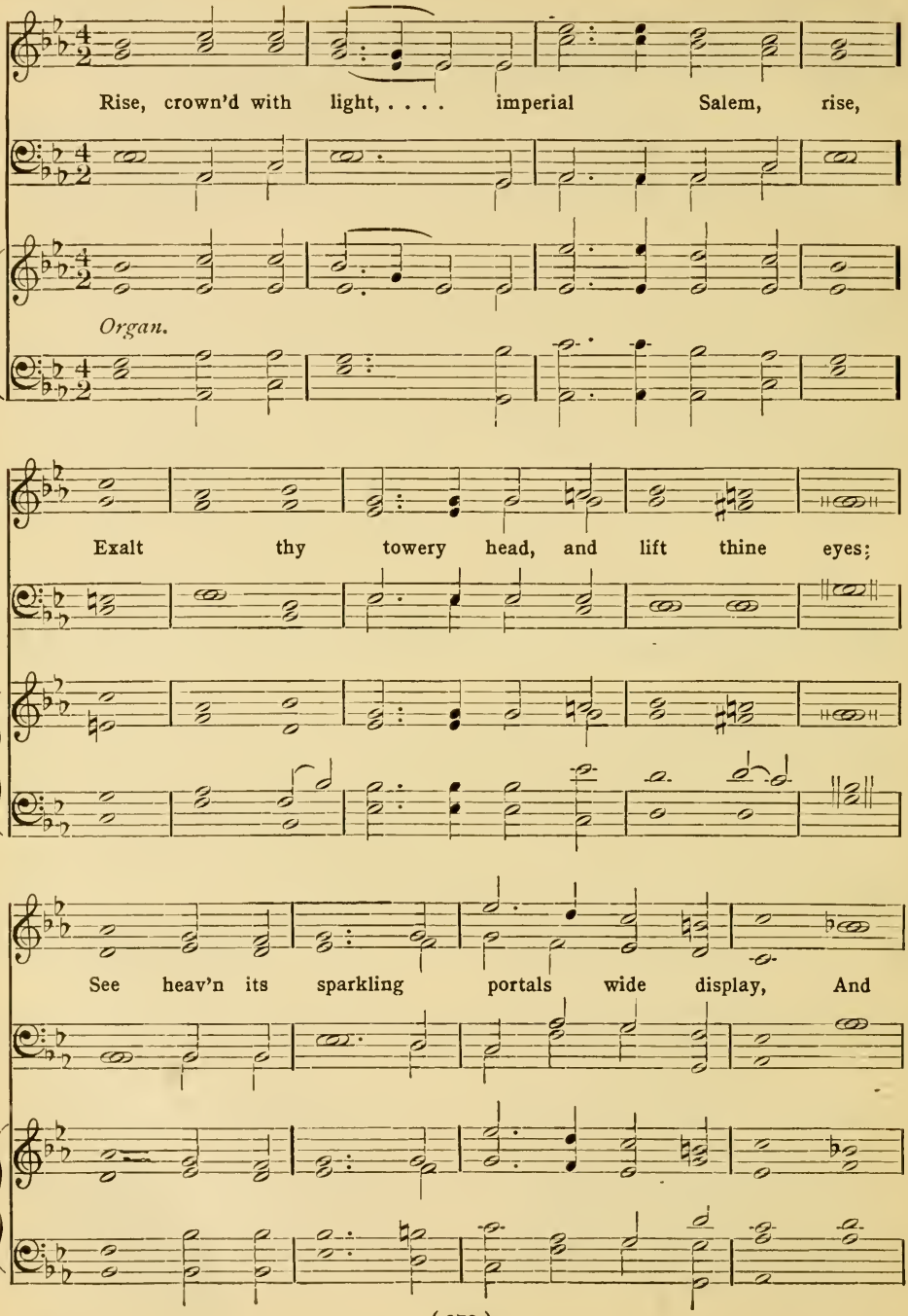
3 Fling out the banner,—heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

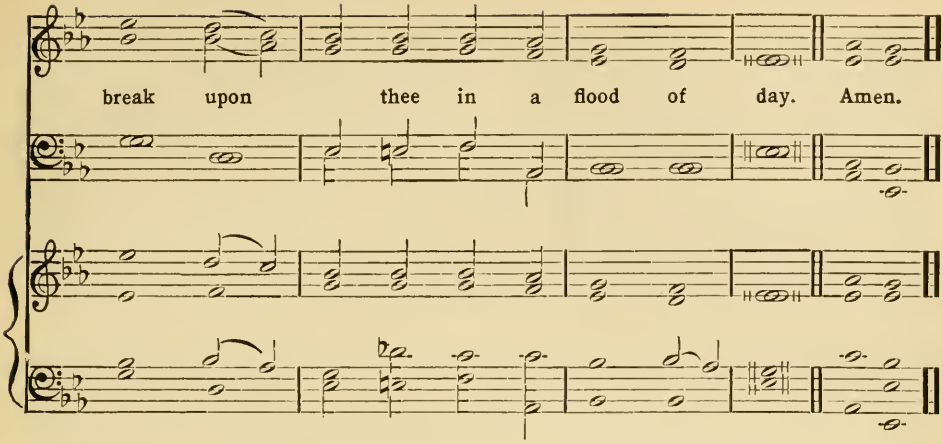
4 Fling out the banner,—let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the crucified.

GEORGE W. DOANE

RUSSIAN HYMN

310 Four 10s. A. F. Von Lwoff





2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

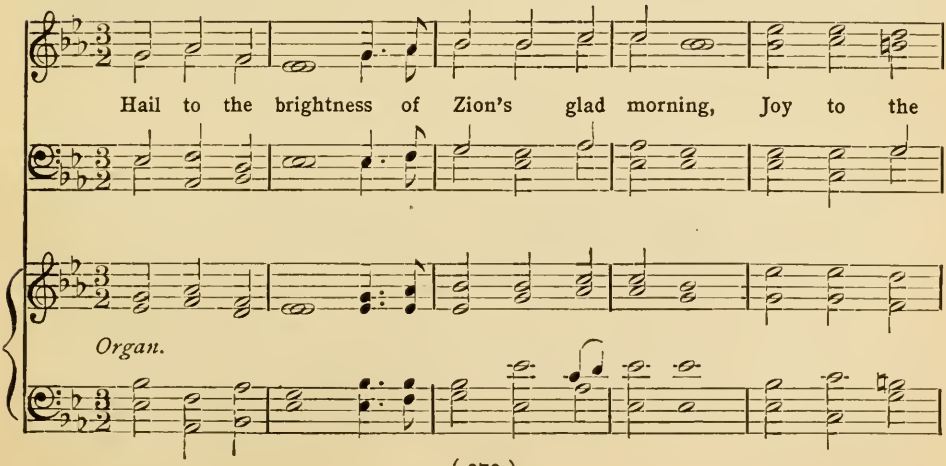
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

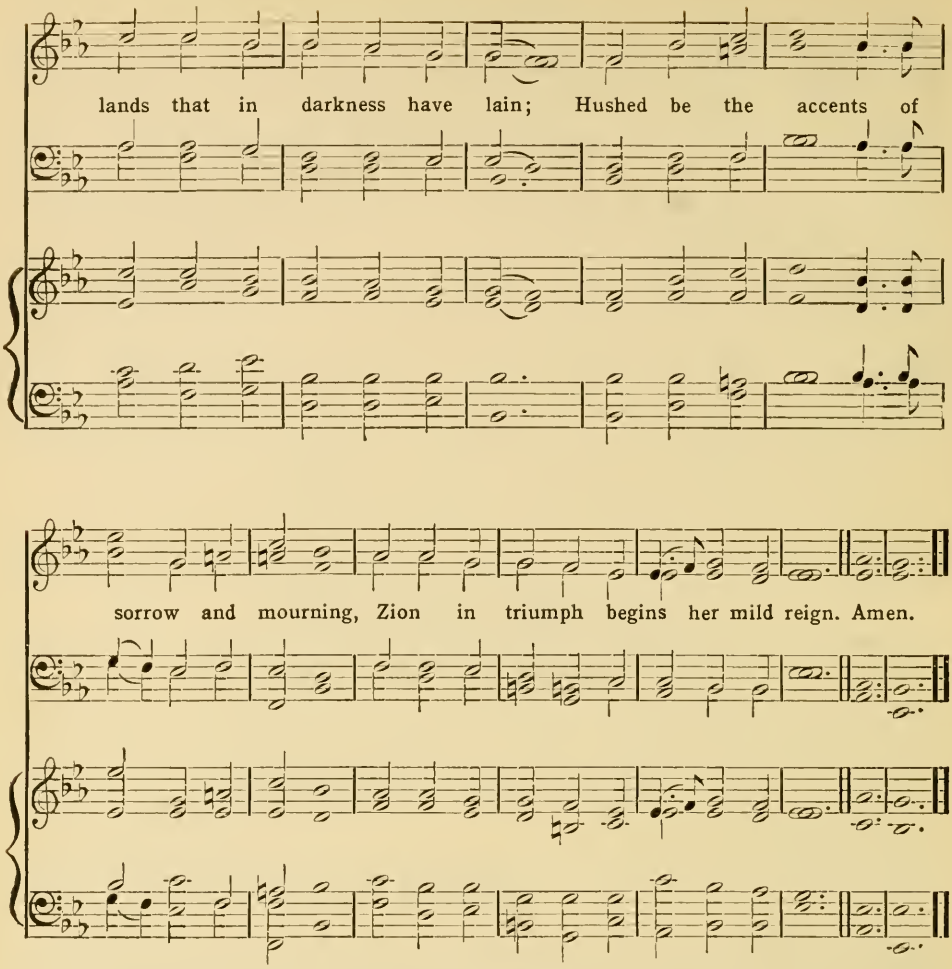
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

ALEXANDER POPE

WEBBE

311 11, 10, 11, 10. S. WEBBE.





2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,—
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

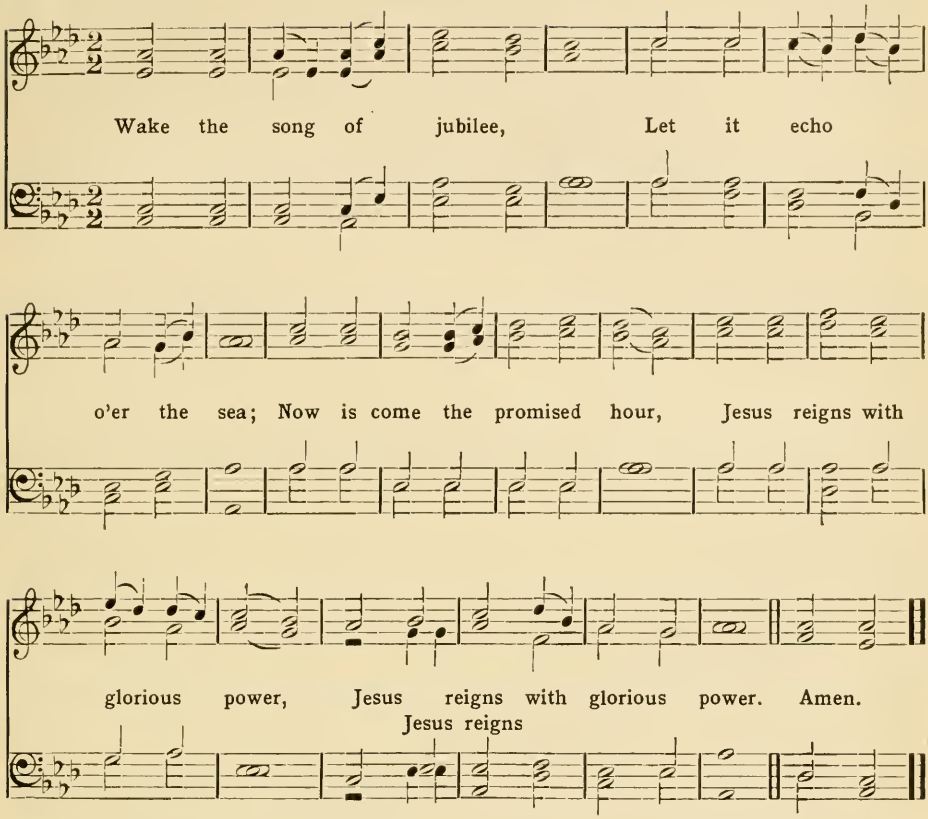
4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THOMAS HASTINGS

312 Four 7s.

HENDON

C. MALAN



2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns for evermore."

3 Hark, the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy, the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings."

LEONARD BACON

313 Four 7s. *(Tune, Hendon)*

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel-call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumult cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name:
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER

314 L. M. ZEPHYR

W. B. BRADBURY

How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a weary soul to rest; How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves th' ex - piring breast. Amen.

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

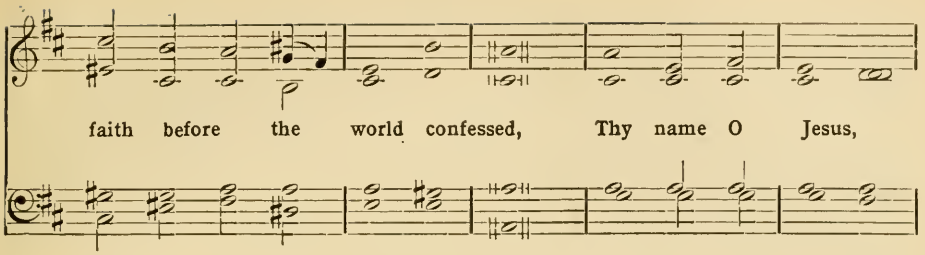
ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

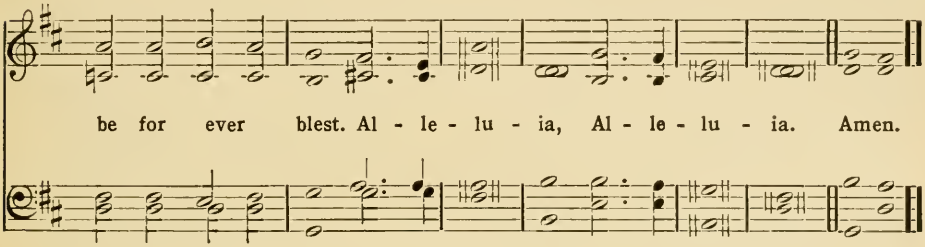
315 10, 10, 10, 4. SARUM

J. BARNBY

To be sung in unison.

For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by





2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear, the one true light. Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine,
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array,
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia.

W. W. How

ALFORD

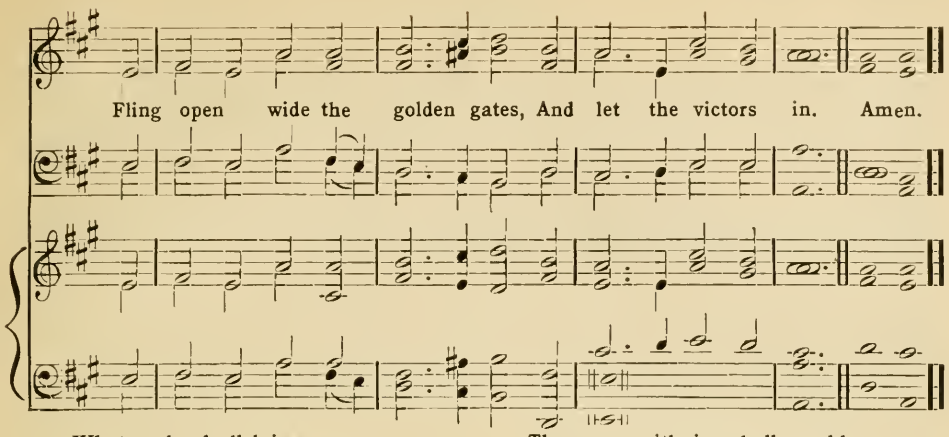
316 7, 6, 8, 6. D. J. B. Dykes

Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright,

Organ.

The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light;

'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin;



2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky,
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh;
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more;
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

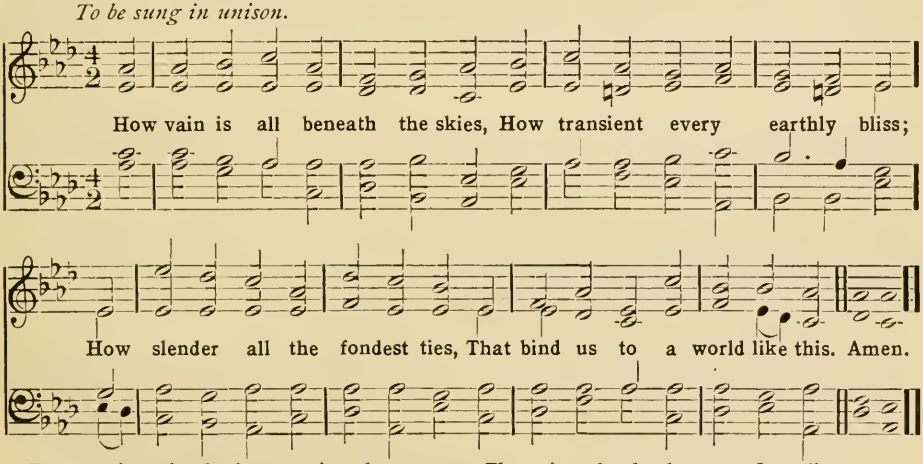
4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home,—
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HENRY ALFORD

ELY

317 L. M. T. TURTON

To be sung in unison.



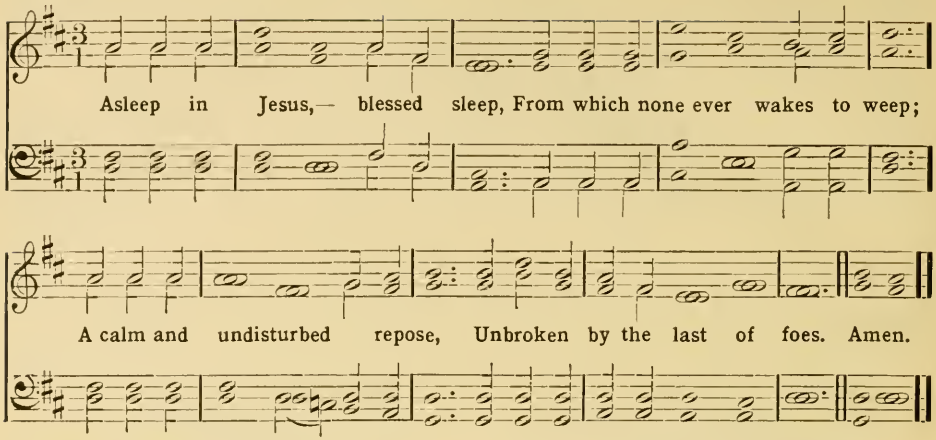
2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die
And all beneath the sky is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

REST

318 L. M. W. B. BRADBURY



2 Asleep in Jesus,—O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus,—peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

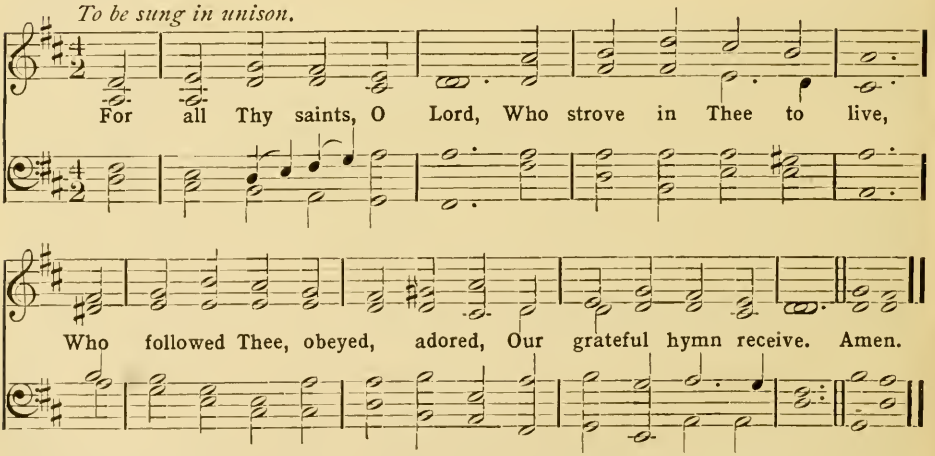
4 Asleep in Jesus,—O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

MARGARET MACKAY

POTSDAM

319 S. M. J. S. BACH

To be sung in unison.



2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name to bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

RICHARD MANT

320 SALZBURG

Eight 7s. J. ROSENMÜLLER

To be sung in unison.

What are these in bright array,— This innumerable throng,

Round the altar, night and day, Hymning one triumphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power,

Wisdom, riches, to obtain, New dominion every hour." Amen.

2 These through fiery trials trod,—
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

321 THE HOMELAND

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

A. SULLIVAN

For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep.

O one, O only mansion, O paradise of joy,

Where tears are ever banished And smiles have no alloy. Amen.

2 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE

EWING

322 7, 6, 7, 6. D. A. Ewing

To be sung in unison.

Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest,

Beneath Thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, O, I know not What joys await us there;

What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare. Amen.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. John Mason Neale

323 RUTHERFORD

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5.

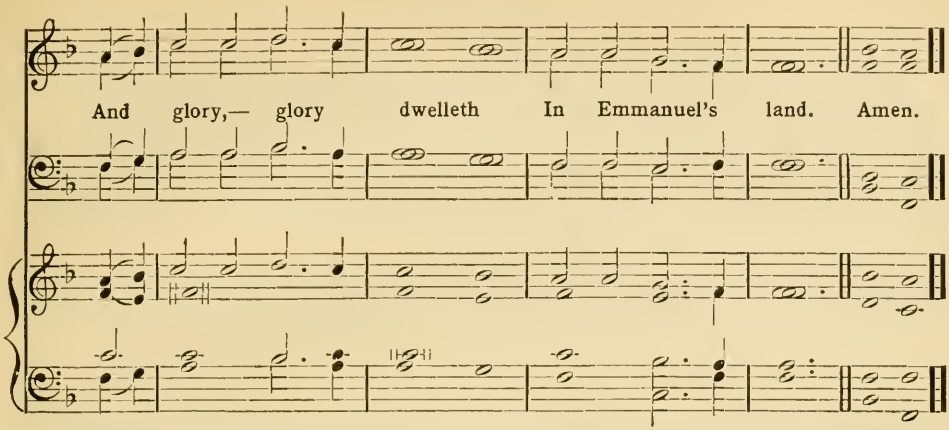
C. D'URBAN

The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heavén breaks;

Organ.

The summer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awakes.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand,



2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory,—glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

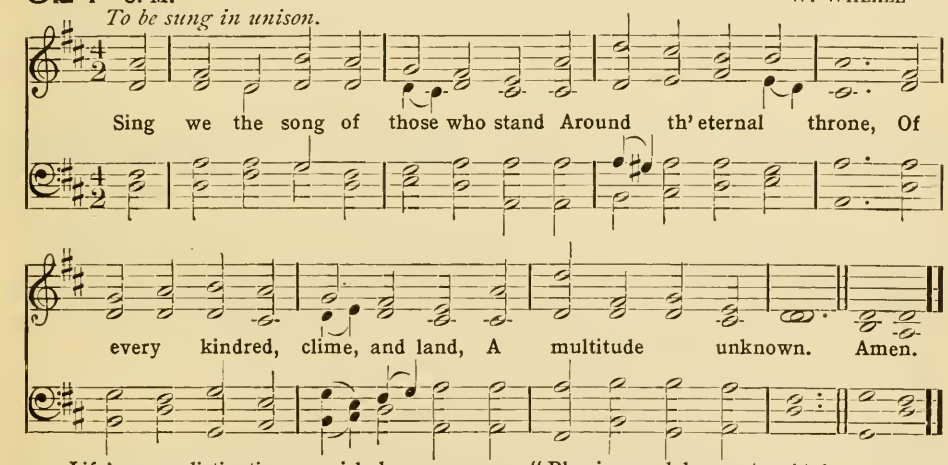
3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land.

ANNE R. COUSIN

BEDFORD

324 C. M. W. WHEALL

To be sung in unison.



2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here,
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock, appear
One shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church-triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."

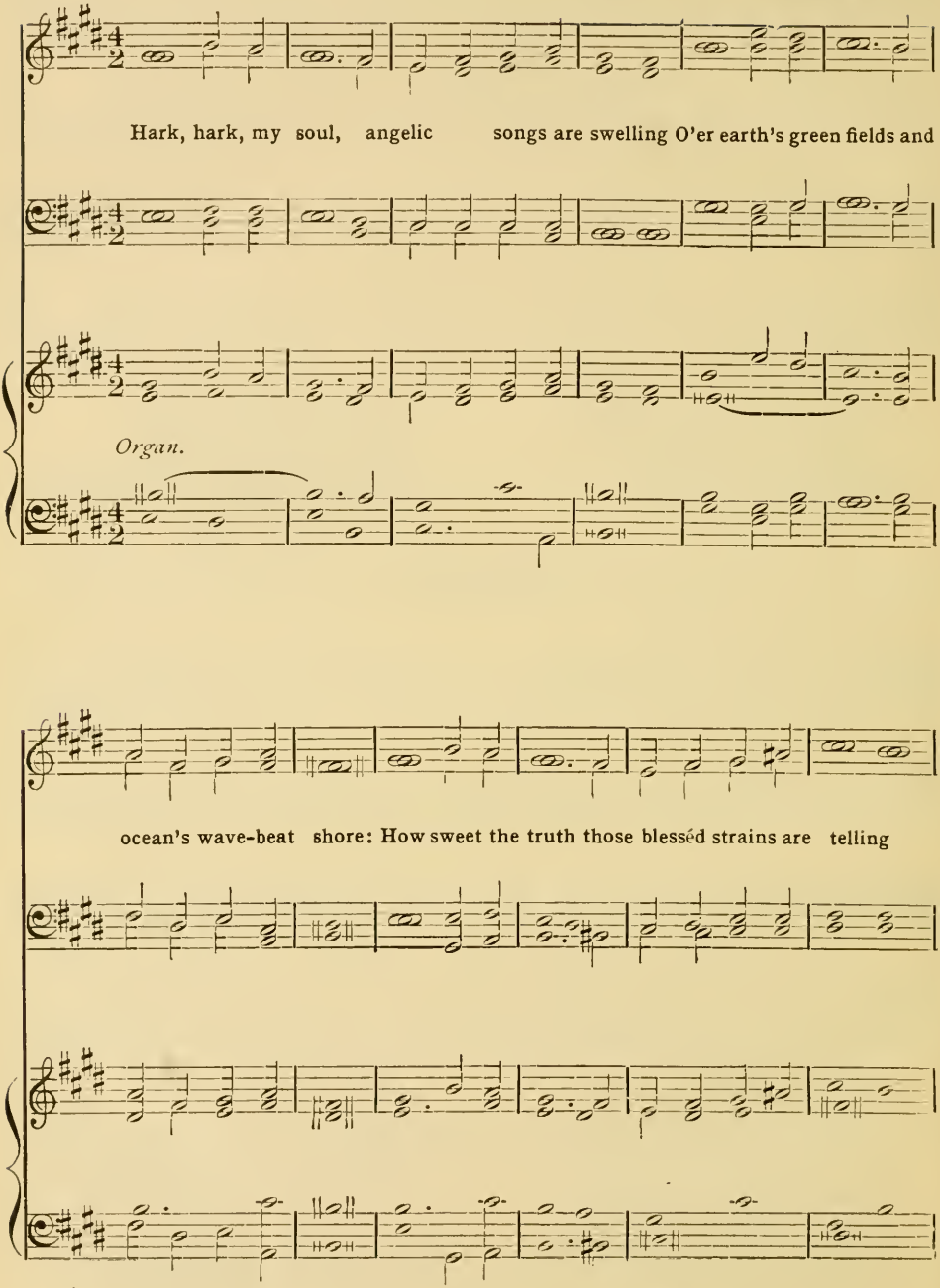
5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

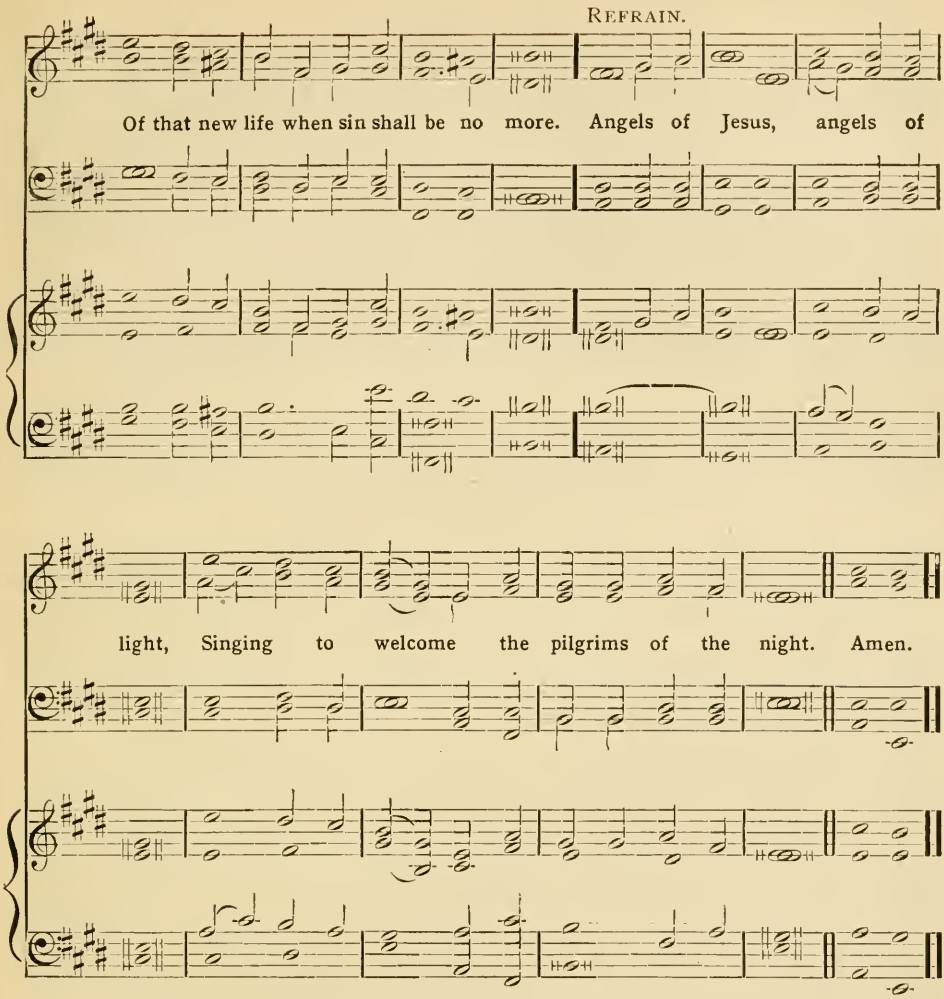
6 Then hallelujah, power, and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

PILGRIMS

325 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11. *(First Tune)* H. SMART





2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in endless love.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

VOX ANGELICA

325 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11. *(Second Tune)* J. B. DYKES

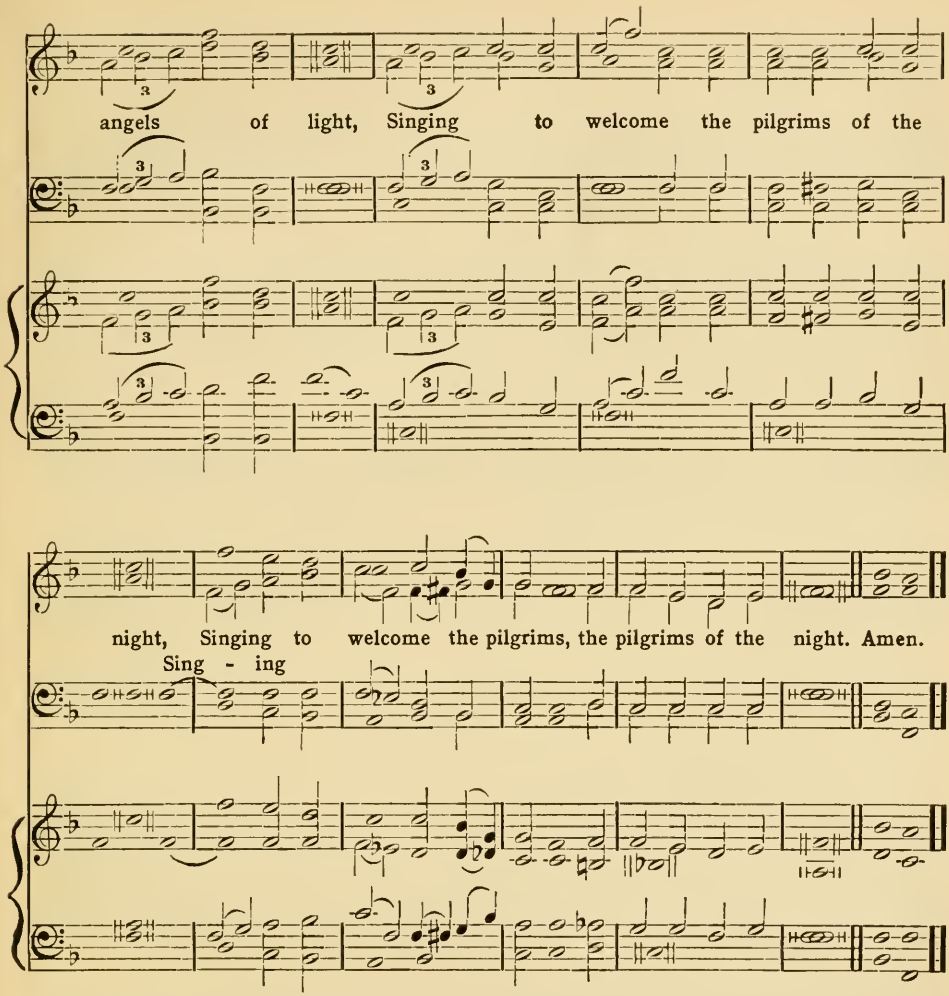
Hark, hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and

Organ.

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels of Jesus,



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Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

FREDERICK W. FABER

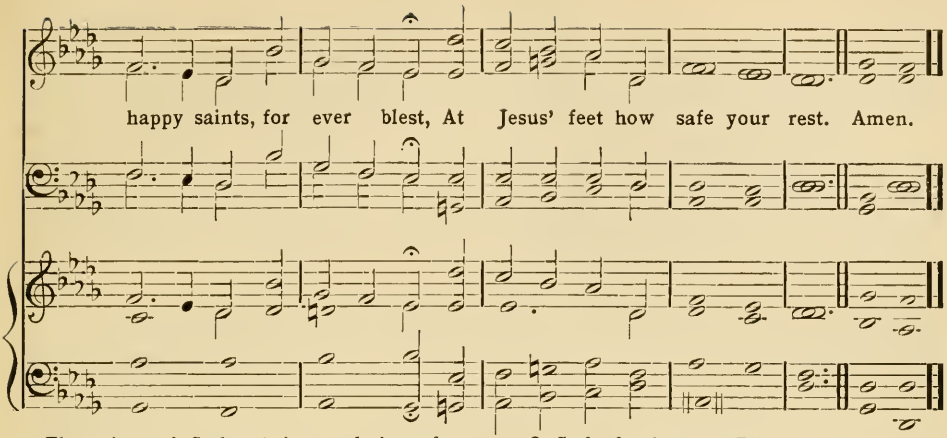
326 Six 8s. REST

J. STAINER

The saints of God,—their conflict past And life's long battle won at last, No

Organ.

more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down before their Lord; O



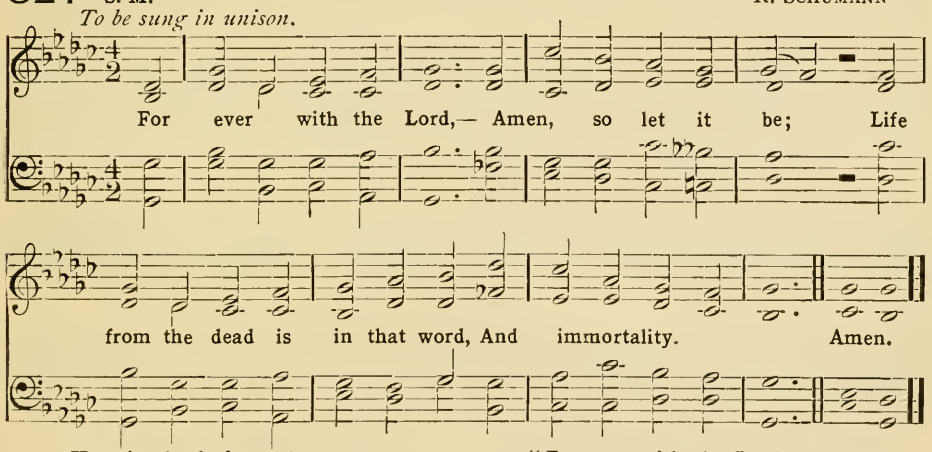
2 The saints of God,—their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall;
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest.

3 O God of saints, to Thee we cry,
O Saviour, plead for us on high,
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

SCHUMANN

327 S. M. R. SCHUMANN

To be sung in unison.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "For ever with the Lord,"—
Saviour, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.

7 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"For ever with the Lord."

JAMES MONTGOMERY

328 C. M. CHESTNUT RIDGE

W. H. WALTER

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;

Organ.

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. Amen.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS

329 C. M. *(Tune, Chestnut Ridge)*

1 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim,
With one reviving touch of Thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

ANNE STEELE

CHRISTMAS

330 C. M.

G. F. HÄNDEL

To be sung in unison.

Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil and see The saints above,— how great their joys, How bright their glories be; How bright their glories be. Amen.

2 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

3 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS

331 C. M. D.

MATERNA

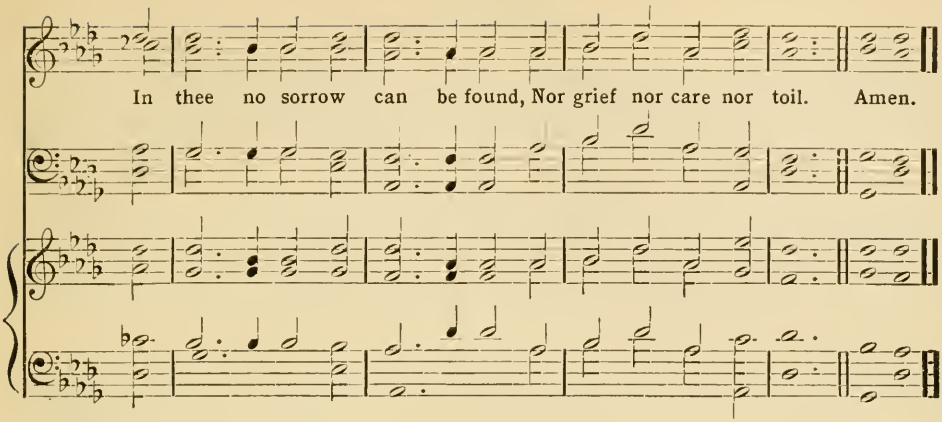
S. A. Ward

O mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?

Organ.

When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints, O sweet and pleasant soil,



2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see,—
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

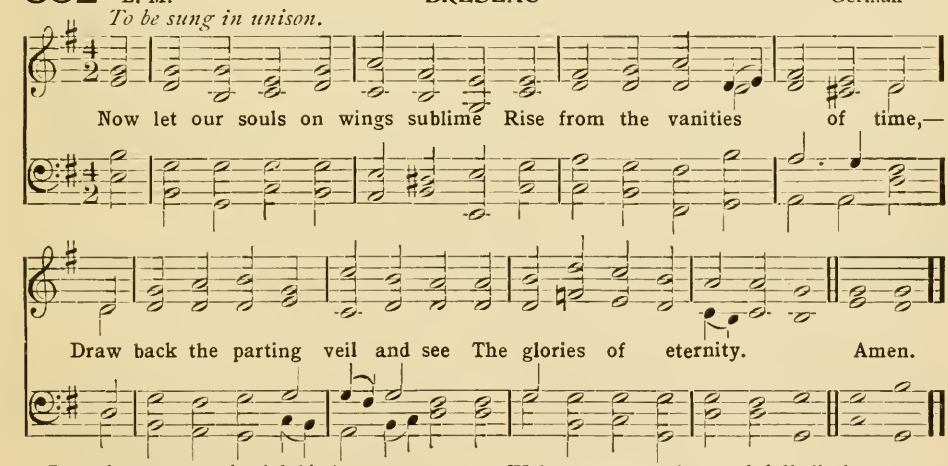
3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets with silver sound
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

D. Dickson

332 L. M. BRESLAU German

To be sung in unison.



2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

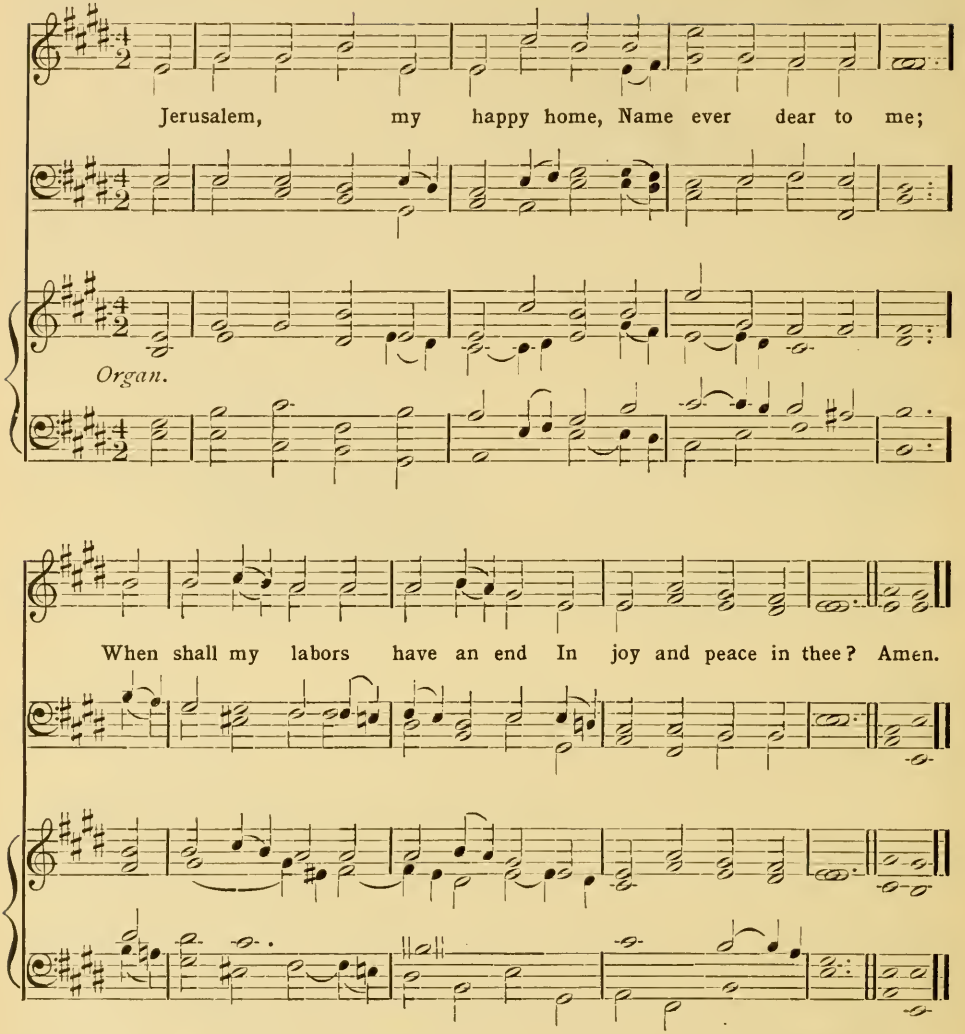
4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons

333 C. M. SOUTHWELL

H. S. Irons



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,—
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

PARADISE

334 8, 6, 8, 6. With Refrain. J. Barnby

To be sung in unison.

O Paradise, O Paradise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through In God's most holy sight. Amen.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

Frederick William Faber

ST. THOMAS

335 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. S. WEBBE

Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain,

Organ.

Thousand thousand saints attending Swell the triumph of His train;

Hallelujah, hallelujah, God appears, on earth to reign. Amen.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear,
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah,
See the day of God appear.

4 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

CHARLES WESLEY

DENNIS

336 S. M. J. G. NÄGELI

To be sung in unison.

It is not death to die, To leave this weary road, And, 'mid the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God. Amen.

2 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

CÆSAR MALAN

337 LUTHER'S HYMN

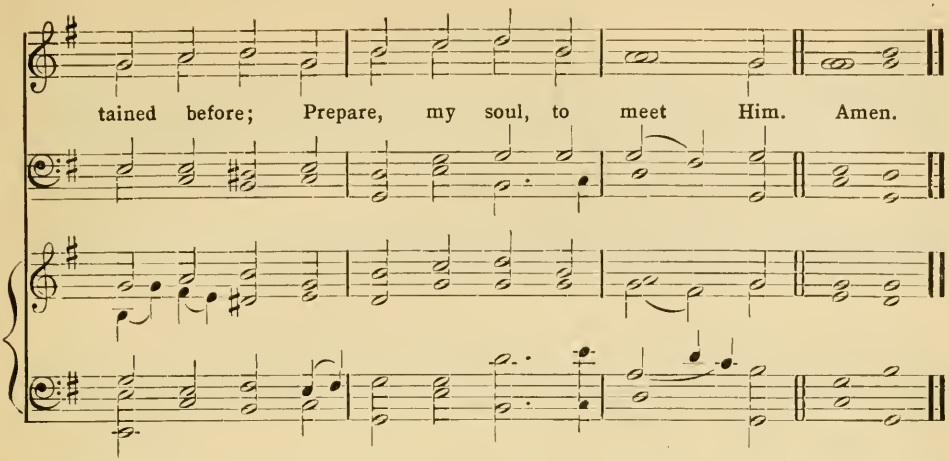
8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. J. KLUG'S Gesangbuch

Great God, what do I see and hear?—The end of things created;

Organ.

Behold the Judge of man appear, On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds,—the graves restore The dead which they con -



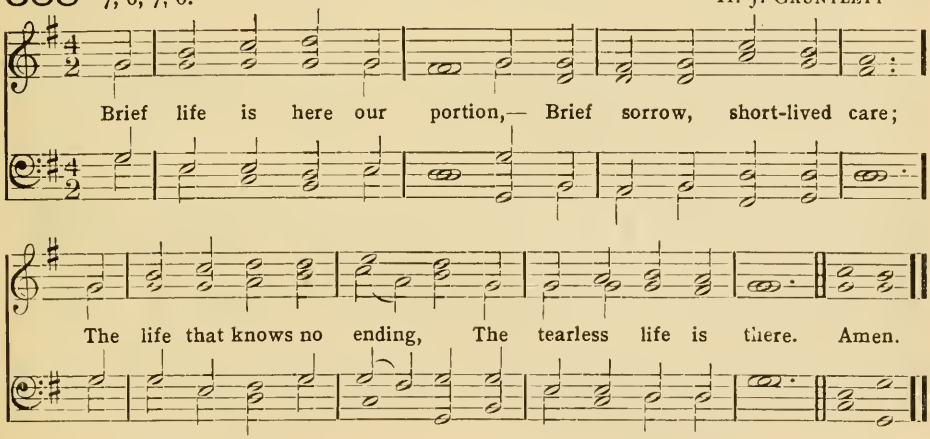
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
To greet the archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great God, what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created;
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER

ST. ALPHEGE

338 7, 6, 7, 6. H. J. GAUNTLETT



2 O happy retribution,—
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they who know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

5 The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day.

6 And God, our king and portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever
And worship face to face.

ST. BERNARD. Tr. J. M. NEALE

339 THE HOMELAND

7, 6, 7, 6. D.

A. SULLIVAN

The homeland, O the homeland, The land of souls free-born;

No gloomy night is known there, But aye the fadeless morn;

I'm sighing for that country, My heart is aching here,

There is no pain in the homeland, To which I'm drawing near. Amen.

2 My Lord is in the homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed,
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home;
O dear, dear native country,
O rest and peace above;
Christ bring us all to the homeland
Of His eternal love.

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS

340 C. M. NATIVITY

H. LAHEE

Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes, The

Organ.

earth and seas are past away, And the old rolling skies. Amen.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King;

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode,—
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God;

5 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die."

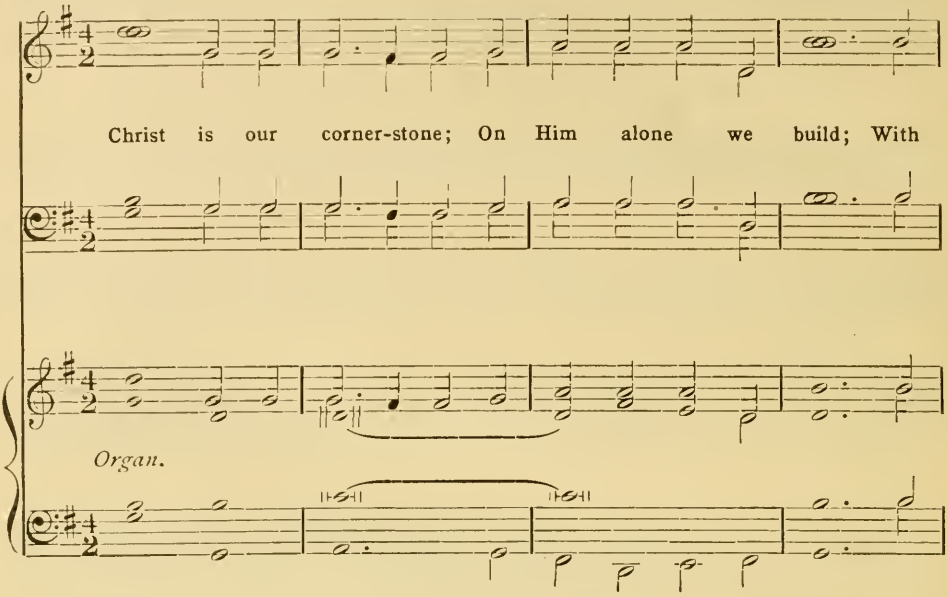
6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

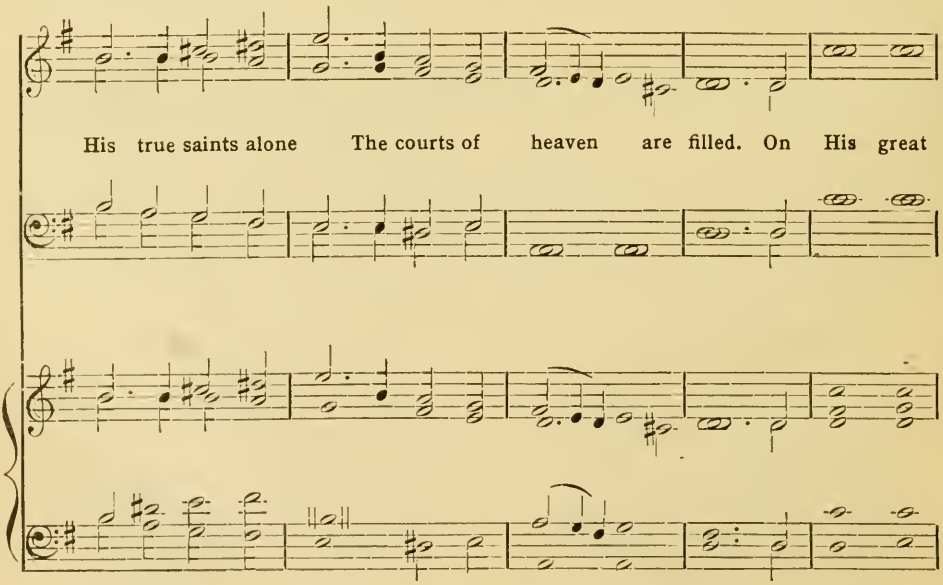
ISAAC WATTS

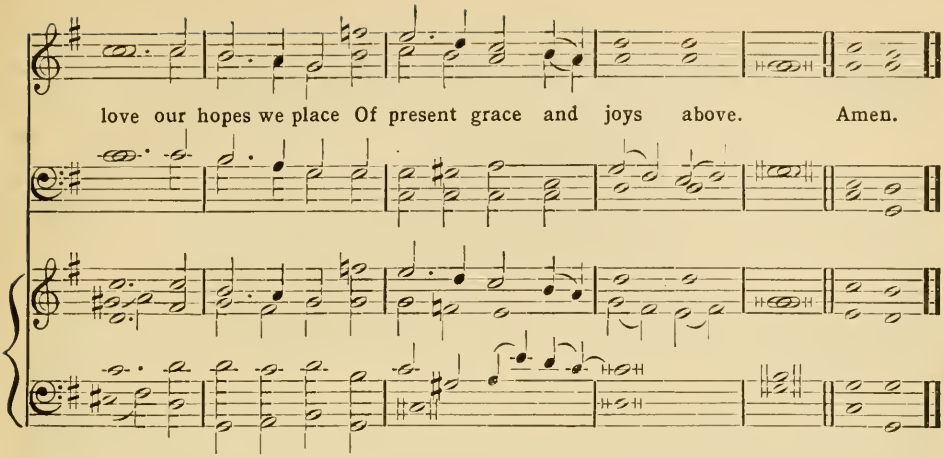
341 AUBURNDALE

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HORATIO PARKER







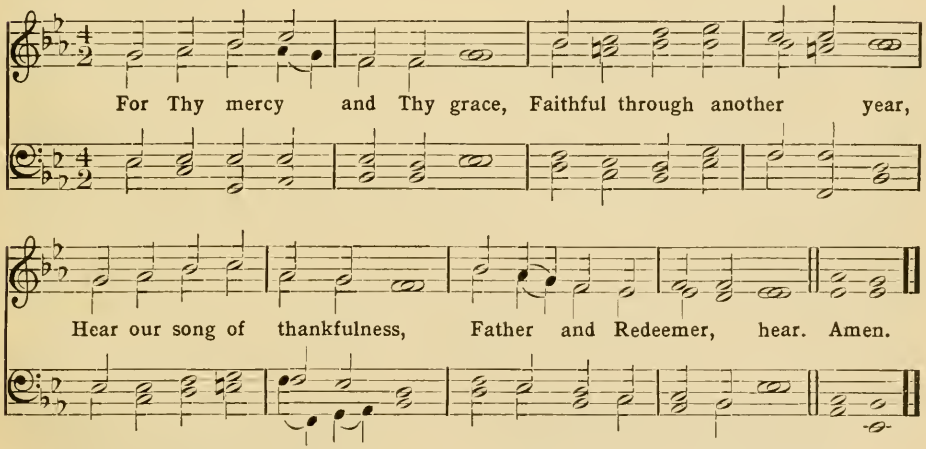
2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Tr. JOHN CHANDLER

GIBBONS

342 Four 7s. O. GIBBONS



2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

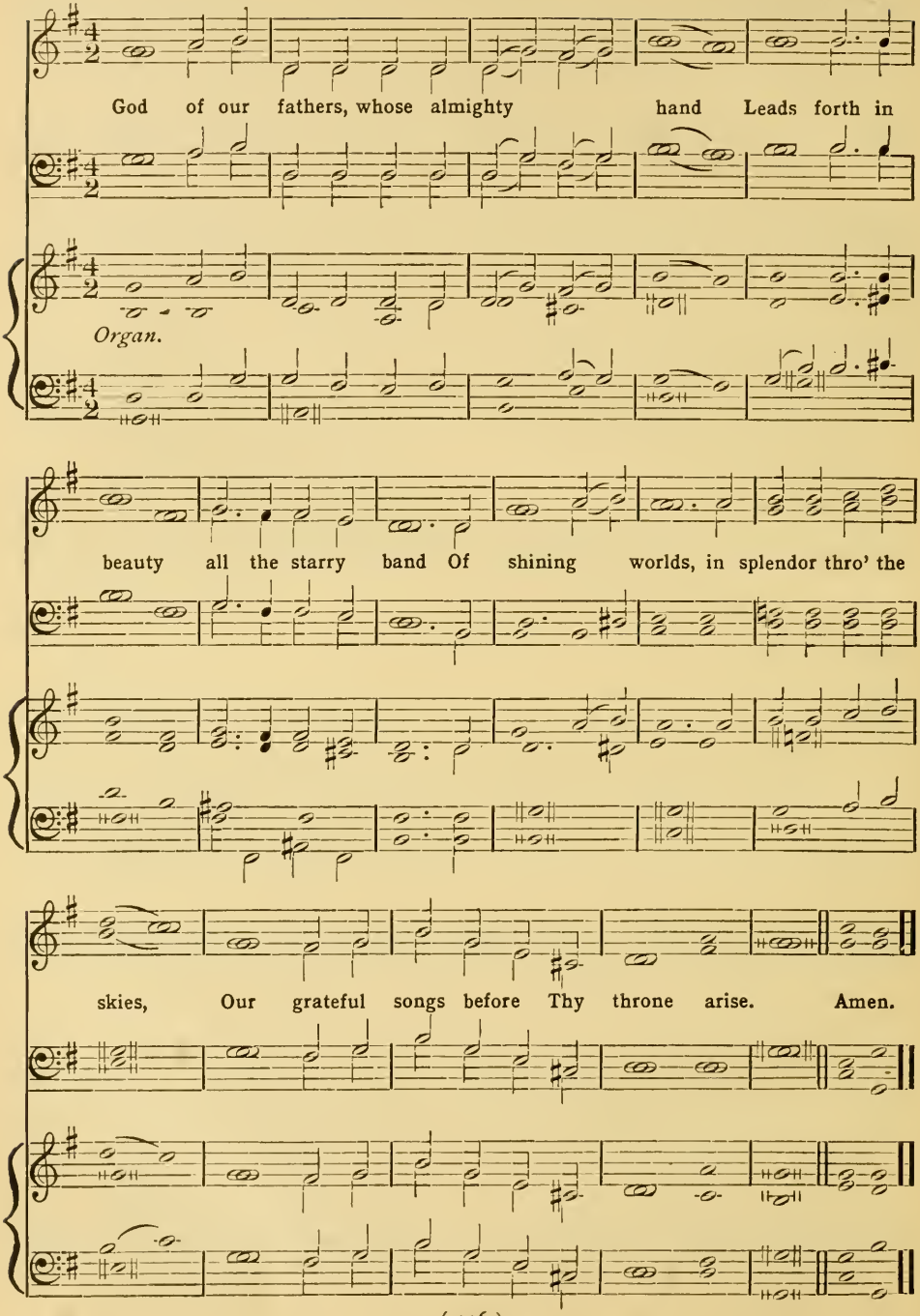
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

HENRY DOWNTON

343 PRO PATRIA

Four 10s. HORATIO PARKER



2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

D. C. Roberts

DIX

344 Six 7s. C. Kocher

To be sung in unison.

Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Bounteous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. Amen.

2 All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
Flocks that whiten all fhe plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams,—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest
May we give Thee of our best,
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

A. L. Barbauld

AMERICA

345 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. Adapted by H. Carey

To be sung in unison.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring. Amen.

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith

346 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. *(Tune, America)*

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,—
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

John S. Dwight

BENEVENTO

347 Four 7s. D. S. Webbe

To be sung in unison.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here.

Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait, But how little none can know. Amen.

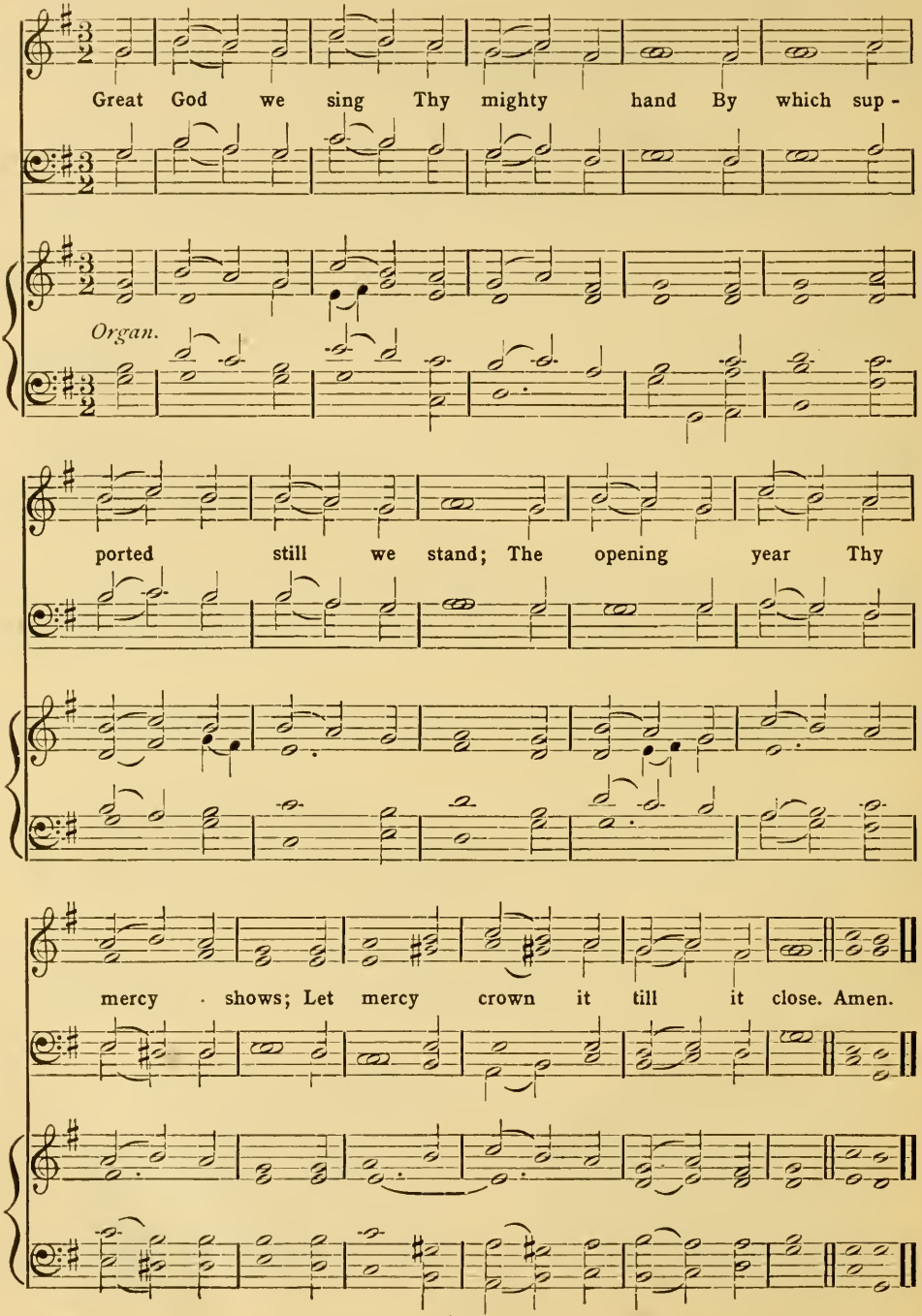
2 As the wingéd arow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,–
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins, renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton

348 L. M. INTERCESSION

Ancient Melody



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,—
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

349 L. M. DUKE STREET

J. HATTON

To be sung in unison.

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,

And when they trod the wintry strand, With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee. Amen.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer,—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

LEONARD BACON

Chants

1 The words from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation. The Recitation is considered as outside the chant, and may be of any length.—The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

2 On reading the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the music of the chant commences, in strict time,—the upright strokes corresponding to the bars.

3 If no syllable follows that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

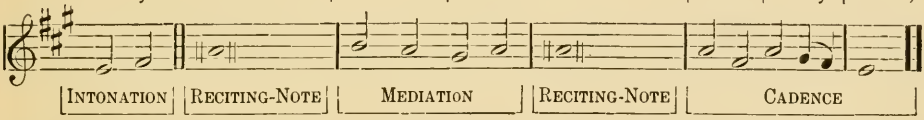
4 An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be observed as in good reading.

For the Gregorian Chants, the same pointing may be used, with the following observations.

1 Where a single syllable follows the upright stroke in the Mediation, it is to be sung to two notes of the melody. (See below, the word "Son.")

Tone III, 1

Glo - ry be to the Father | and to the | Son : and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

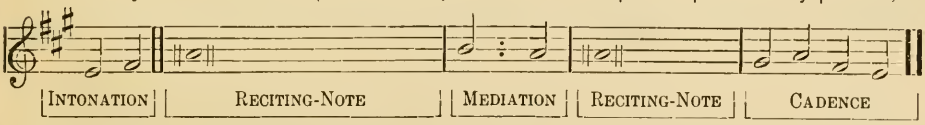


As it { was in the begin- ning, is now, and } ever | shall be : world without | end. = | A - = | men.

2 In Tone VIII, 1, disregard the first upright stroke in the pointing of each half-verse throughout except in the last half-verse of the Gloria. The final note in the Mediatation is used only when there are two syllables. (See below.)

Tone VIII, 1

Glo - ry be to the Father | and * to the | Son : and | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;

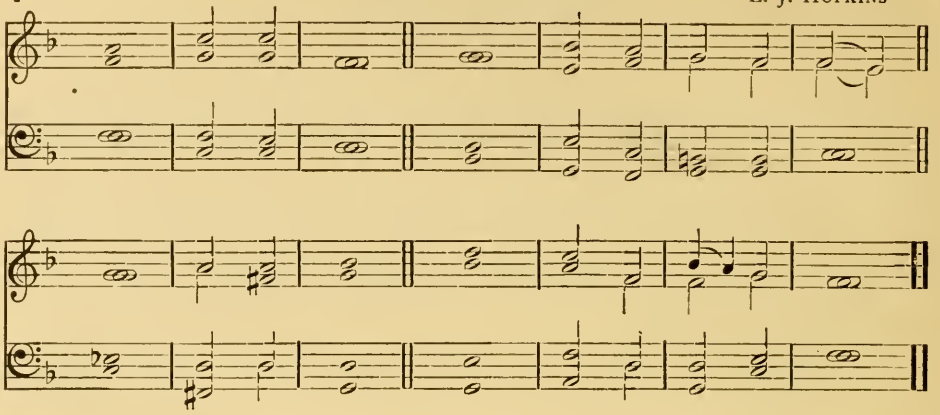


As it { was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | } shall be : world without | end. = | Amen.

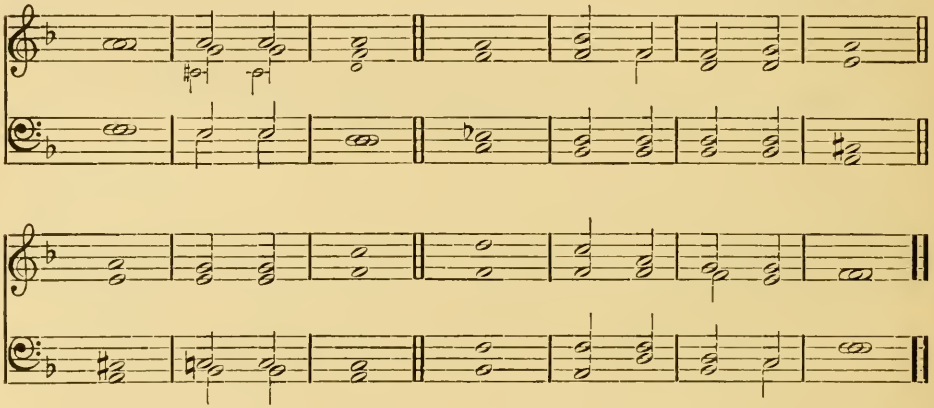
The Intonation is generally used at the beginning of the first verse of each Canticle and of each half-verse of the Gloria.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

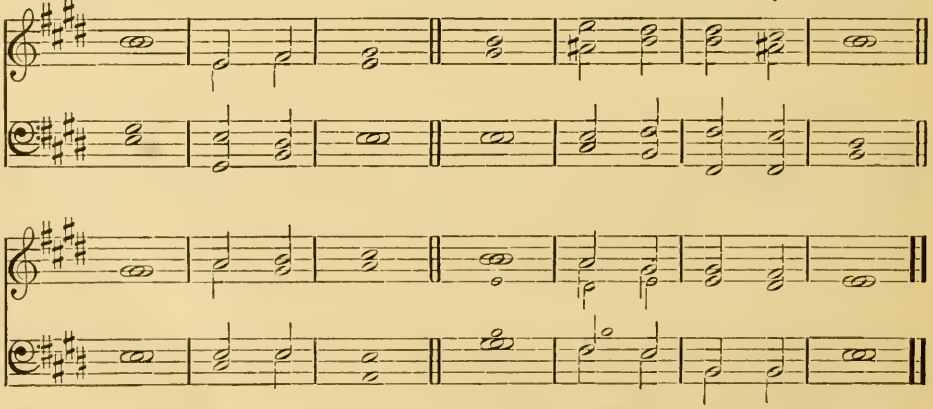
1 E. J. Hopkins



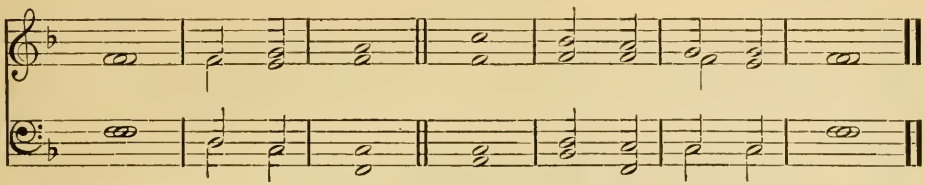
2 T. Attwood



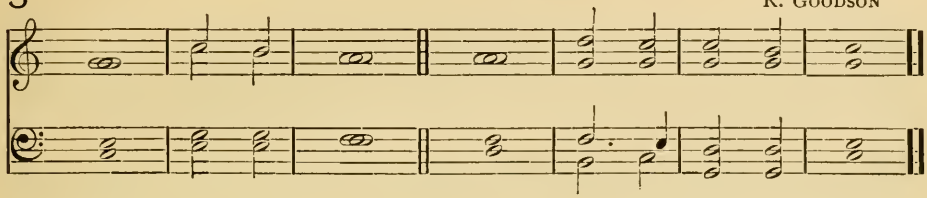
3 J. Randall



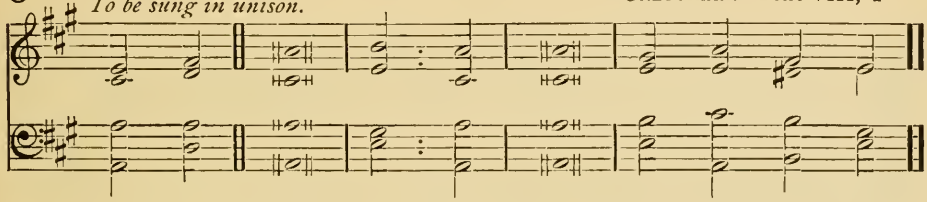
4 R. Farrant



5 R. Goodson



6 *To be sung in unison.* Gregorian. Tone VIII, 1



1 O come, let us síng | unto · the | Lord : let us heartily rejóice in the | strength of | our sal - | vation.

2 Let us come before His présence with | thanks - = | giving : and shów ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the Lórd is a | great = | God : and a gréat | King a - | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the córners | of the | earth : and the strénght of the | hills is | His = | also.

5 The sea is Hís | and He | made it : and His hánds pre- | pared · the | dry = | land.

6 O come, let us wórship and | fall = | down : and knéel be - | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For Hé is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of His pasture * ánd the | sheep of | His = | hand.

8 O worship the Lórd in the | beauty · of | holiness : let the whole éarth | stand in | awe of | Him.

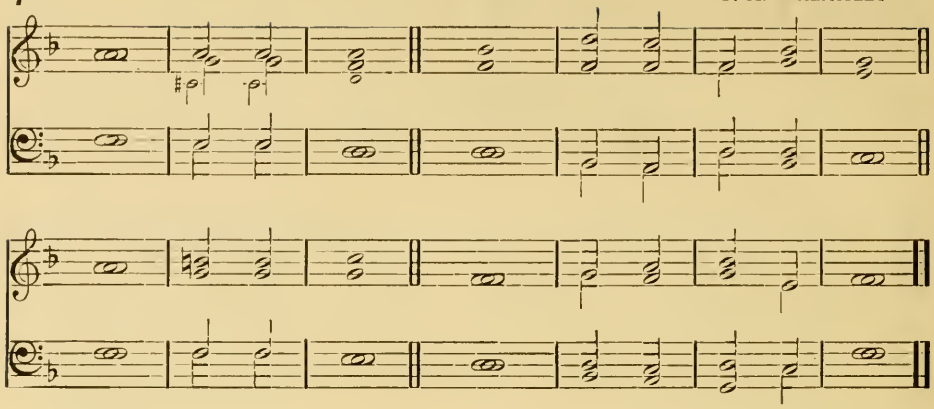
9 For He cometh, for He cómeth to | judge the | earth : and with right-eousness to judge the wórld, and the | people | with His | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

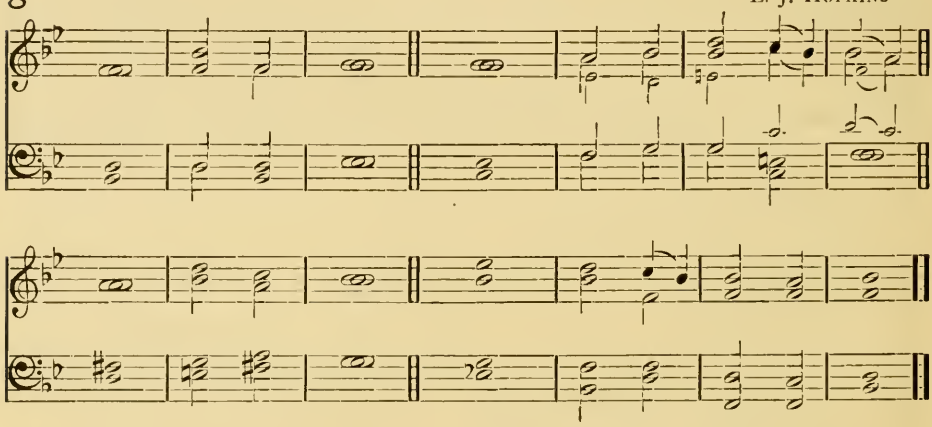
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : world without | end. = | A - = | men.

BENEDICTUS

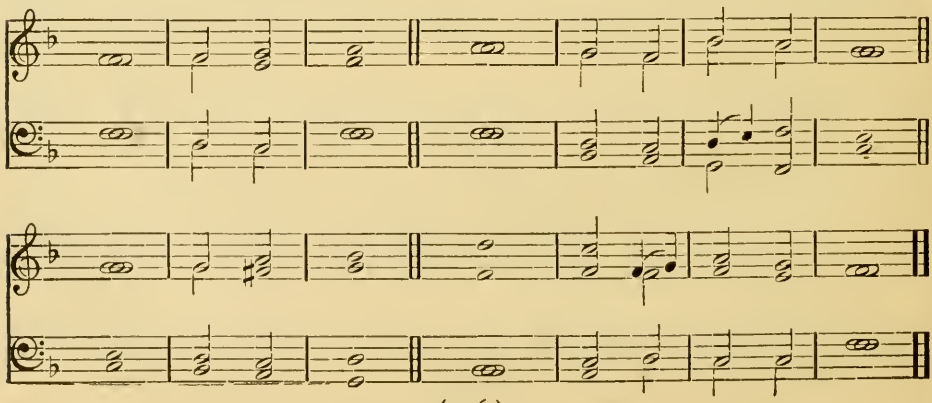
7 T. A. Walmisley



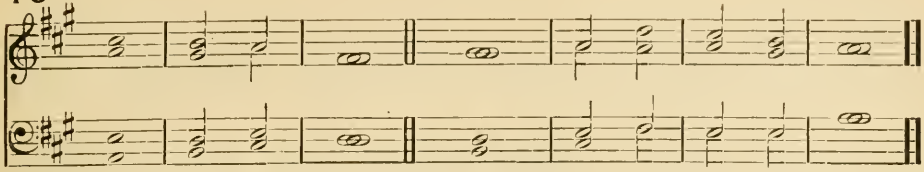
8 E. J. Hopkins



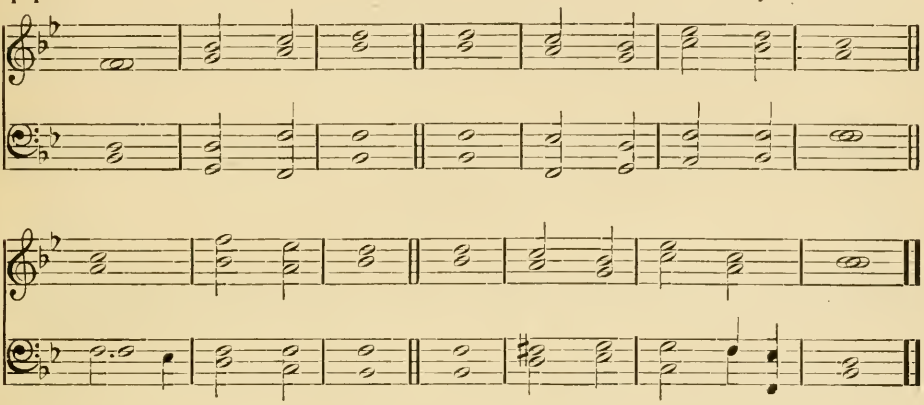
9 R. Langdon



10 W. H. Monk

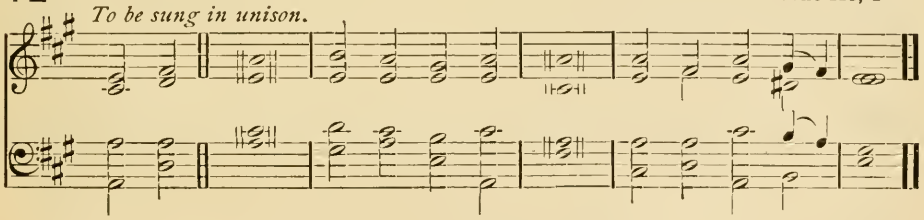


11 G. J. Stoeckel



12 Gregorian. Tone III, 1

To be sung in unison.



1 Blessed be the Lórd | God of | Israel : for He hath vísited | and re - | deemed • His | people ;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal - | vation | for us : in the hóuse | of His | servant | David ;

3 As He spake by the móuth of His | holy | prophets : which have béen | since the | world be - | gan ;

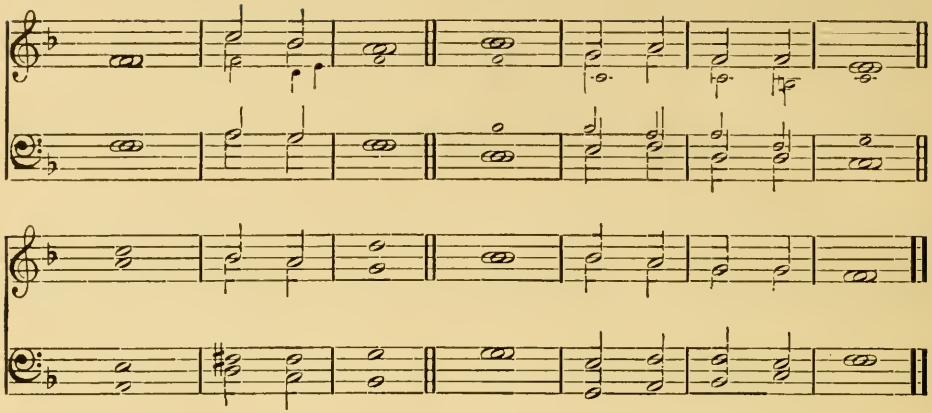
4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies : and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

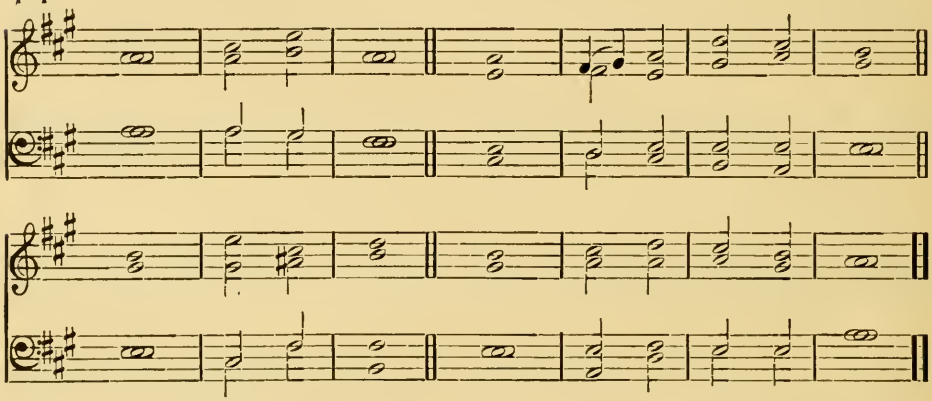
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

JUBILATE DEO

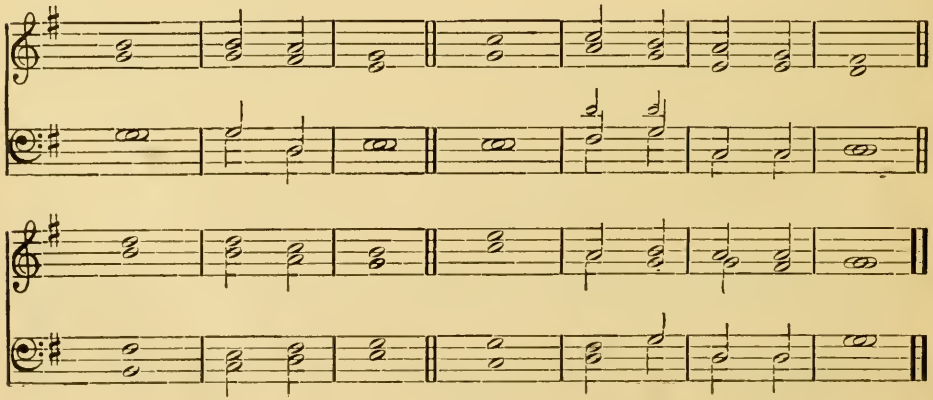
13 E. J. Hopkins



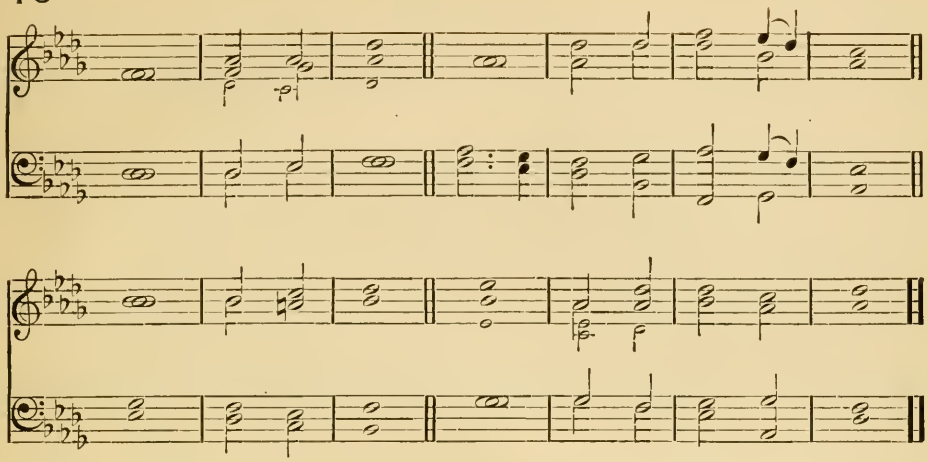
14 T. Norris



15 W. Hayes

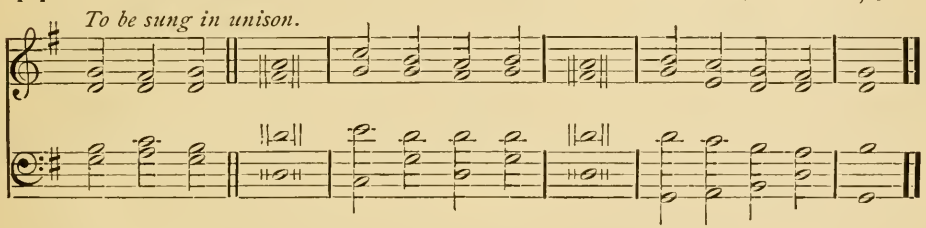


16 J. TURLE



17 GREGORIAN. Tone VII, 1

To be sung in unison.



1 O be joyful in the Lórd | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness * and come befóre His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us ánd not | we our - | selves : we are His people, ánd the | sheep of | His = | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving * and ínto His | courts with | praise : be thankful unto Hím, and | speak good | of His | name.

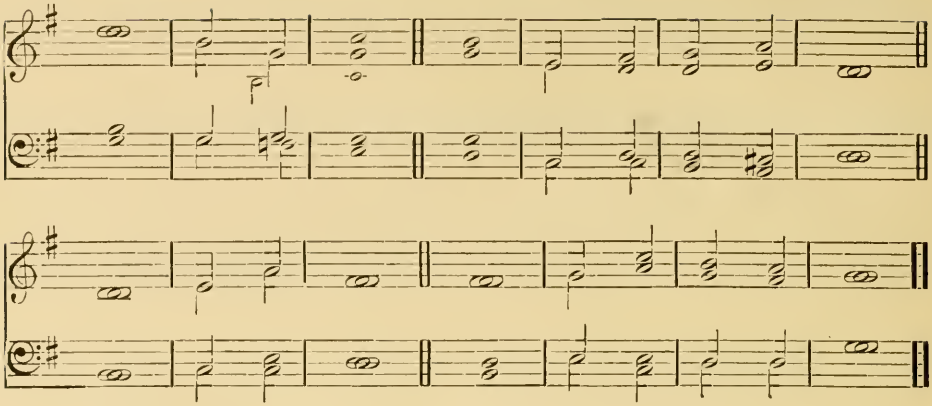
4 For the Lord is gracious, His mércy is | ever - | lasting : and His truth endureth from géne - | ration • to | gene - | ration.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

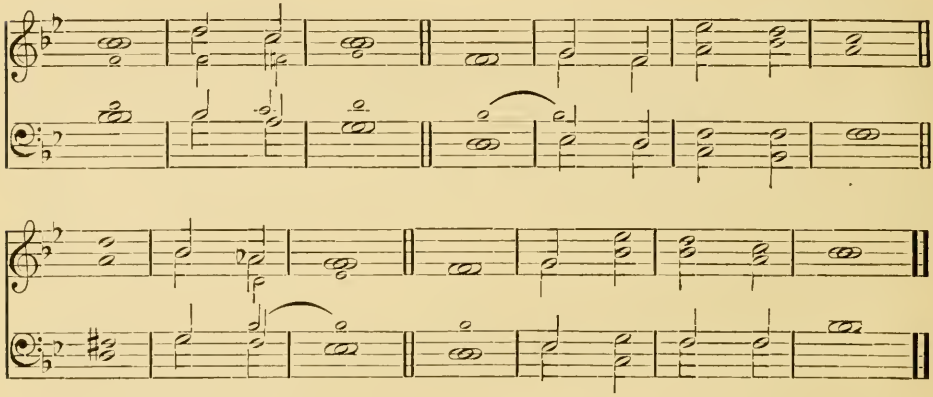
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A = | men.

MAGNIFICAT

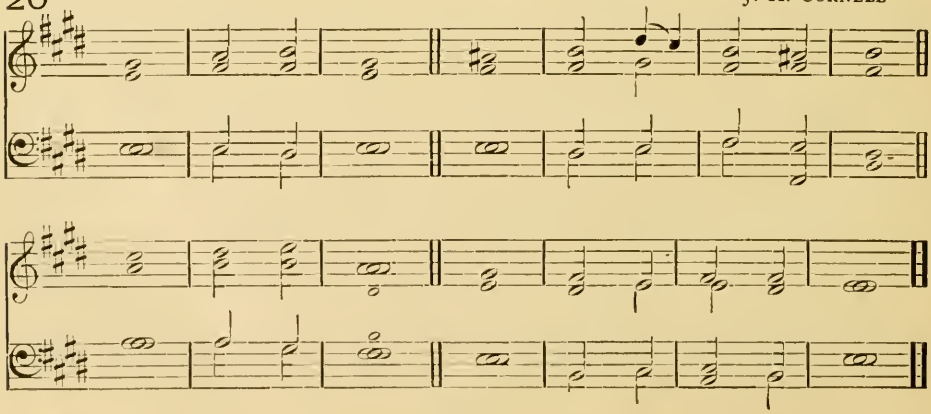
18 H. Smart



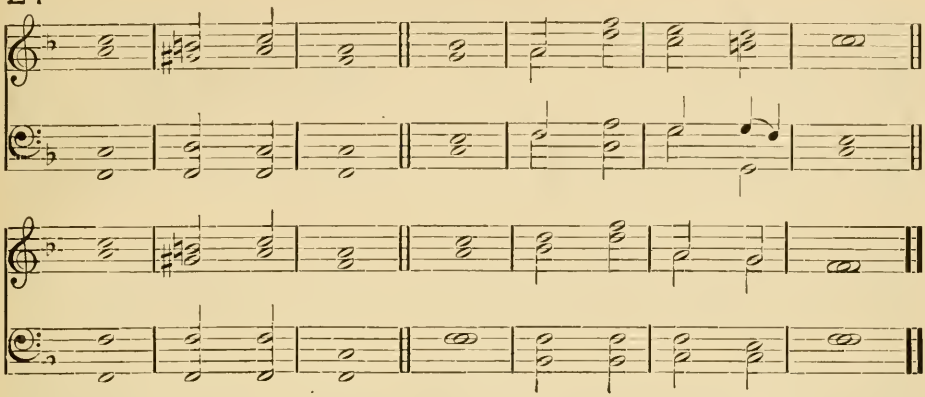
19 J. S. Smith



20 J. H. Cornell

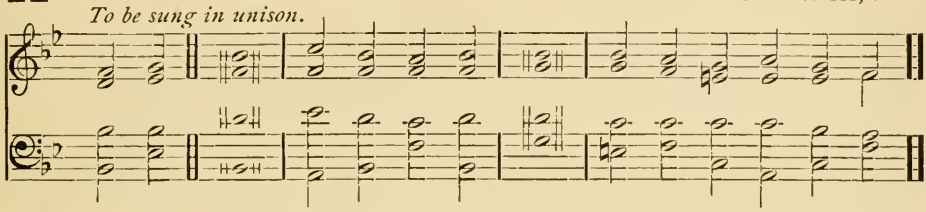


21 GREATOREX COLLECTION



22 GREGORIAN. Tone III, 4

To be sung in unison.



1 My soul doth mágni - | fy the | Lord : and my spirit háth re - | joiced • in | God my | Saviour.

2 Fór He | hath re - | garded : the lówli - | ness of | His hand - | maiden.

3 Fór be - | hold from | henceforth : áll gene - | rations • shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is míghty hath | magnified | me : ánd | holy | is His | name.

5 And His mércy is on | them that | fear Him : thróugh - | out all | gene - | rations.

6 He hath showed strénngth | with His | arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imági - | nation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat : and háth ex - | alted • the | humble • and | meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good = | things : and the rích He hath | sent = | empty • a - | way.

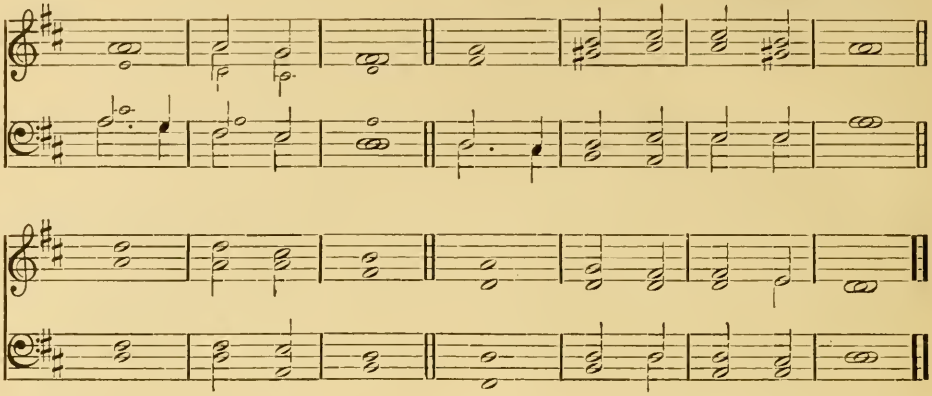
9 He remembering His mercy hath hólpen His | servant | Israel : as He promised to our forefathers * A'braham | and his | seed for - | ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

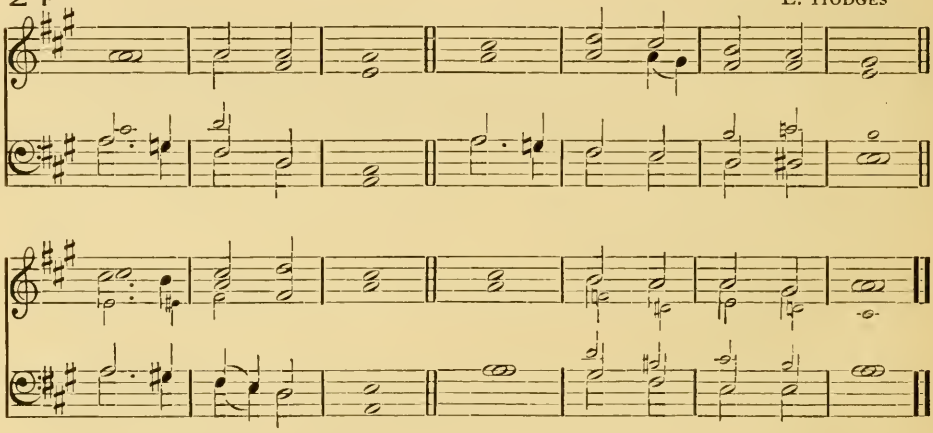
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

CANTATE DOMINO

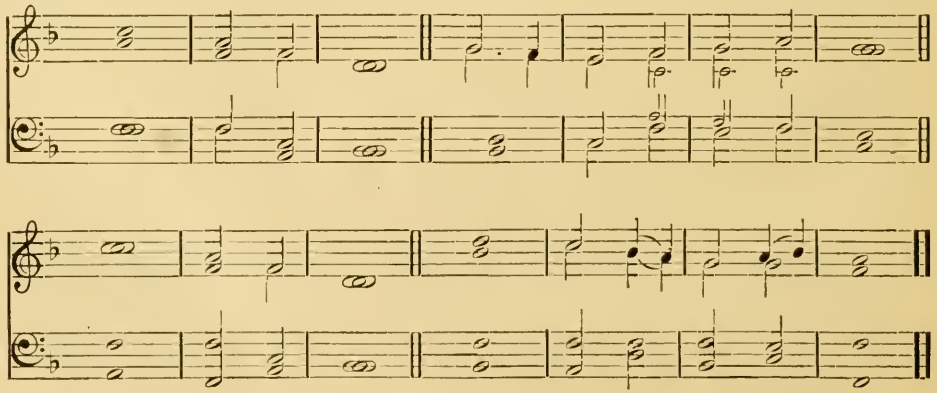
23 LORD MORNINGTON



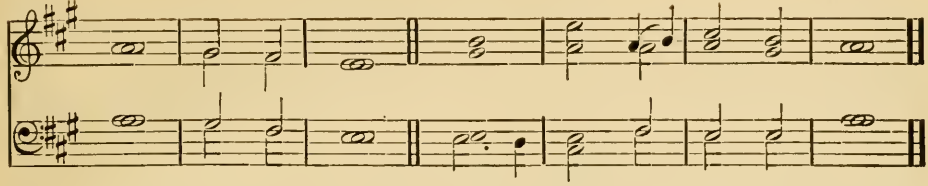
24 E. HODGES



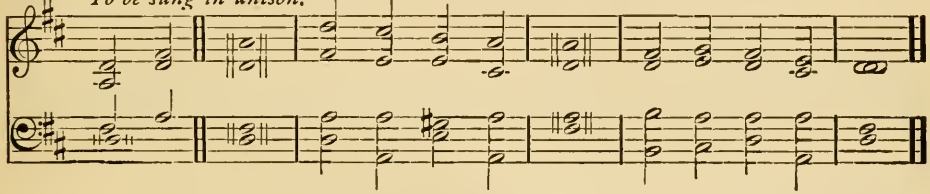
25 I. BARROW



26 W. H. Walter



27 *To be sung in unison.* Gregorian. Tone V, 2 (Rouen Mediation)



1 O sing unto the Lórd a | new = | song : for Hé hath | done = | marvellous | things.

2 With His own right hand * and with His | holy | arm : háth He | gotten • Him - | self the | victory.

3 The Lord decláred | His sal - | vation : His righteousness hath He openly shówed in the | sight = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel : and all the ends of the world have séen the sal - | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all ye | lands : síng, re - | joice and | give = | thanks.

6 Praise the Lórd up - | on the | harp : sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks - = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also • and | shawms : O show yourselves jóyful be - | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that | therein | is : the round wórld, and | they that | dwell there - | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togéther be - | fore the | Lord : fór He | cometh • to | judge the | earth.

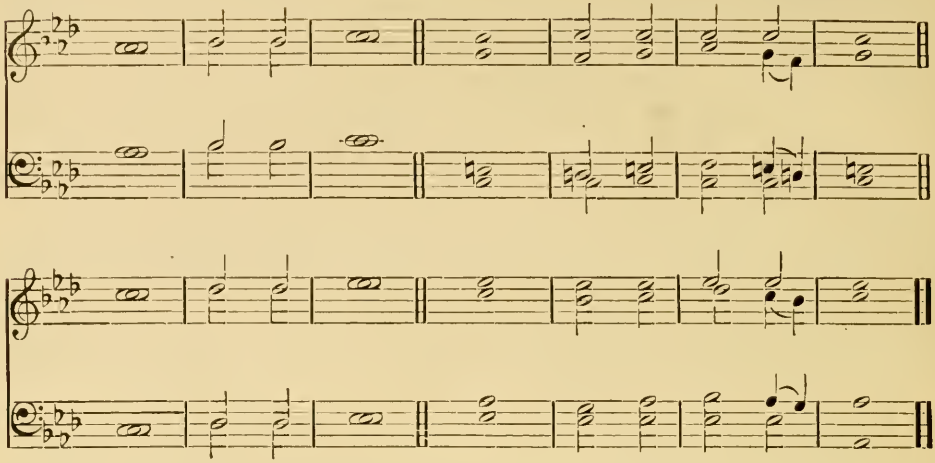
10 With righteousness sháll He | judge the | world : ánd the | people | with = | equity.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

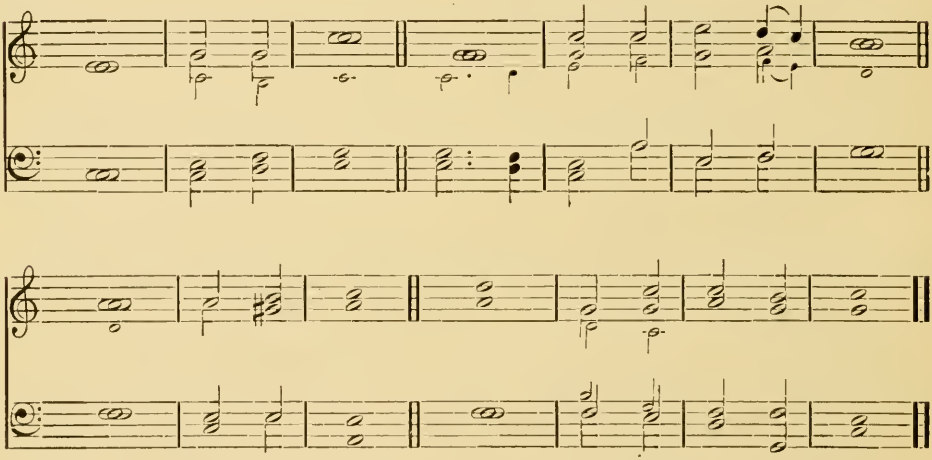
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI

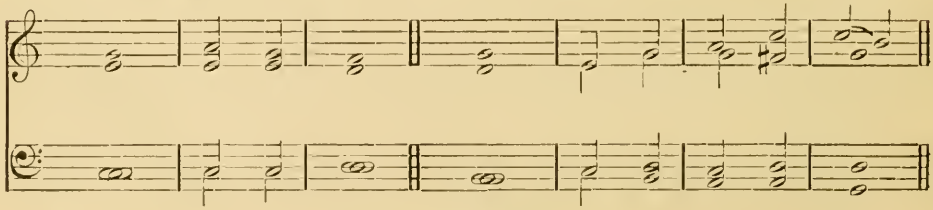
28 A. Bennett

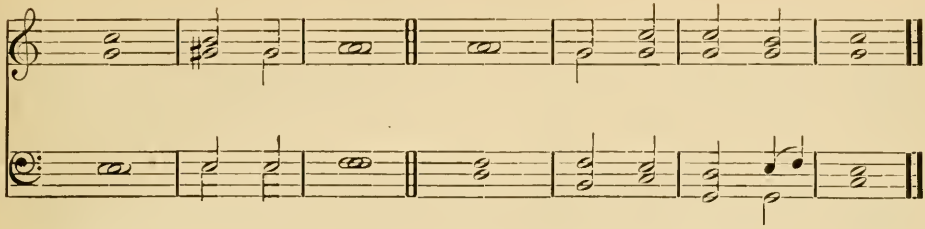


29 J. Turle

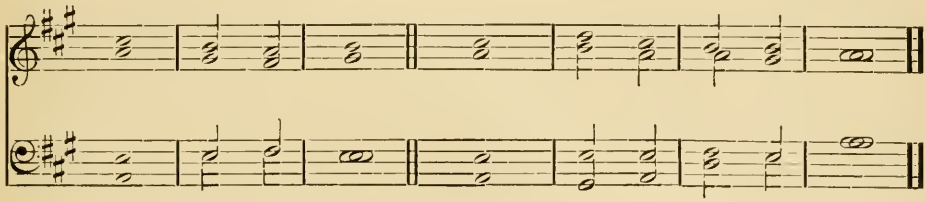


30 E. J. Hopkins



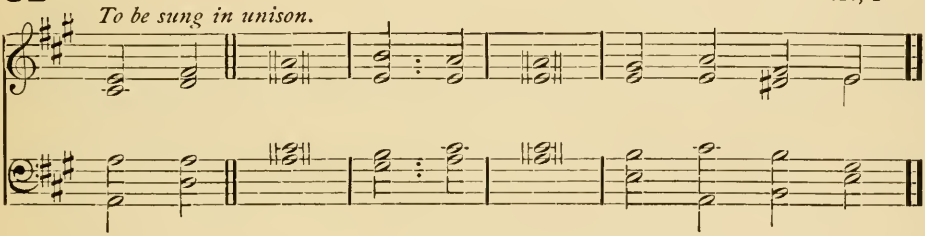


31 C. W. Corfe



32 Gregorian. Tone VIII, 1

To be sung in unison.



1 It is a good thing to give thánks | unto • the | Lord : and to sing praises únto Thy | name, = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning : and of Thy trúth | in the | night = | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * ánd up - | on the | lute : upon a loud ínstrument | and up - | on the harp.

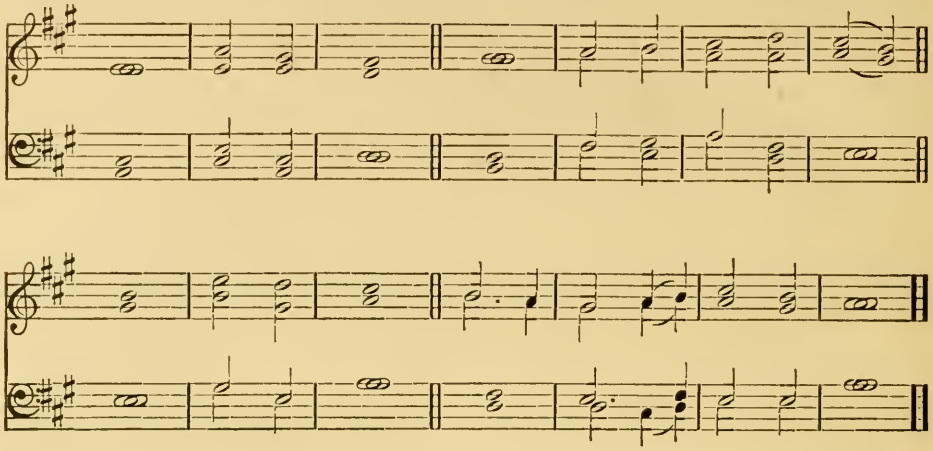
4 For Thou Lord hast made me glád | through Thy | works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ópe - | rations | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

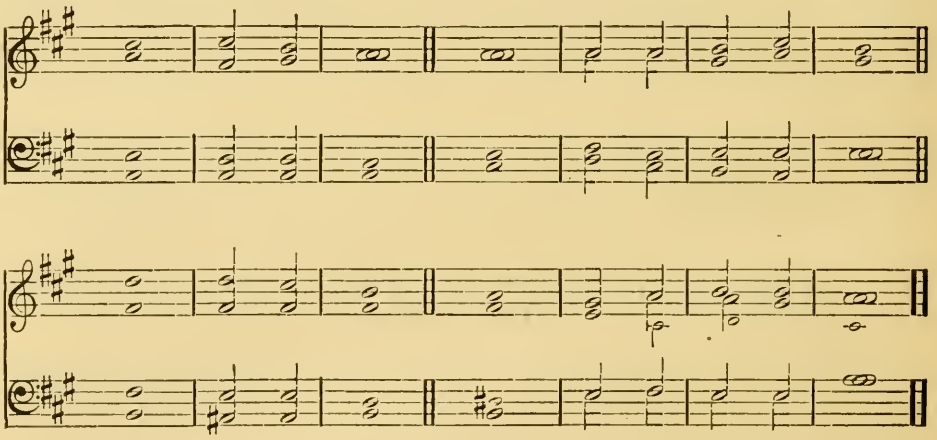
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

NUNC DIMITTIS

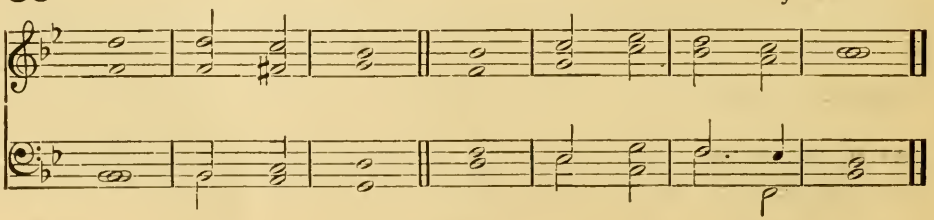
33 W. CROTCH



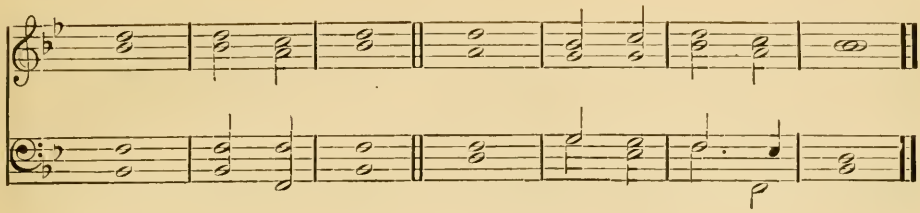
34 WEST



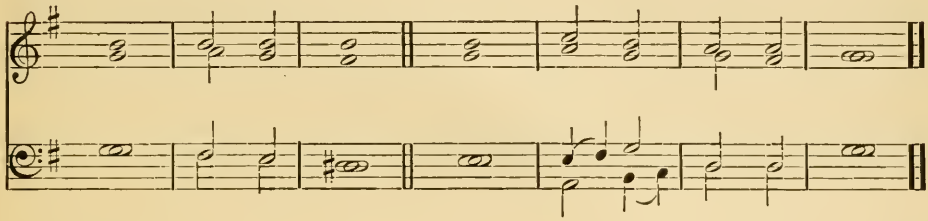
35 J. MEDLEY



36 Anonymous

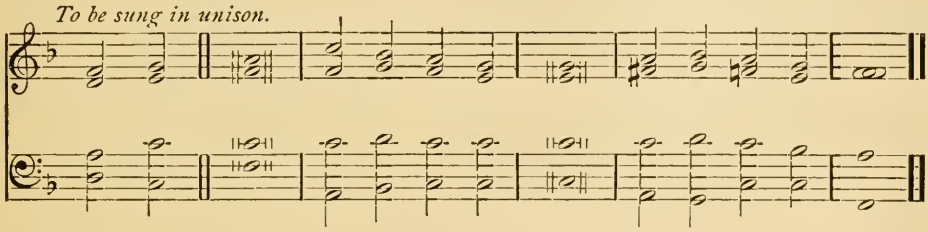


37 E. Hodges



38 Tonus Regius. Gregorian

To be sung in unison.



1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de - | part in | peace : ác - | cording | to Thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen : Thý | sal - = | va - = | tion,

3 Which Thou | hast pre - | pared : befóre the | face of | all = | people ;

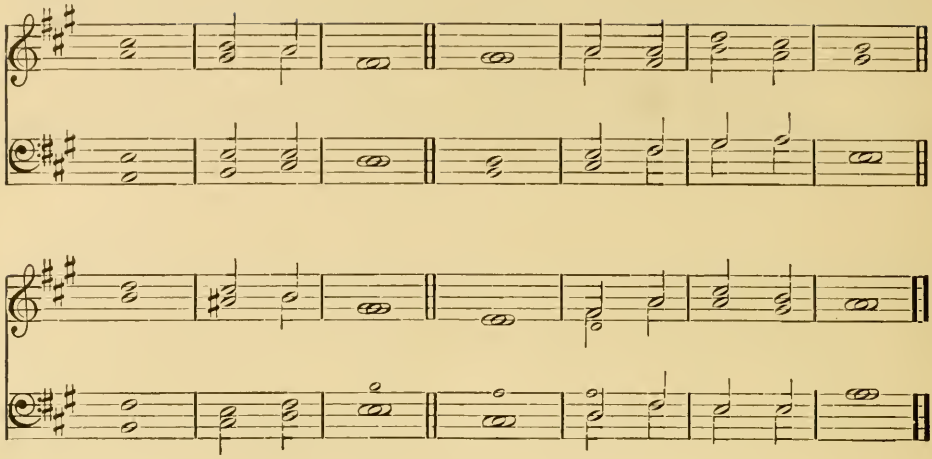
4 To be a líght to | lighten • the | Gentiles : and to be the glóry | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

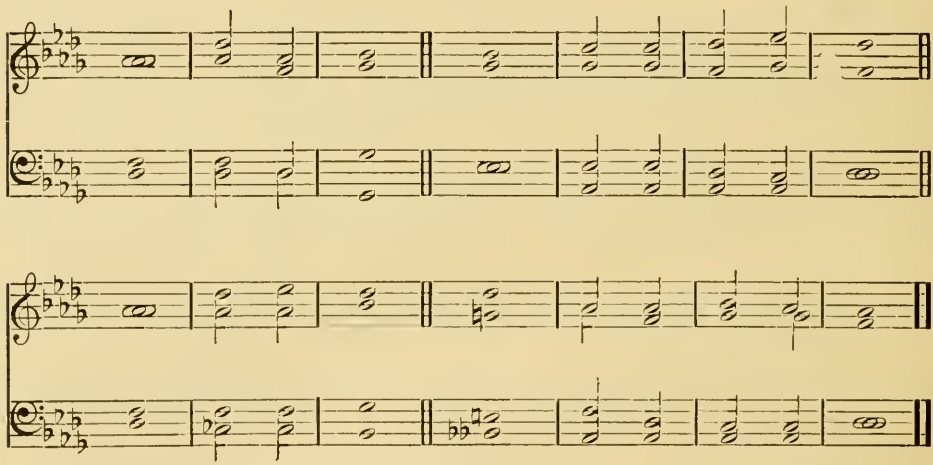
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR

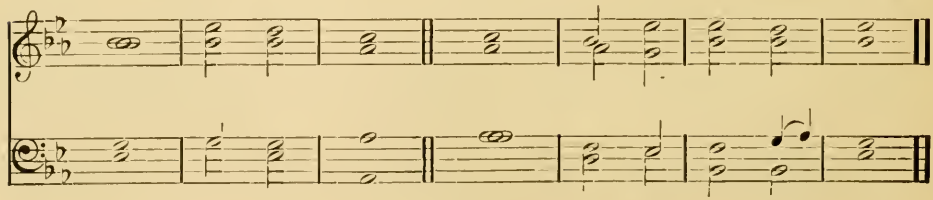
39 TURLE



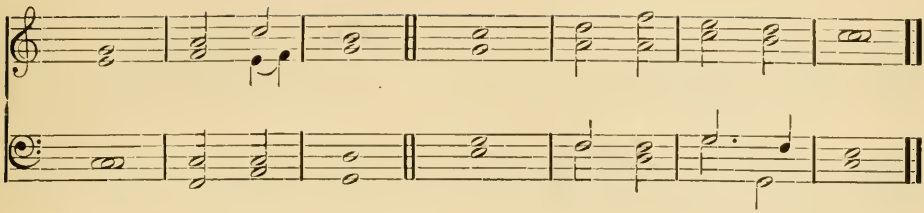
40 BEETHOVEN



41 E. J. HOPKINS

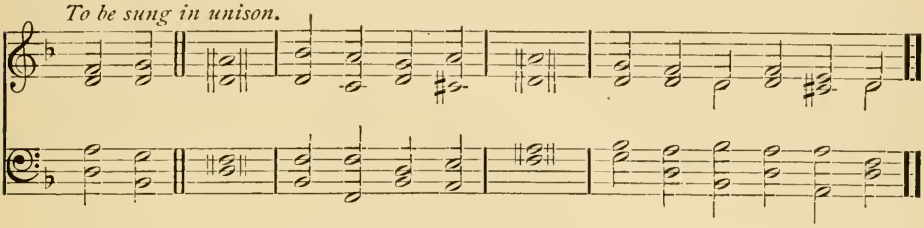


42 G. J. Elvey



43 Gregorian. Tone I, 6

To be sung in unison.



1 God be merciful únto | us and | bless us : and show us the light of His countenance * ánd be | merci - • ful | unto | us ;

2 That Thy wáy may be | known up - • on | earth : Thy sáving | health a - | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people práise | Thee, O | God : yéa, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad : for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously * and góvern the | nations • up - | on = | earth.

5 Let the people práise | Thee, O | God : yéa, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her | increase : and God, even our own Gód, shall | give = | us His | blessing.

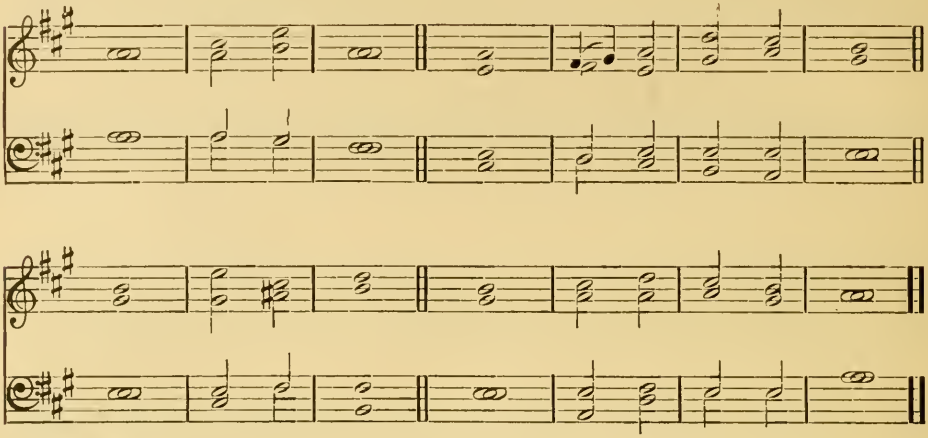
7 Gód shall | bless = | us : and all the énds of the | world shall | fear = | Him.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

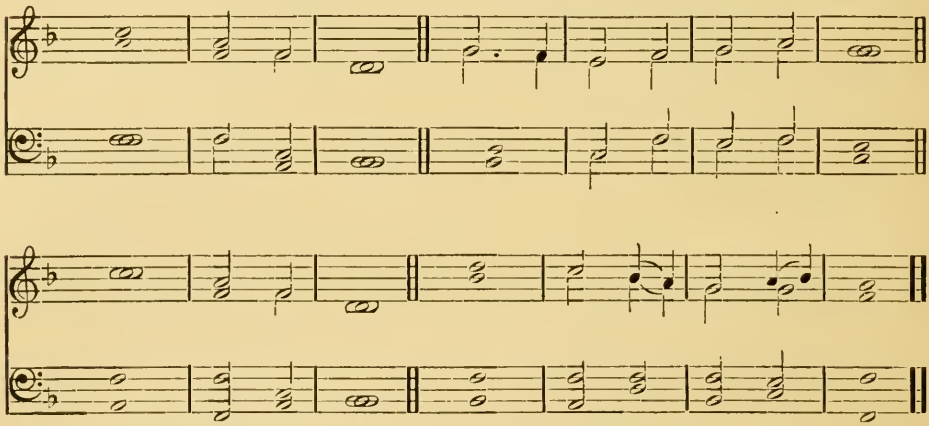
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

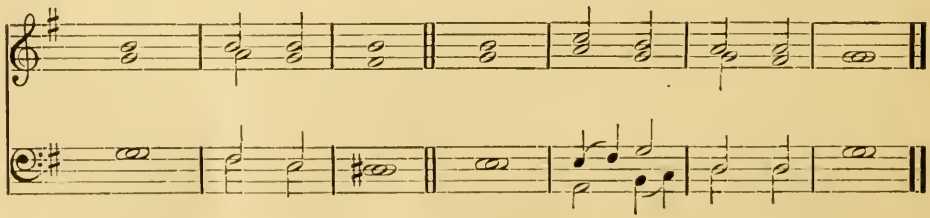
44 T. Norris



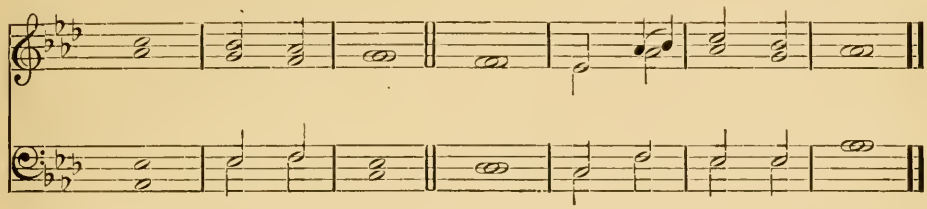
45 J. Barrow



46 E. Hodges

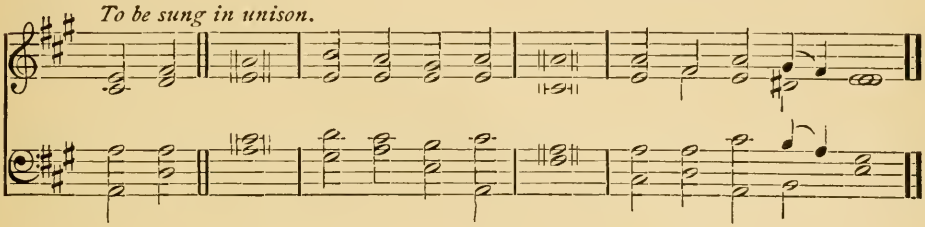


47 R. Bacon



48 Gregorian. Tone III, 2

To be sung in unison.



1 Praise the Lórd, | O my | soul : and all that is withín me | praise His | holy | name.

2 Praise the Lórd, | O my | soul : ánd for - | get not | all His | benefits :

3 Who forgíveth | all thy | sin : and héaleth | all = | thine in - | firmities ;

4 Who saveth thy lífe | from de - | struction : and crowneth thée with | mercy • and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, yé that ex - | cel in | strength : ye that fulfil His commandment * and hearken únto the | voice = | of His | word.

6 O praise the Lórd, all | ye His | hosts : ye sérvants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all pláces of | His do - | minion : praise thóu the | Lord, = | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. = | A - = | men.